Carols for use in
church.../
R.R. Chope

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

[COMPLET? EDITION.]

CAROLS FOR USE IN CHURCH

DURING

Christmas and Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, and Harvest.

BY

R. R. CHOPE, M.A.,

VICAR OF S. AUGUSTINE'S, SOUTH KENSINGTON, ETC.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

HERBERT STEPHEN IRONS,

Late Organist of Southwell Minster, &c.,

AND

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,

Organist of Brentwood, &c.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Lew-Trenchard, Author of "The Lives of the Saints," &c., &c.

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FIRST WORDS OF CAROL.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE OF WORDS.	MUSIC.
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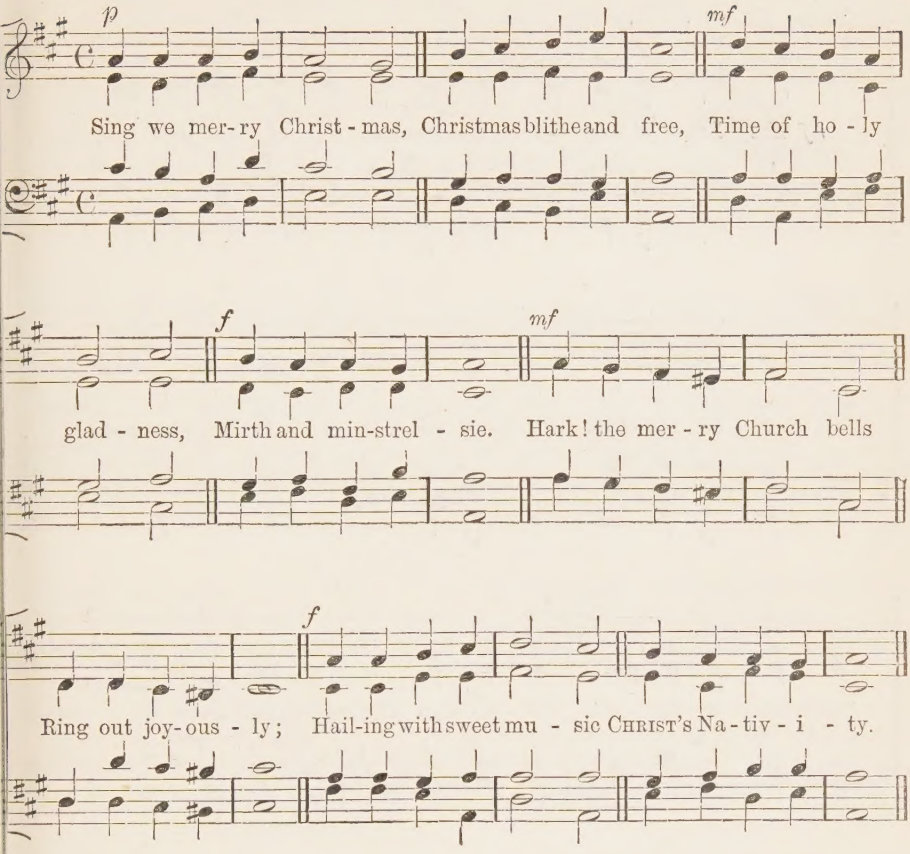
Christmas Eve.

Carol 1.

p
mf
Sing we mer-ry Christ-mas, Christmas blithe and free, Time of ho-ly
f
mf
glad-ness, Mirth and min-strel-sie. Hark! the mer-ry Church bells
f
Ring out joy-ous-ly; Hail-ing with sweet mu-sic Christ's Na-tiv-i-ty.

mf Haste we to His Temple,
Wreathe our garlands green,
Deck each arch and column,
Stall and Altar Screen.

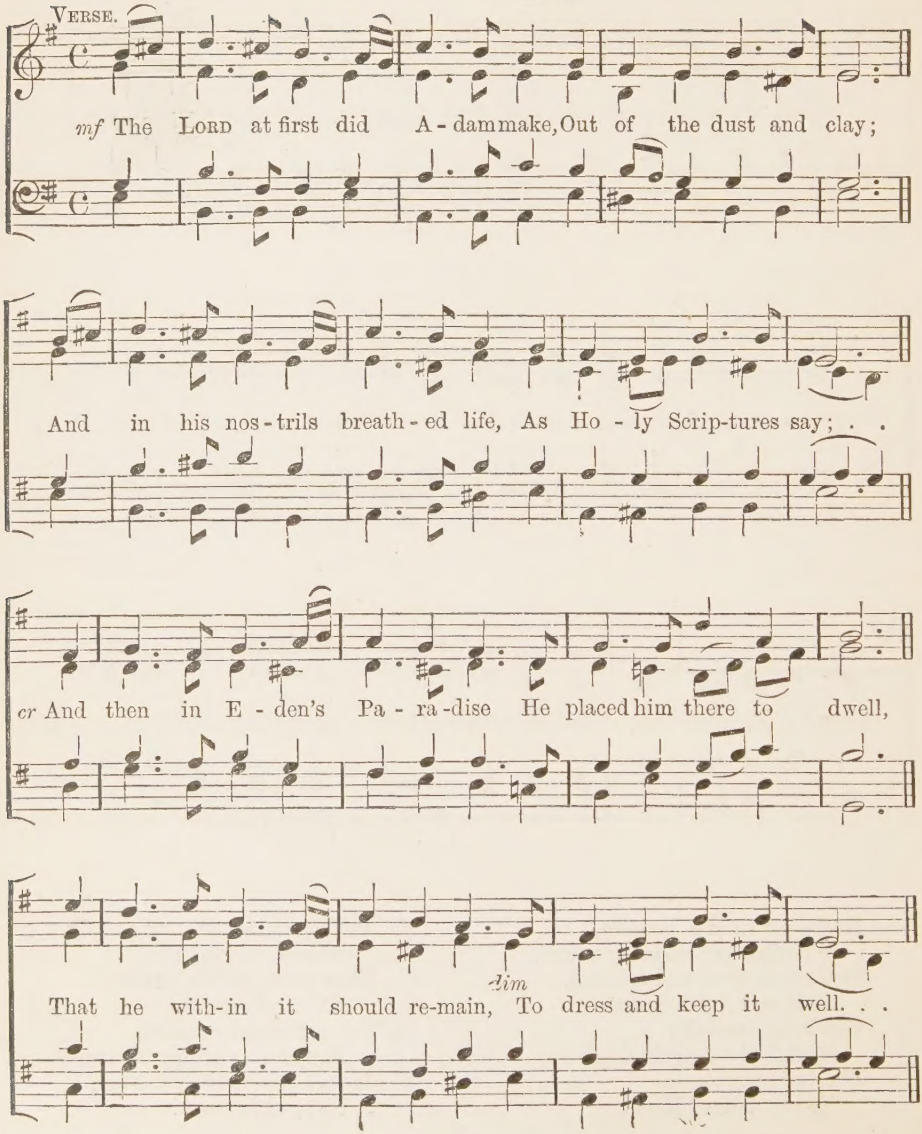
f Gloria in excelsis;
Hark! the Angels sing!
Gloria in supremis,
To our Infant King.

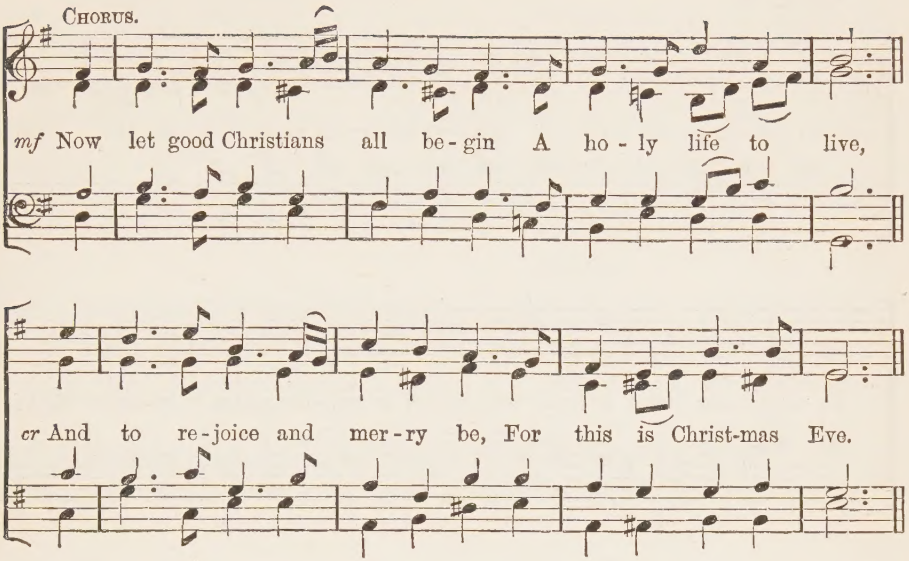
f Priest, and choir, and people,
Join in concert all,
Sing your loudest praises,
At our Festival.

mf Joy for us poor exiles,
Dawns this happy Morn,—

ff Jesus Christ, the Saviour,
Unto us is born!

Christmas Eve.

Carol 2.

VERSE.
mf The LORD at first did A - dam make, Out of the dust and clay;
And in his nos - trils breath - ed life, As Ho - ly Scrip-tures say; . .
cr And then in E - den's Pa - ra - dise He placed him there to dwell,
That he with-in it should re-main, dim To dress and keep it well. . .



mf And thus within the garden he
Commanded was to stay;
And unto him for statute good
These words the Lord did say:
"The fruit that in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat."
Now let good Christians, &c.

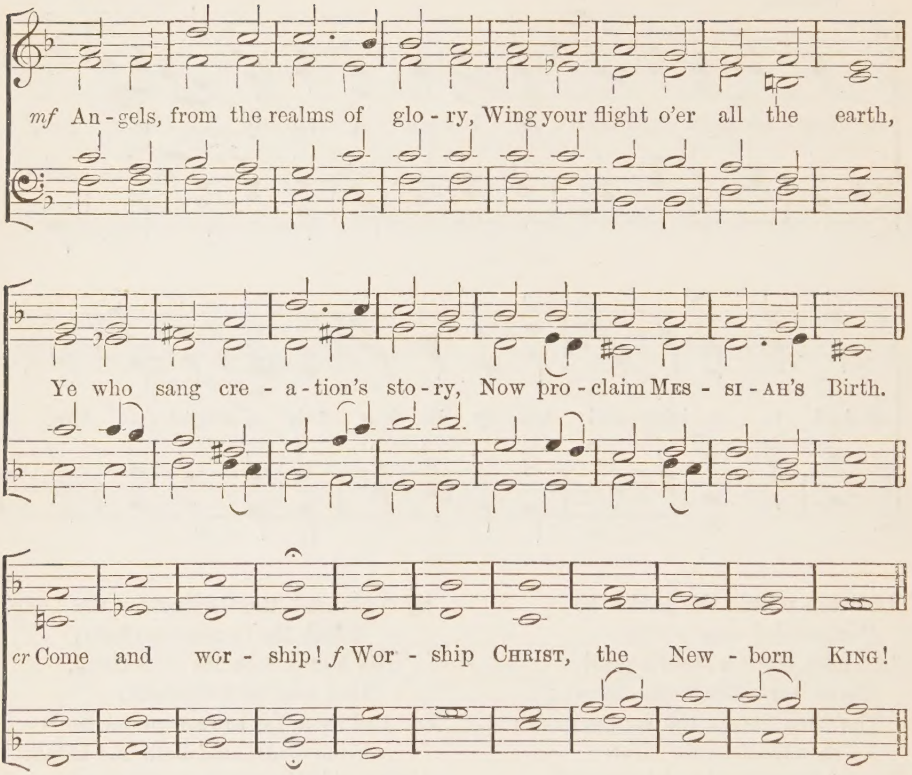
"For in the day that thou dost touch,
Or unto it come nigh,—
Or if that thou should'st eat thereof,
p Then thou shalt surely die."
mf But Adam he did take no heed
To that same only thing,
dim But did transgress God's holy Laws,
And sore was wrapp'd in sin.
mf Now let good Christians, &c.

mf Now mark the Goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore;
His Mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore;
cr And then, for to redeem our souls
From death, and hell, and thrall,
dim He said His Own dear Son should come,
The Saviour of us all.
mf Now let good Christians, &c.

And now the Tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came;
cr Let us rejoice and merry be,
In keeping of the same.
f Let's feed the poor and clothe the bare,
And love both great and small,
dim That when we die, to Heaven at last
Our Lord may bring us all.
mf Now let good Christians, &c.

Christmas Eve.

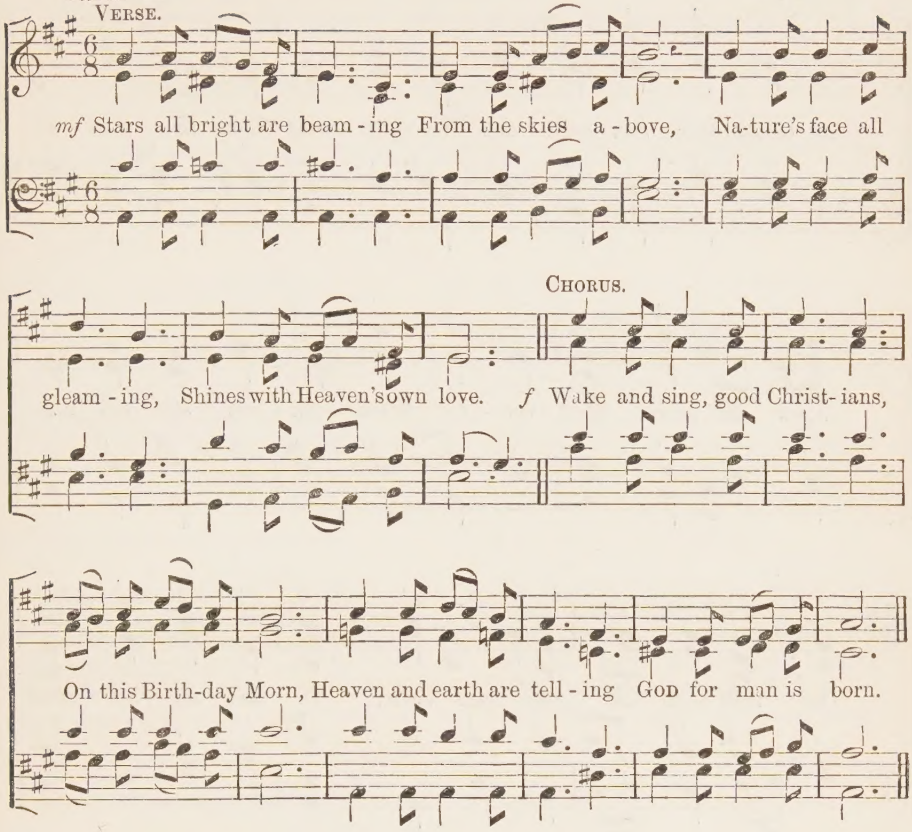
Carol 3.


mf An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim MES - SI - AH'S Birth.
cr Come and wor - ship! f Wor - ship CHRIST, the New - born KING!

p Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing,
mf Yonder shines the Heavenly Light:
cr Come and worship!
f Worship CHRIST, the New-born KING!

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
mf Suddenly the LORD, descending,
In His Temple shall appear.
cr Come and worship!
f Worship CHRIST, the New-born KING!

Saints and Angels join in praising
Thee, the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Evermore their voices raising
To the Eternal THREE IN ONE;
cr Come and worship!
ff Worship CHRIST, the New-born KING!

Carol 4.

VERSE.
mf Stars all bright are beam - ing From the skies a - bove, Na-ture's face all
CHORUS.
gleam - ing, Shines with Heaven's own love. f Wake and sing, good Christ- ians,
On this Birth-day Morn, Heaven and earth are tell - ing GOD for man is born.

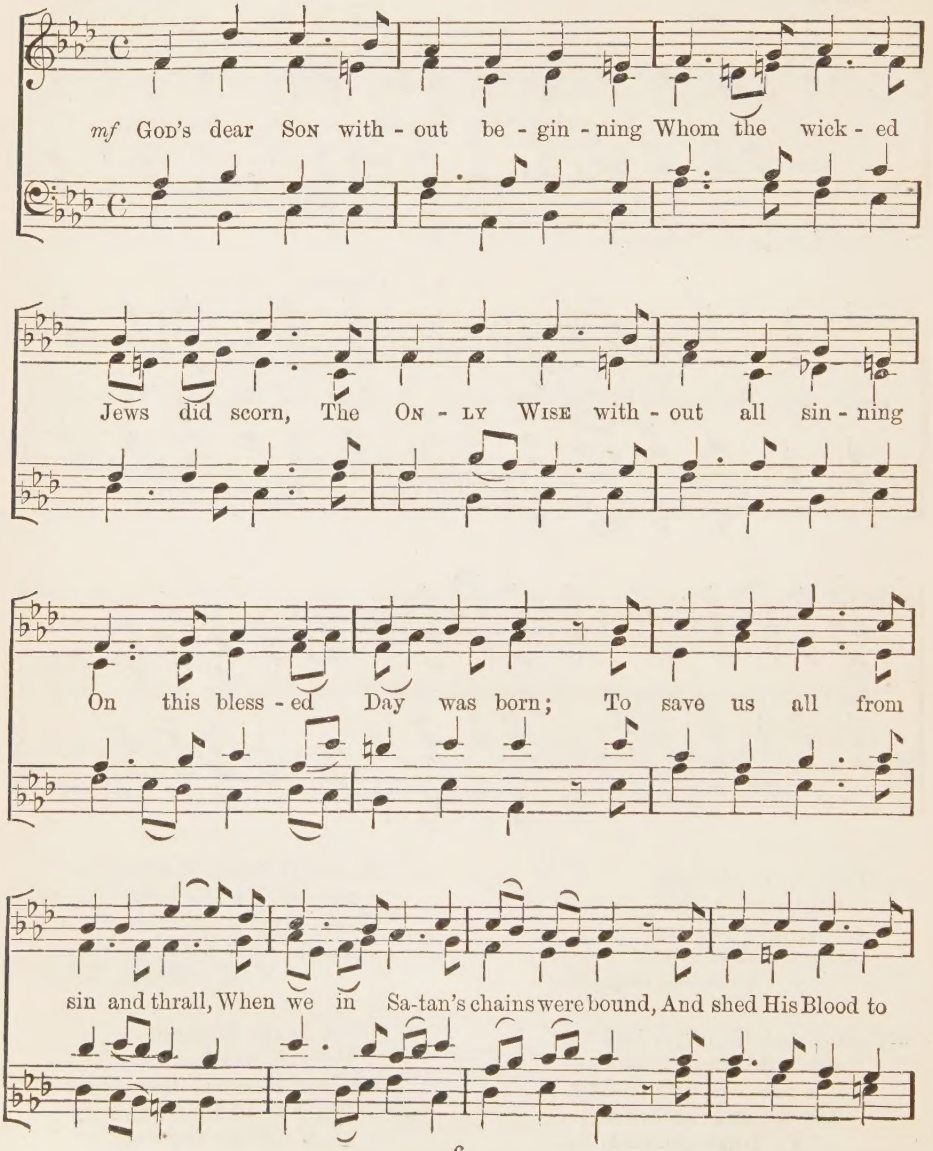
p Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the LORD of all!
f Wake and sing, &c.

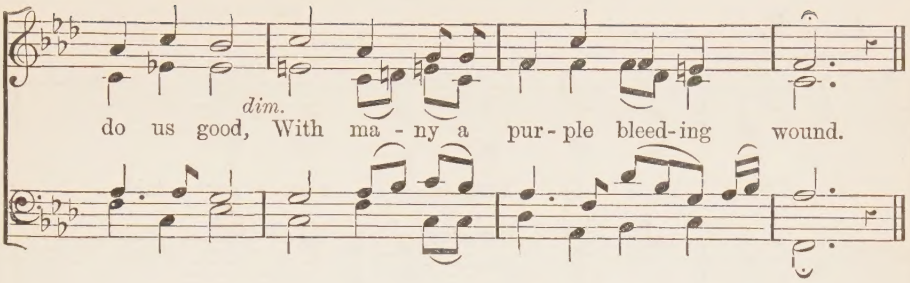
mf Born that He might lead us
From this desert home,—
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come!
f Wake and sing, &c.

f Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our LORD above.
Wake and sing, &c.

f Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest
pp Peace to all the earth!
ff Wake and sing, &c.

Carol 5.


mf God's dear Son with - out be - gin - ning Whom the wick - ed
Jews did scorn, The On - ly Wise with - out all sin - ning
On this bless - ed Day was born; To save us all from
sin and thrall, When we in Sa-tan's chains were bound, And shed His Blood to



mf Bethlelem, King David's city,
Was His Birthplace, as we find,—
Who God and Man endued with pity
Was the Saviour of mankind;—
Yet Jewry land with cruel hand,
Both first and last His power envied;
p When He was born, they did Him scorn,
And showed Him malice when He died.

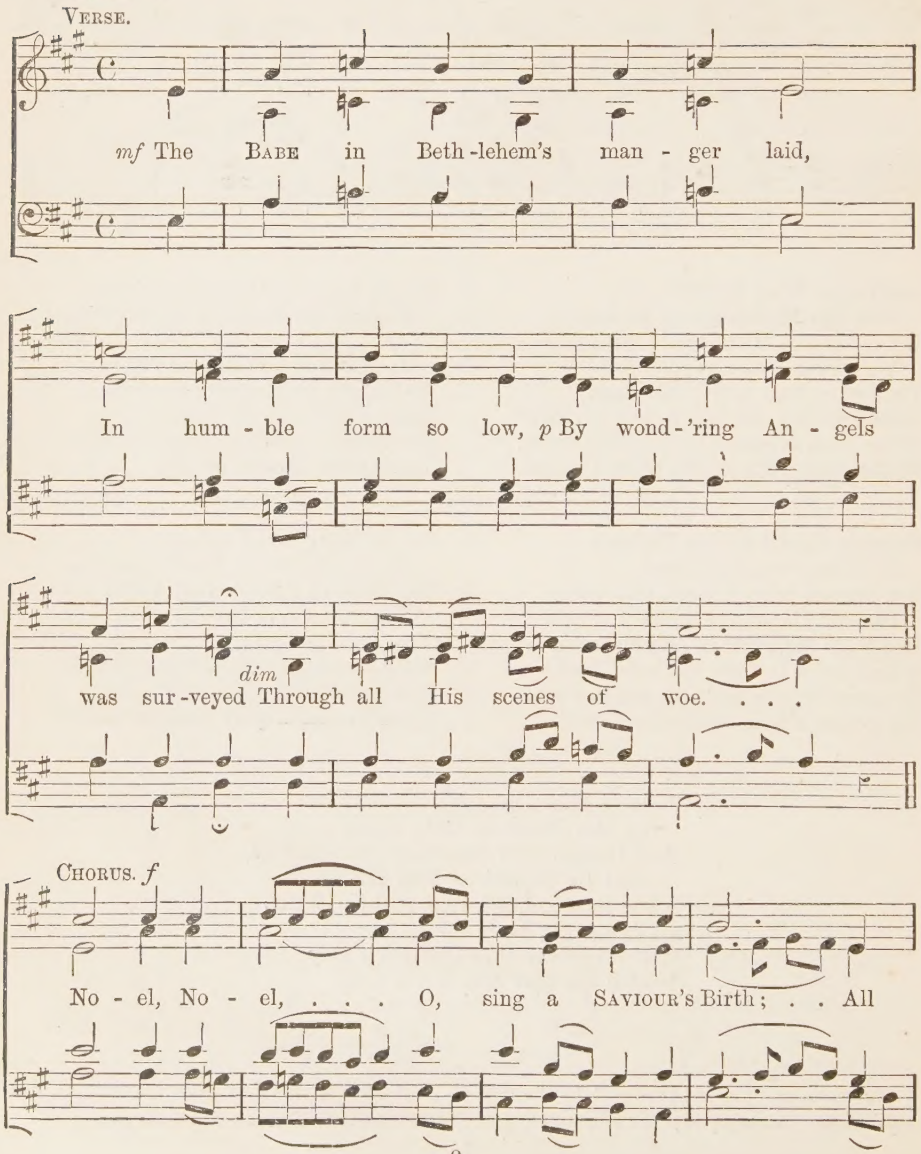
p Kingly robes nor golden treasure
Decked the Birthday of God's Son;
No pompous train at all took pleasure
To this King of kings to run;
No mantle brave could Jesus have
Upon His cradle for to lie;
Nor music's charms in nurse's arms
To sing the Babe a lullaby.

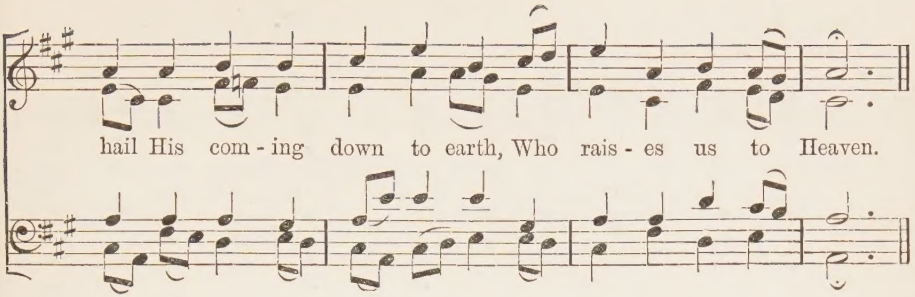
p Princely Palace for our Saviour
In Judæa was not found,
But blessed Mary's meek behaviour
Patiently upon the ground
Her Babe did place in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stalls did feed;
No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
No woman's help at Mother's need.

p Yet as Mary sat in solace
By our Saviour's first beginning,
cr The Host of Angels from God's Palace
Sounded sweet from Heaven singing;
Yea, Heaven and earth for Jesus' Birth,
With sweet melodious tunes abound,
f And everything for Jewry's King,
Upon the earth gave cheerful sound.

mf Now to Him that hath redeemed us
By His Death on Holy Rood,
And though poor sinners so esteemed us,
That He bought us with His Blood,
cr Yield lasting fame, that still the Name
Of Jesus may be honoured here;
f And let us say that Christmas Day
Is still the best Day in the year.

An excellent effect is produced by singing the last line of the last verse entirely in the major mode. It simply requires substituting ♮ for ♭ where an A or D occurs in all the parts.

Carol 6.

VERSE.
mf The BABE in Beth-lehem's man - ger laid,
In hum - ble form so low, p By wond-'ring An - gels
dim
was sur-veyed Through all His scenes of woe. . . .
CHORUS. f
No - el, No - el, . . . O, sing a SAVIOUR'S Birth; . . All



f A Saviour! Sinners all around
Sing, shout the wondrous word;
Let every bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour! Christ the Lord!
Noel, Noel, &c.

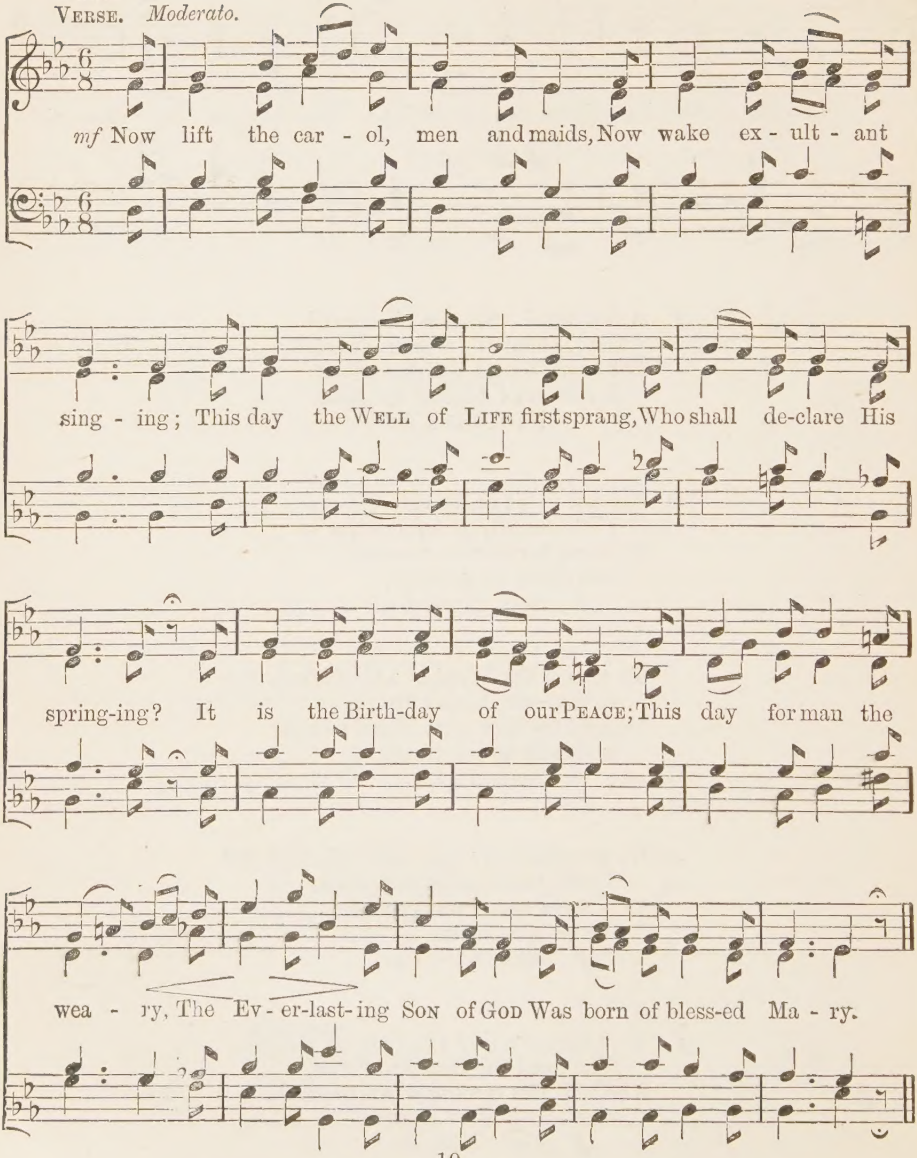
mf For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,—
He came for sinners to atone,
And Satan to destroy;
f Noel, Noel, &c.

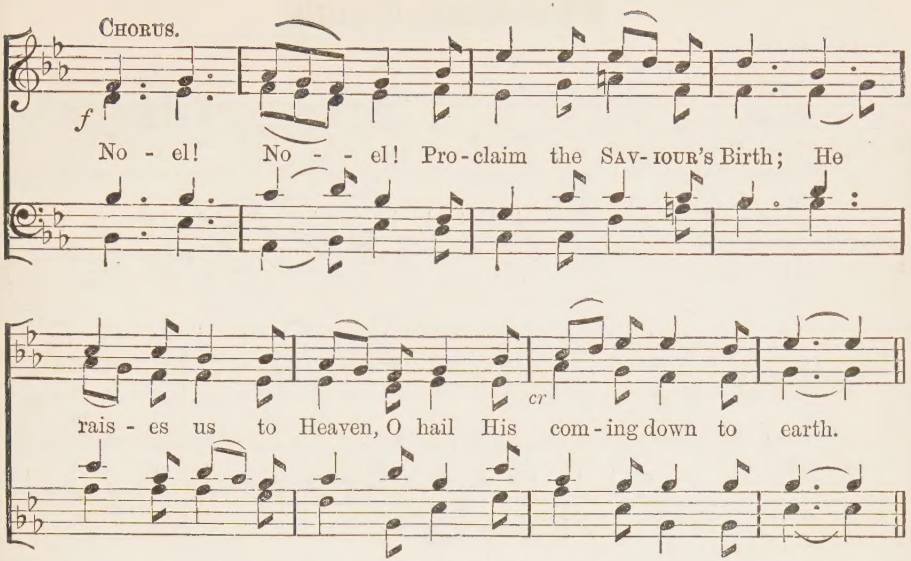
To preach the Word of Life Divine,
To give the Living Bread,
To heal the sick with Hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.
Noel, Noel, &c.

mf He preached, He (*pp*) suffered, bled and
mf Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners' stead was crucified,
For sin a Sacrifice.
f Noel, Noel, &c.

f Well may we sing the Saviour's Birth,
Who need the Grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to Heaven.
ff Noel, Noel, &c.

Carol 7.

VERSE. *Moderato.*

mf Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult - ant
sing - ing; This day the WELL of LIFE first sprang, Who shall de-clare His
spring-ing? It is the Birth-day of our PEACE; This day for man the
wea - ry, The Ev - er-last-ing SON of GOD Was born of bless-ed Ma - ry.



mf He was not born in such sweet days,
As we of yore remember;
'Twas not the sunny summer time,
Oh! 'twas the cold December:
As shines the sun above the snows
When nature's life is lying
Fast bound in winter's icy chain,
So came He to the dying.
f Noel, Noel, &c.

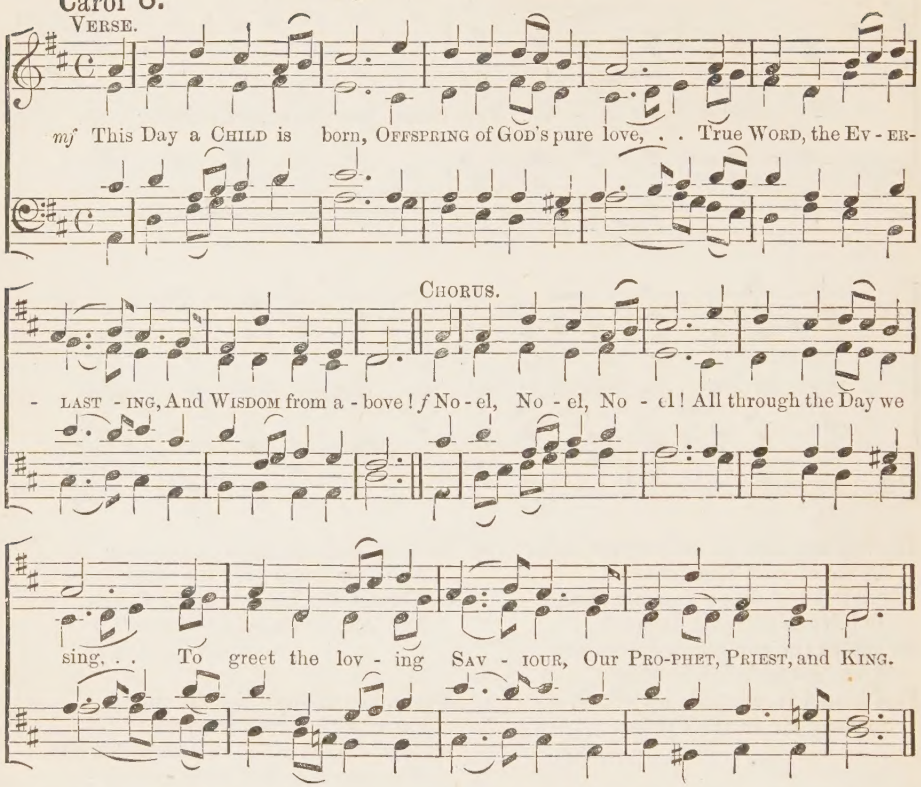
mf He did not bring a royal train,
A host no man might number,
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,
Nor lulled by harp to slumber.
p Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands
Whose might o'erspans the heaven,
And that mean trough were oxen fed,
For His first rest was given.
f Noel, Noel, &c.

p There were poor Shepherds in the field,
Their flocks at midnight tending;
cr Then Heaven came down and brought for news,
A rapture never ending;

mf So they went swift to Bethlehem,
And saw—and told the story
Of Christ the Lord, a little Child,
And Angels singing "Glory."
f Noel, Noel, &c.

f Not in the manger lies He now;
Far o'er the sapphire portal
At God's right Hand of Power He sits
Who was this day made mortal:
All in the highest, holiest place,
Where there may dwell none other,
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
There is our Elder Brother.
f Noel, Noel, &c.

f The Birthday of our God and King—
Lo! we are called to greet Him;
The Everlasting Bridegroom comes,
Oh, go ye out to meet Him.
This is the end of all below,
The crown of Love's best story;
Christ stands and knocks—oh, happy souls,
Receive the King of Glory.
ff Noel, Noel, &c.

Carol 8.

VERSE.
mf This Day a CHILD is born, OFFSPRING of GOD's pure love, . . True WORD, the Ev - ER-
CHORUS.
- LAST - ING, And WISDOM from a - bove! f No - el, No - el, No - el! All through the Day we
sing, . . To greet the lov - ing SAV - IOUR, Our PRO-PHET, PRIEST, and KING.

mf This Day is JESUS born,
Made Flesh the SON of Man,
Who erst did reign in glory,
Before the world began!
f Noel, &c.

mf This Day a CHILD is born,
CREATOR, KING, and LORD,—
cr In Majesty all glorious,
By Heaven and earth adored
f Noel, &c.

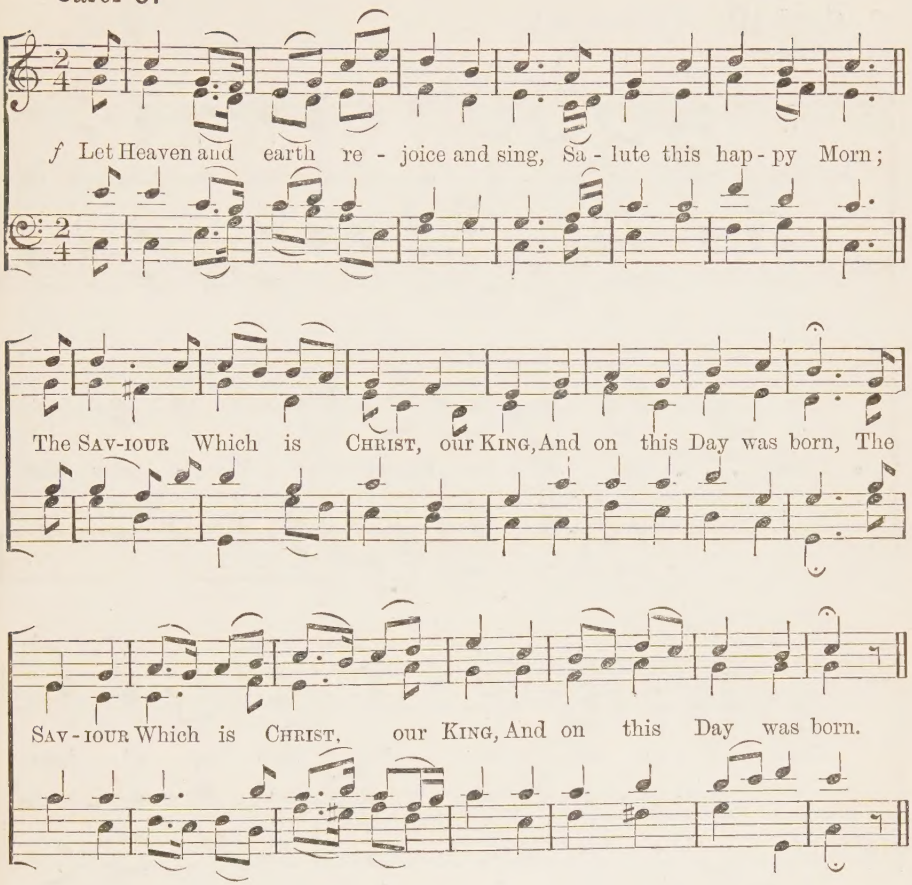
mf This Day the LIGHT has come,
Bright Beam of Peace and Love,—
WAY, TRUTH, and LIFE, sure Guidance,
To our blest Home above!
f Noel, &c.

mf This Day the SHEPHERD came
To Shepherds in the field,
dim That we, His Sheep, might find Him,
And He to death might yield.
f Noel, &c.

mf One Day our JUDGE will come,
And all shall hear His Voice,—
cr That Day, Sweet JESUS, bid us,
With all Thy Sheep, rejoice!
f Noel, &c.

Christmas Carols.

Carol 9.

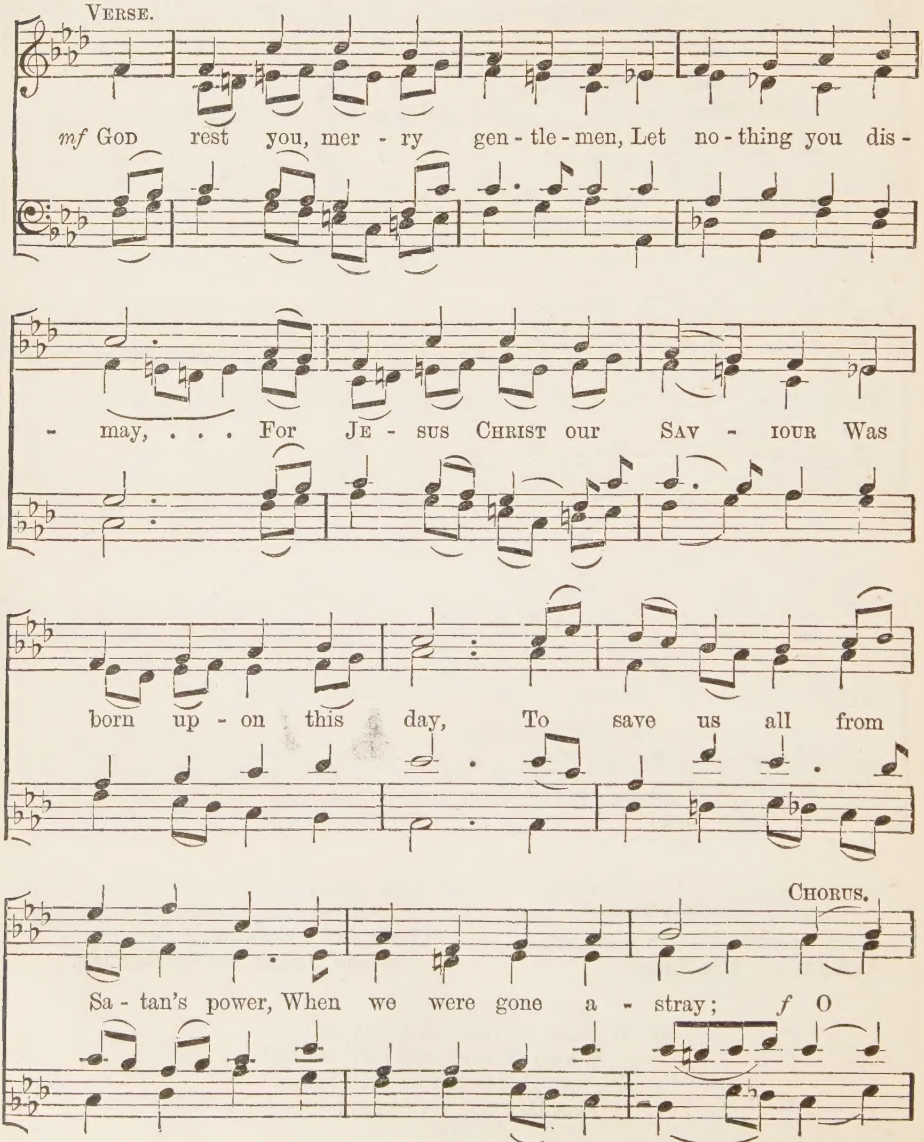

f Let Heaven and earth re - joice and sing, Sa - lute this hap - py Morn;
The Sav-iour Which is Christ, our King, And on this Day was born, The
Sav - iour Which is Christ, our King, And on this Day was born.

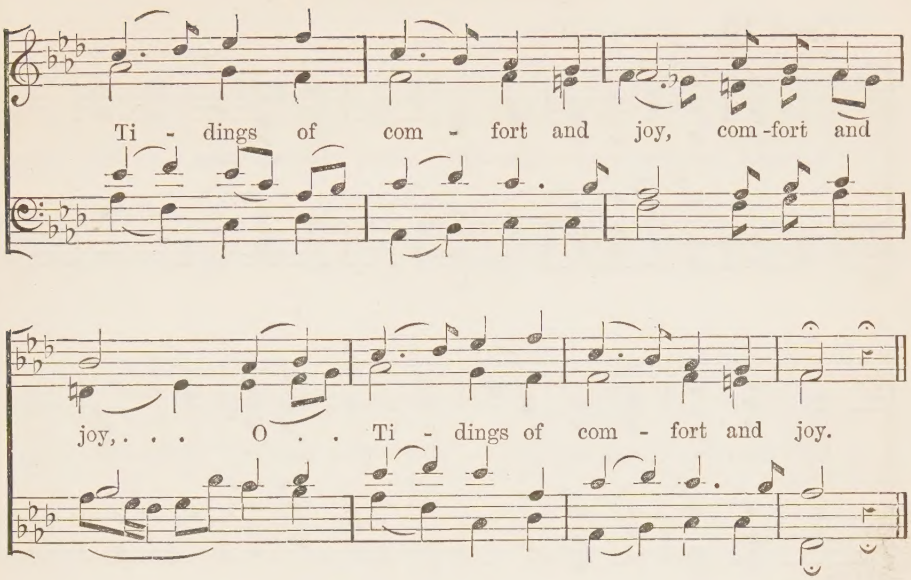
f Come let us join our hearts to God,
And thus exalt His Fame;
To save us all this Babe was born,
And Jesus is His Name.

mf Wise Men and Kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straightway;
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where Christ our Saviour lay.

ff O Lord, to Thee all Glory be,
Whom Heaven and earth adore,
For our Redeemer we will praise
This Day and Evermore.

Carol 10. (First Tune.)


Verse.
mf God rest you, mer - ry gen - tle - men, Let no - thing you dis -
- may, . . . For Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour Was
born up - on this day, To save us all from
Chorus.
Sa - tan's power, When we were gone a - stray; f O



mf In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This Blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a Manger,
Upon this happy Morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.
f O Tidings, &c.

mf From God our Heavenly Father,
A Holy Angel came,
cr And unto certain Shepherds
Brought Tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
f O Tidings, &c.

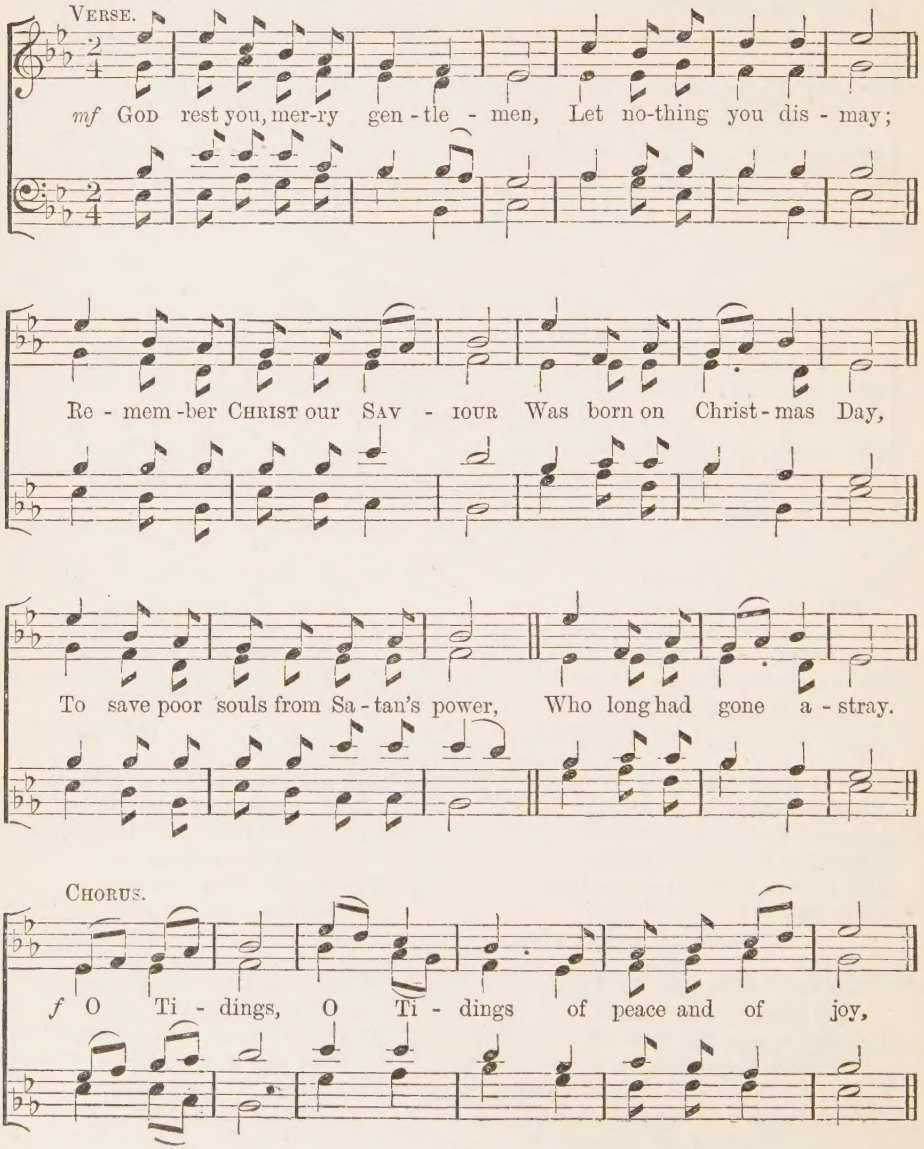
mf "Fear not," then said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born the Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
f O Tidings, &c.

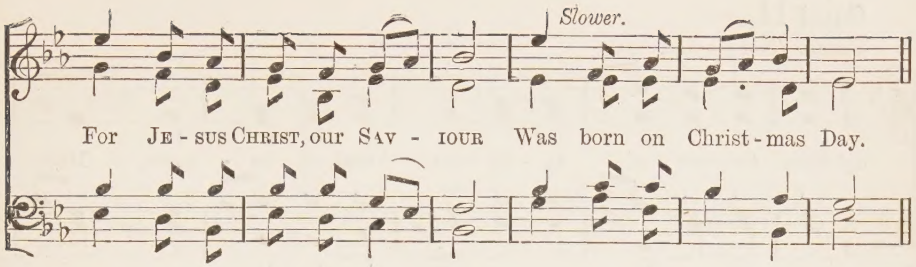
f The Shepherds at those Tidings
Did much rejoice in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This Blessed Babe to find.
O Tidings, &c.

mf But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
dim They found Him in a Manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
p His Mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
f O Tidings, &c.

f Now to our God sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Adore our Saviour's Grace;—
This Holy Tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
ff O Tidings, &c

Christmas Carols.

Carol 10. (Second Tune.)

Verse.
mf God rest you, mer-ry gen-tle-men, Let no-thing you dis-may;
Re-mem-ber Christ our Sav-iour Was born on Christ-mas Day,
To save poor souls from Sa-tan's power, Who long had gone a-stray.
Chorus.
f O Ti-dings, O Ti-dings of peace and of joy,



mf In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This Blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a Manger,
Upon this happy Morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.
f O Tidings, &c.

mf From God our Heavenly Father,
A holy Angel came,
cr And unto certain Shepherds brought
Glad Tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
f O Tidings, &c.

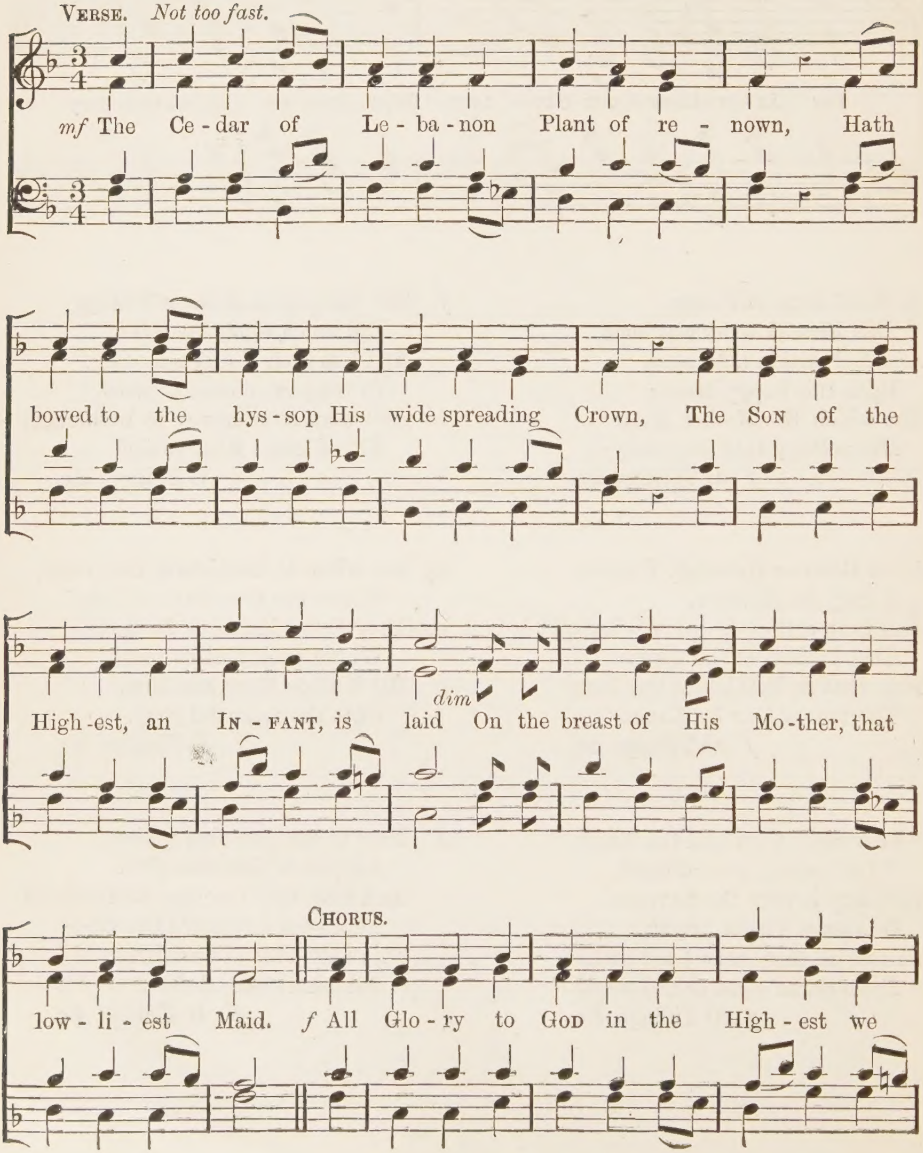
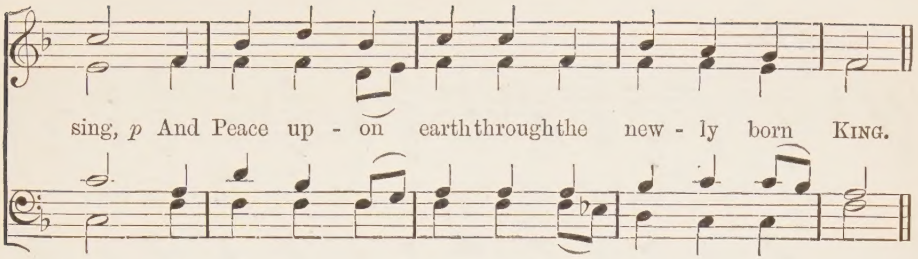
mf "Fear not," then said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This Day is born the Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
f O Tidings, &c.

f The Shepherds at those Tidings
Did much rejoice in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, or wind,
And went straightway to Bethlehem,
This Blessed Babe to find.
O Tidings, &c.

mf But when to Bethlehem they came,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
dim They found Him in a Manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
p His Mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
f O Tidings, &c.

f Now to our God sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Adore our Saviour's Grace;—
This holy Tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
ff O Tidings, &c.

Carol 11.


VERSE. Not too fast.
mf The Ce - dar of Le - ba - non Plant of re - nown, Hath
bowed to the hys - sop His wide spreading Crown, The SON of the
dim
High - est, an IN - FANT, is laid On the breast of His Mo - ther, that
CHORUS.
low - li - est Maid. f All Glo - ry to GOD in the High - est we

mf From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined,
Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's Hind,
The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,
The Maker of all things of Maiden is born.
f All glory, &c.

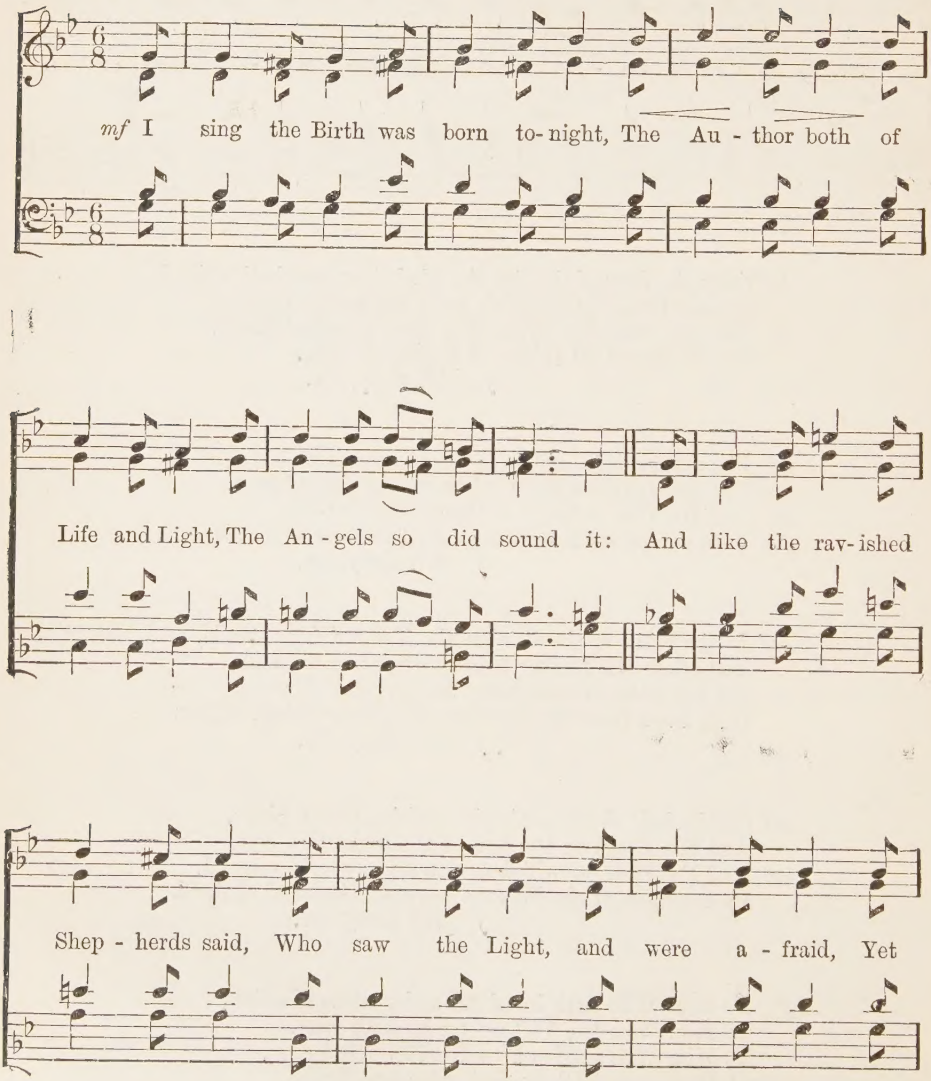
mf The manger of Bethlehem opens once more
cr The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
p And He Who is lying, a Child, in the Cave,
f Hath conquered the foeman, hath ransomed the slave.
f All glory, &c.

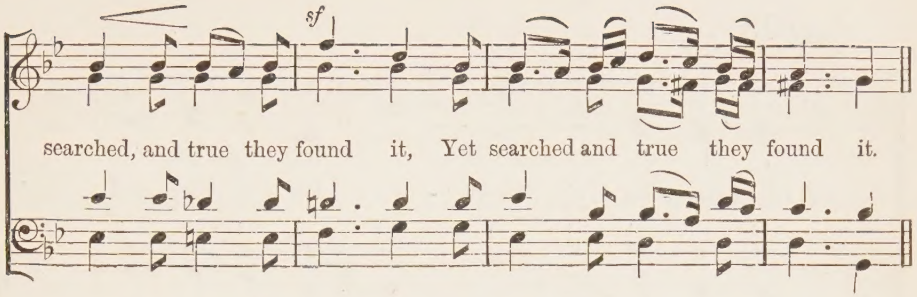
mf In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands,
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.
f All glory, &c.

mf On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,
And His Hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,
cr And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reigned,
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquished and chained.
f All glory, &c.

f To Him Who hath loved us, and sent us His Son,
To Him Who the Victory for us hath won,
To Him Who sheds on us His Sevenfold rays,
Be Honour and Glory, Salvation and Praise.
ff All glory, &c.

Carol 12.

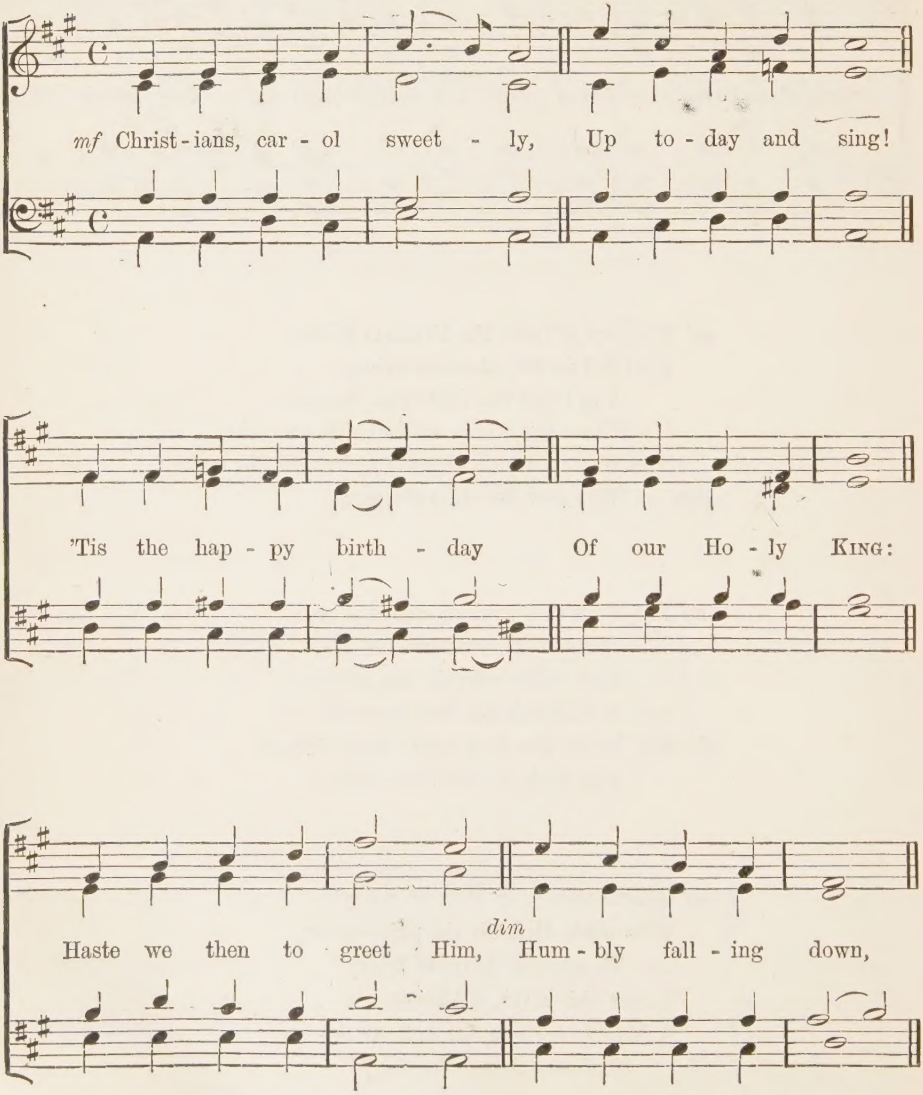

mf I sing the Birth was born to-night, The Au - thor both of
Life and Light, The An - gels so did sound it: And like the rav-ished
Shep - herds said, Who saw the Light, and were a - fraid, Yet

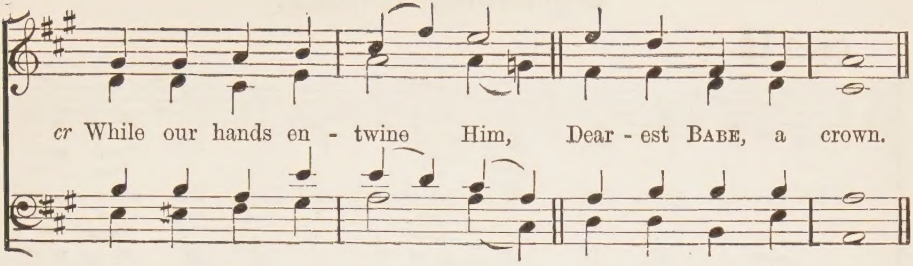


mf The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He Whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, Which Heaven and earth did make,
dim Was now laid in a manger.

mf The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
dim The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

mf What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of Glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A Martyr born in our defence:—
f Can man forget the story?

Carol 13.

mf Christ-ians, car-ol sweet-ly, Up to-day and sing!
'Tis the hap-py birth-day Of our Ho-ly KING:
dim
Haste we then to greet Him, Hum-bly fall-ing down,



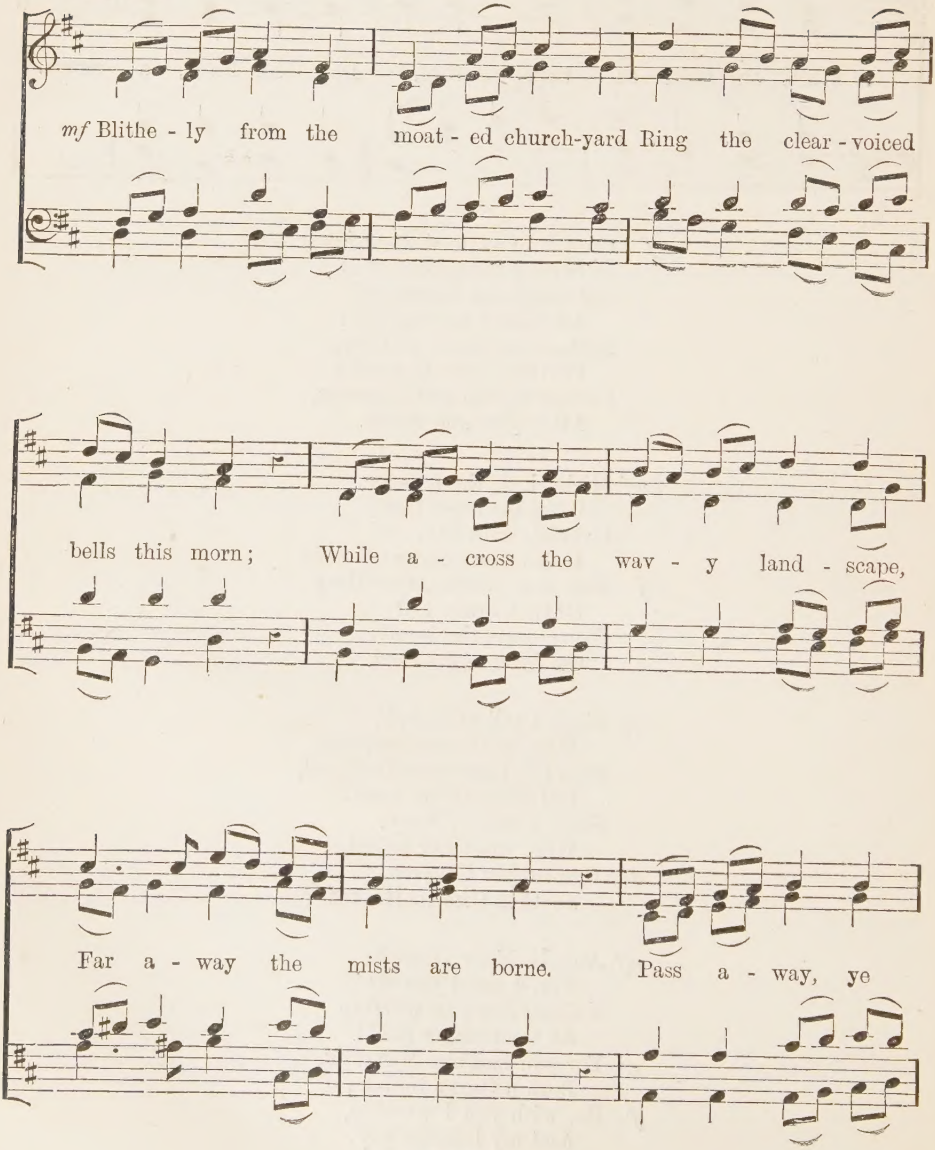
f Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

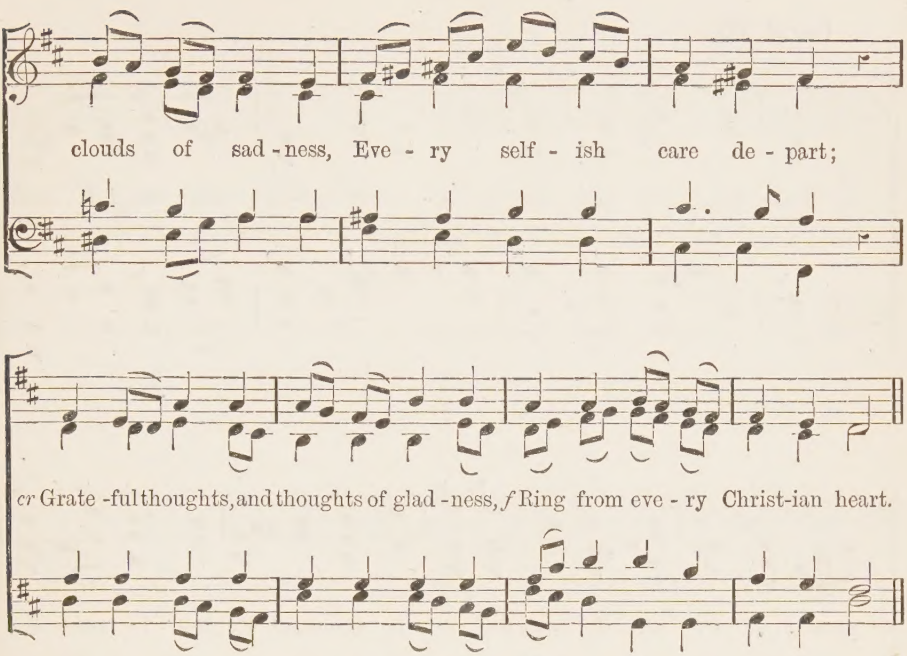
mf Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent Grace:
f For, dear friends, the Glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

mf Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead,
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
dim Cradles her CREATOR,
Soothes Him to His rest?

mf Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
cr For you hail our MONARCH,
Born a CHILD to-day;
f So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

Carol 14.


mf Blithe - ly from the moat - ed church-yard Ring the clear - voiced
bells this morn; While a - cross the wav - y land - scape,
Far a - way the mists are borne. Pass a - way, ye

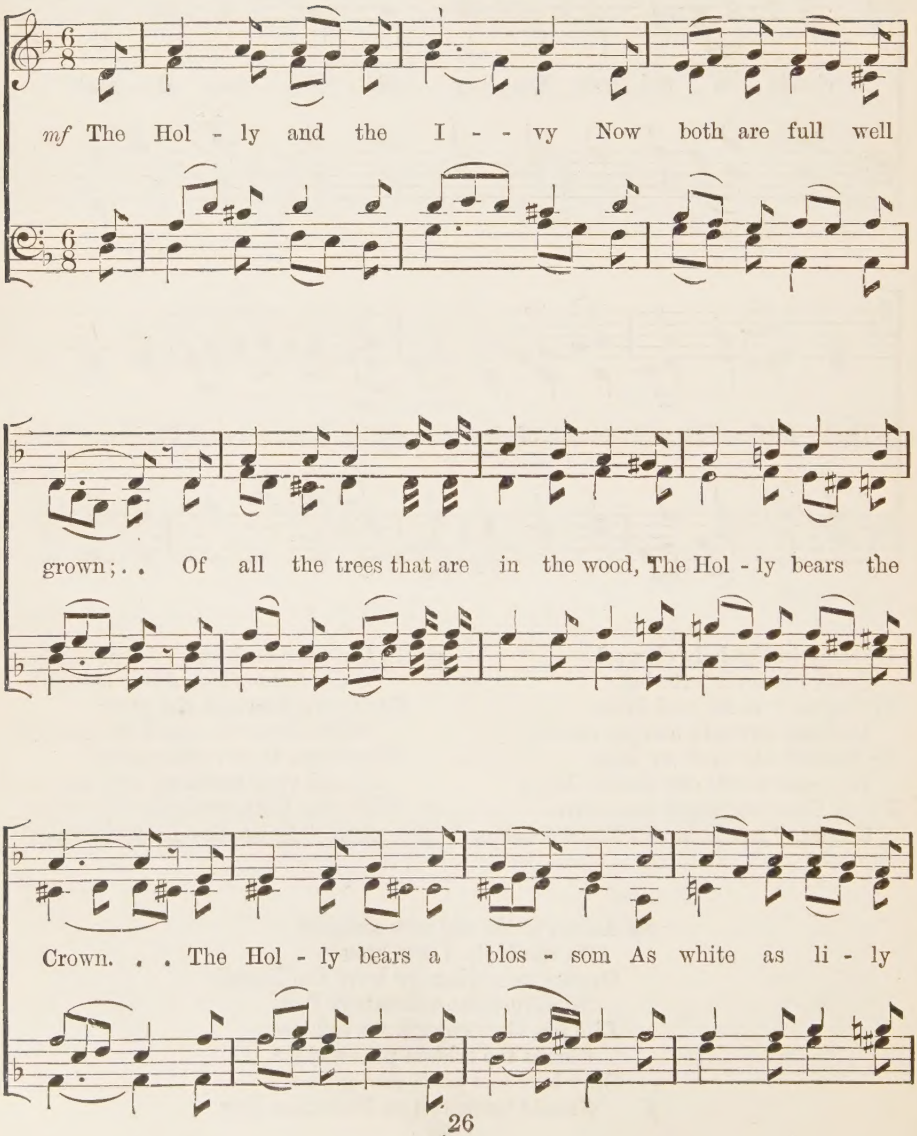

clouds of sad - ness, Eve - ry self - ish care de - part;
cr Grate - ful thoughts, and thoughts of glad - ness, f Ring from eve - ry Christ-ian heart.

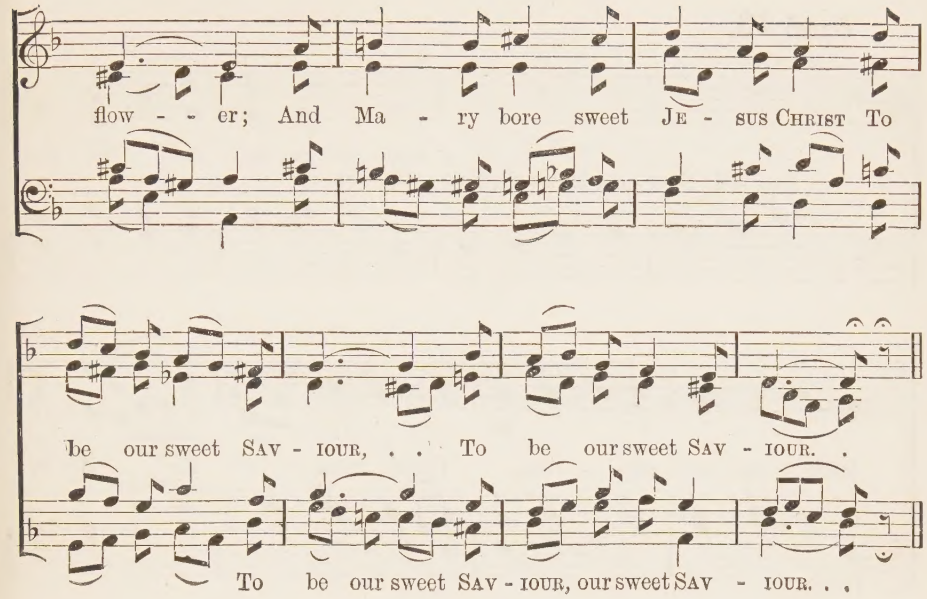
mf Brightly in the holy chancel
Leafy circles intertwine,
Telling how in Blessed JESUS
Life and strength and joy combine.
As beneath the arch we enter
Welcome words our coming bless,
For in Thee our hopes we centre,
CHRIST, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

mf In the nave each space is speaking
Of the light which JESUS brought,
Of the freedom and the glory
Which for all the world He wrought.
Wherefore, O ye congregation,
Should your hearts be cold and dumb,
cr While the walls proclaim Salvation,
ff And, "Arise, thy LIGHT is come."

mf Listen to the old new message,
At the Holy Table kneel;
Grudge not, when ye leave the Temple,
To diffuse the warmth ye feel.
Life has time enough for sadness,
Clouds too seldom pass away;
cr Only love and peace and gladness
f Should be named on Christmas Day.

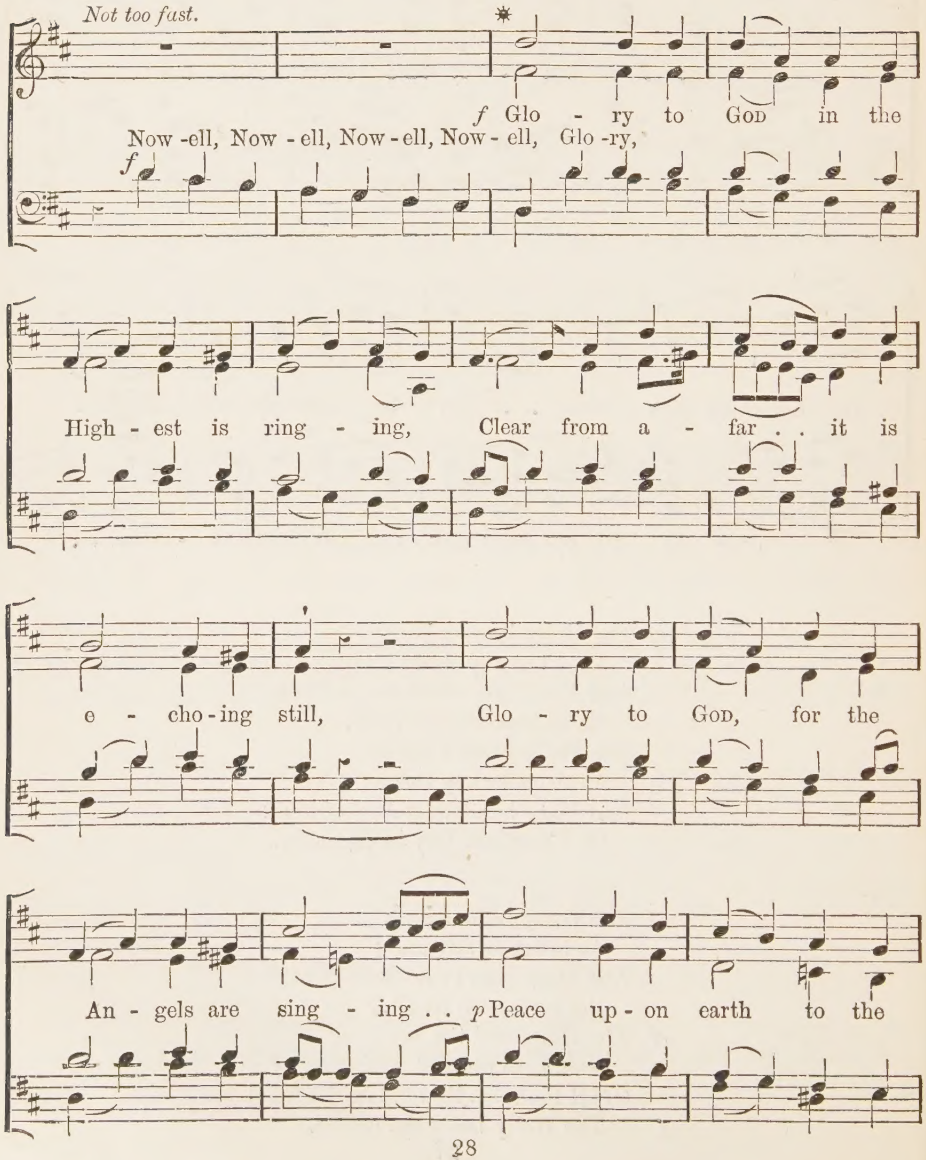
Carol 15.

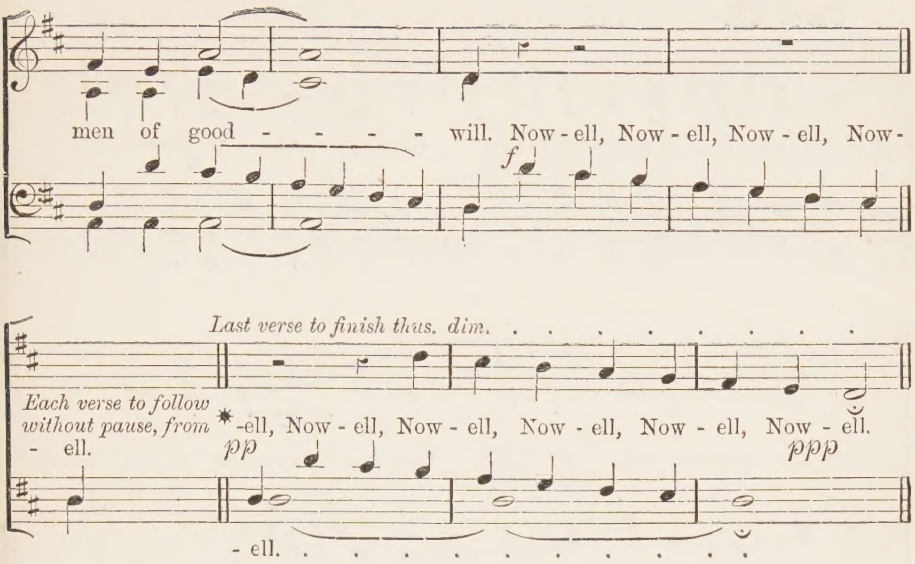

mf The Hol - ly and the I - - vy Now both are full well
grown; . . Of all the trees that are in the wood, The Hol - ly bears the
Crown. . . The Hol - ly bears a blos - som As white as li - ly


flow - - er; And Ma - ry bore sweet JE - SUS CHRIST To
be our sweet SAV - IOUR, . . To be our sweet SAV - IOUR. .
To be our sweet SAV - IOUR, our sweet SAV - IOUR. . .

mf The Holly bears a berry
As red as any blood ;
And Mary bore sweet JESUS CHRIST
To do poor sinners good.
The Holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn ;
And Mary bore sweet JESUS CHRIST
On Christmas Day in the morn.

mf The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall ;
And Mary bore sweet JESUS CHRIST
For to redeem us all.
cr The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown ;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
f The Holly bears the crown.

Carol 16.

Not too fast.
f Glo - ry to God in the
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Glo-ry,
f
High - est is ring - ing, Clear from a - far . . it is
e - cho-ing still, Glo - ry to God, for the
An - gels are sing - ing . . p Peace up - on earth to the

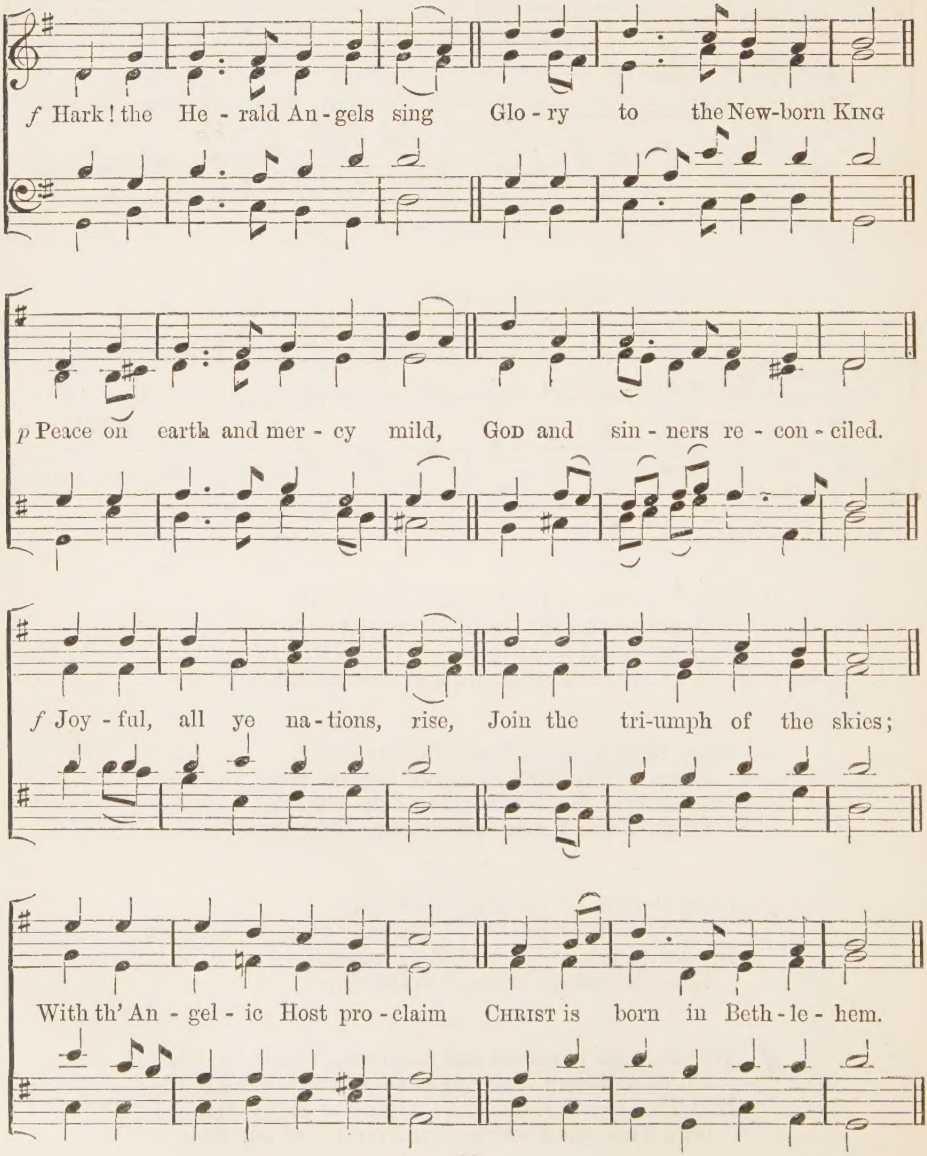

men of good - - - - will. Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now -
f
Last verse to finish thus. dim.
Each verse to follow without pause, from
- ell.
* - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell.
pp
ppp
- ell.

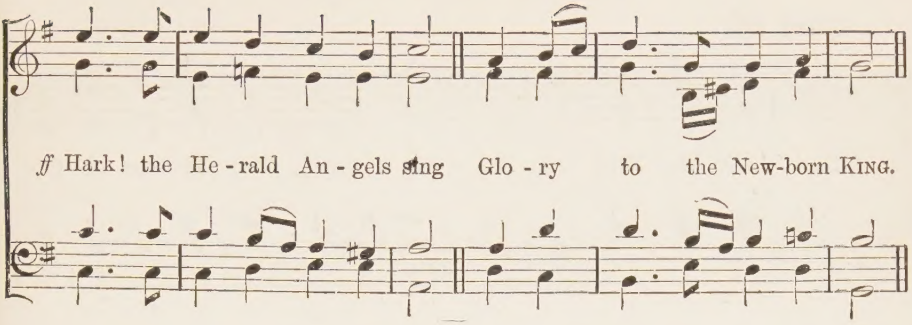
f Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
Over the ages the Promise was cast;
Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.

f Glory to God, for as dews of the morning,
Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning,
Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there!

f Glory to God, let the glad exultations
Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
Joy for all people—Desire of the nations!—
Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!

ff We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

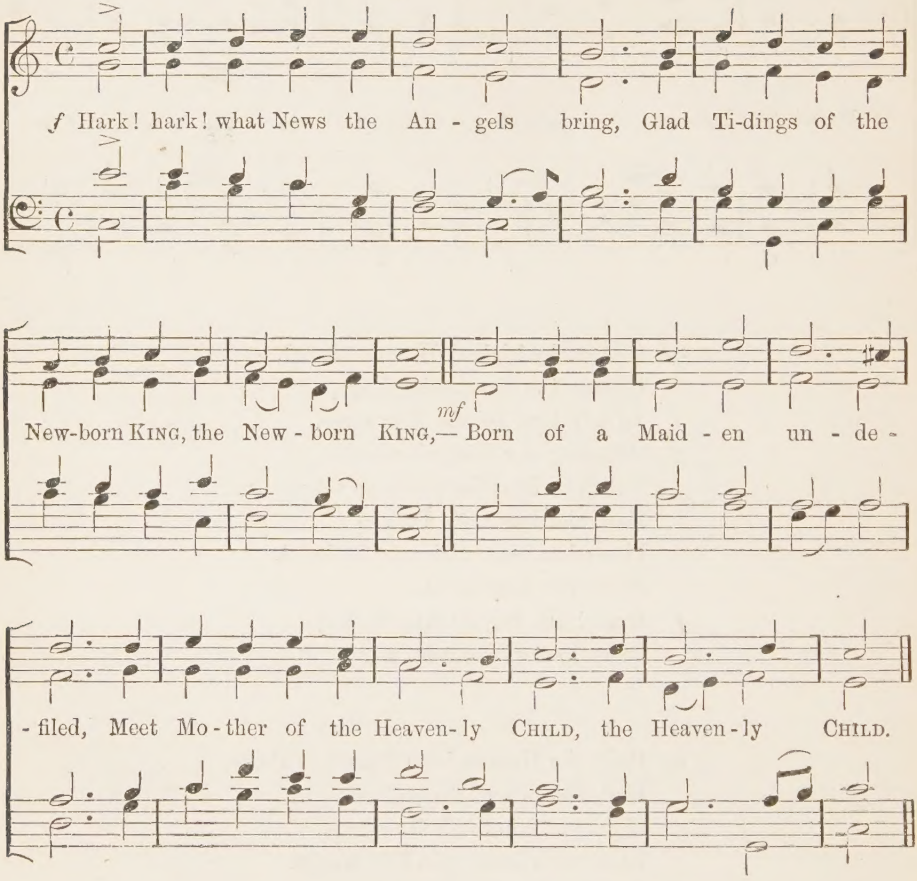
Carol 17.

f Hark! the He - rald An - gels sing Glo - ry to the New-born KING
p Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, GOD and sin - ners re - con - ciled.
f Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
With th' An - gel - ic Host pro - claim CHRIST is born in Beth - le - hem.



mf Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
p Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
f Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

mf Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His Wings.
p Now He lays His Glory by,
cr Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them Second Birth.
ff Hark! the Herald Angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

Christmas Carols.

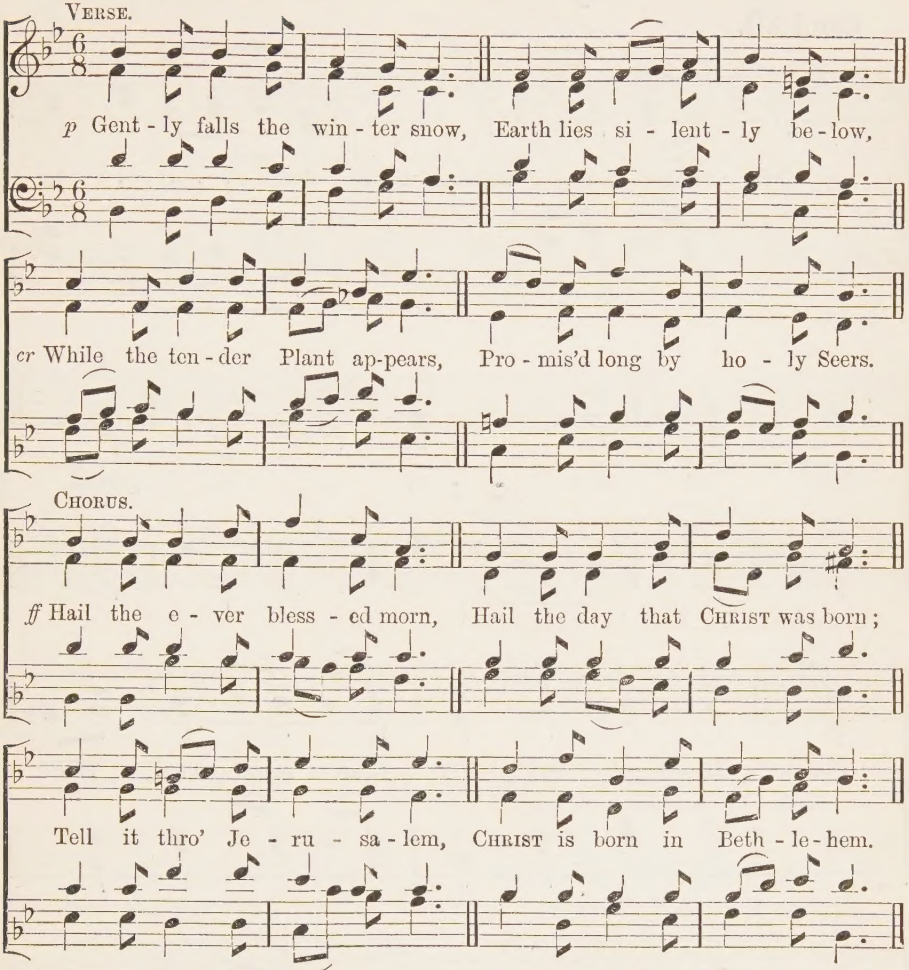
Carol 18.

f Hark! hark! what News the An - gels bring, Glad Ti-dings of the
mf
New-born KING, the New - born KING,— Born of a Maid - en un - de -
- filed, Meet Mo - ther of the Heaven - ly CHILD, the Heaven - ly CHILD.

mf Hail! Blessed Virgin, full of Grace,
Most favoured of our mortal race;
Whose sacred womb brought forth in one,
A SAVIOUR, GOD, and HOLY SON!

mf Man that was made from dust by GOD,
Had Paradise for his abode!
p But in a Manger at His Birth,
Lies GOD Who made the Heaven and earth.

p Lo, in that Manger where He lies
Our faith discerns a Sacrifice;
And by His Birth may all men see
The pattern of humility.

mf Therefore, my GOD, my SAVIOUR, KING,
cr Thy praises I will ever sing,
In joyful Carols raise my voice,
f And in the Praise of GOD rejoice.

Carol 19.

VERSE.
p Gent - ly falls the win - ter snow, Earth lies si - lent - ly be - low,
cr While the ten - der Plant ap-pears, Pro - mis'd long by ho - ly Seers.
CHORUS.
ff Hail the e - ver bless - ed morn, Hail the day that CHRIST was born;
Tell it thro' Je - ru - sa - lem, CHRIST is born in Beth - le - hem.

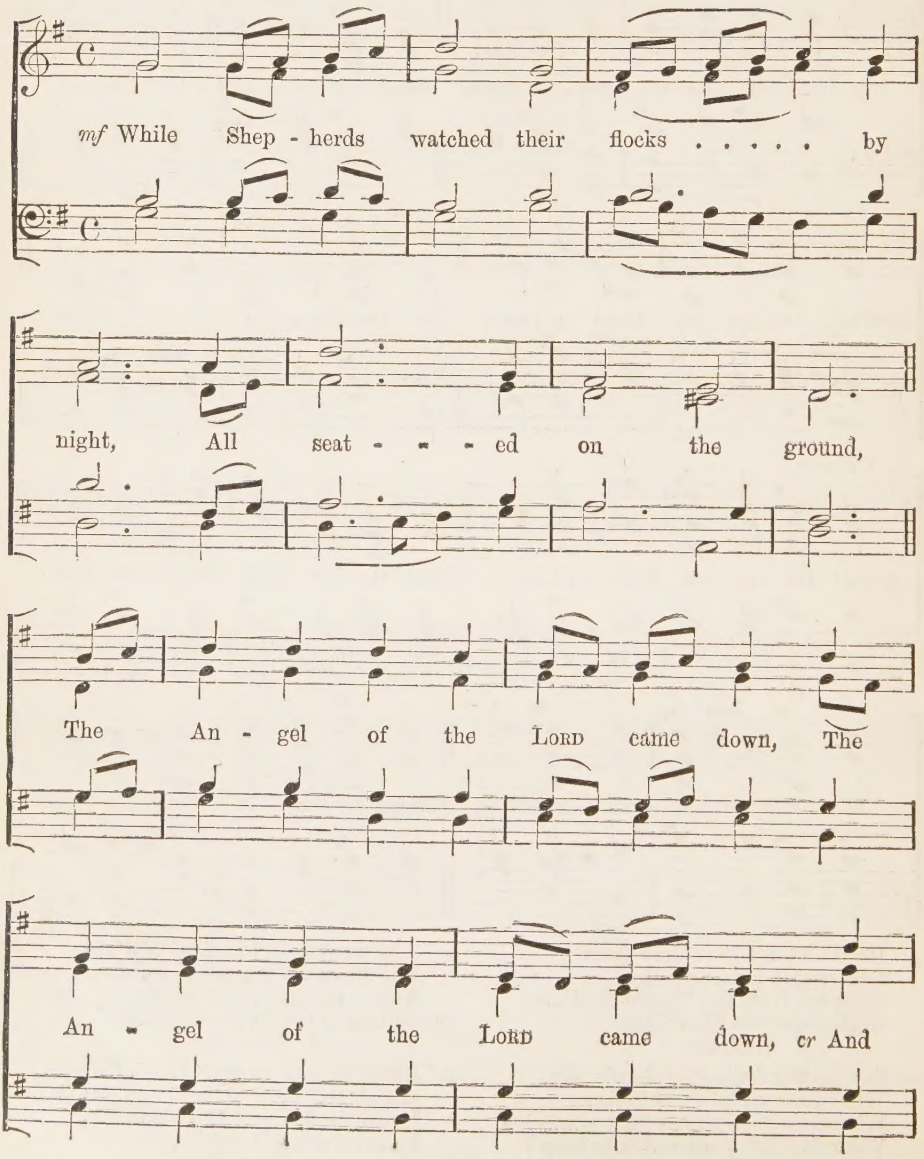
p He Who built the starry skies
Low within a manger lies,
Stooping from His Throne sublime
High above the Cherubim.
ff Hail, &c.

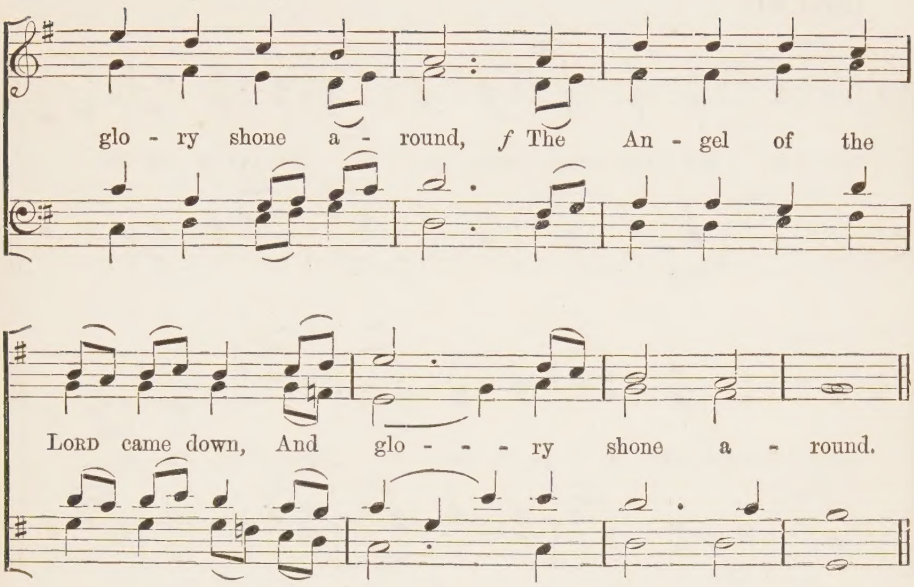
mf Say, ye wond'ring Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep?—
Wherefore fail your watch to keep?
ff Hail, &c.

p "As we watched at dead of night
Lo! we saw a wondrous sight,—
Angels singing Peace on earth,
cr Telling of the SAVIOUR'S Birth."
ff Hail, &c.

mf Haste we now to greet GOD'S CHILD,
Watch His Face so meek and mild;
Learn the Love of Heaven to see
In our LORD'S Humility.
ff Hail, &c.

Carol 20.


mf While Shep - herds watched their flocks . . . . . by
night, All seat - - - ed on the ground,
The An - gel of the Lord came down, The
An - gel of the Lord came down, cr And



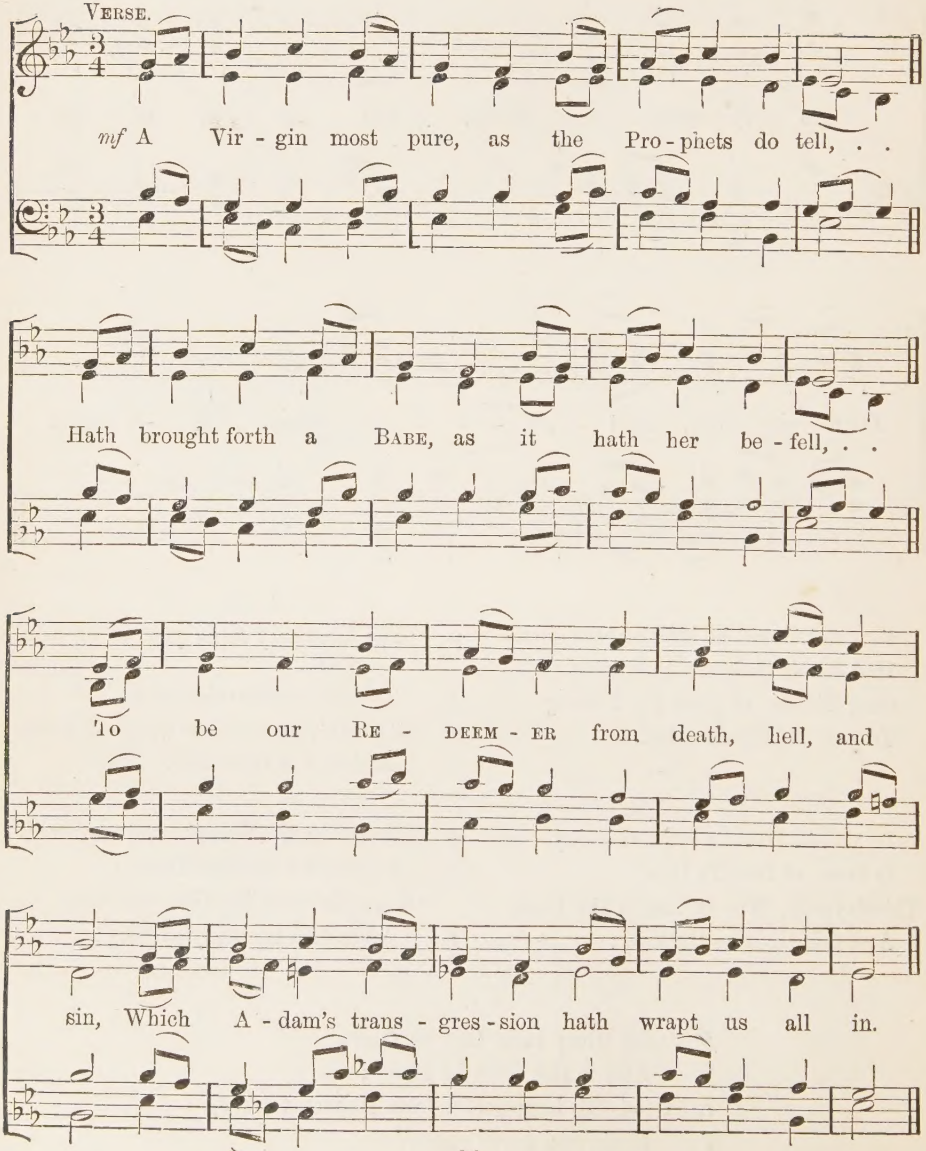
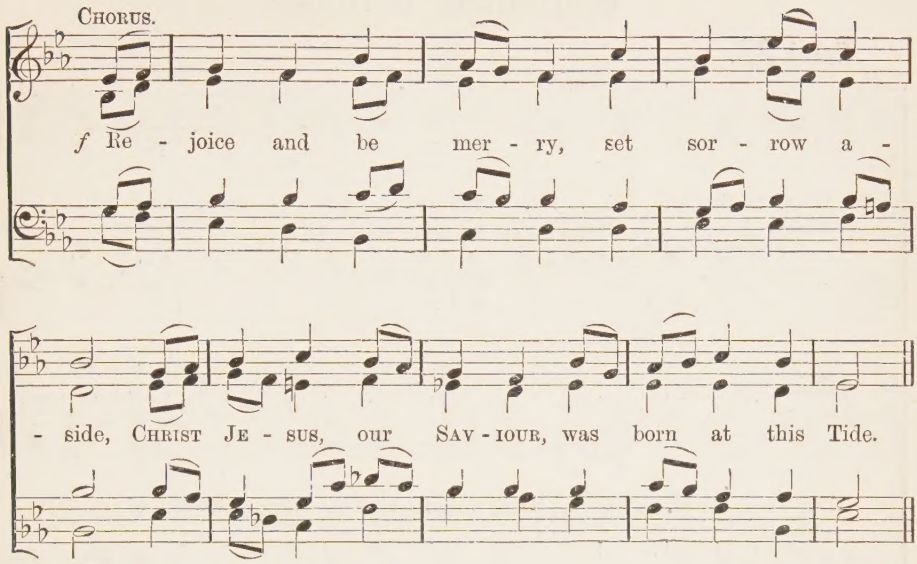
mf "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
f "Glad Tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

mf "To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

p "The Heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a Manger laid."

p Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
cr Appeared a shining Throng
Of Angels, praising God, and thus
f Addressed their joyful song:

ff "All Glory be to God on High,
p And to the earth be Peace;
cr Goodwill, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
f Begin and never cease."

Carol 21.

VERSE.
mf A Vir - gin most pure, as the Pro - phets do tell, . .
Hath brought forth a BABE, as it hath her be - fell, . .
To be our RE - DEEM - ER from death, hell, and
sin, Which A - dam's trans - gres - sion hath wrapt us all in.

mf In Bethlehem City, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one mo',
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so. *f* Rejoice, &c.

mf But when they had entered the city so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
dim Could get in the city no lodging at all.
f Rejoice, &c.

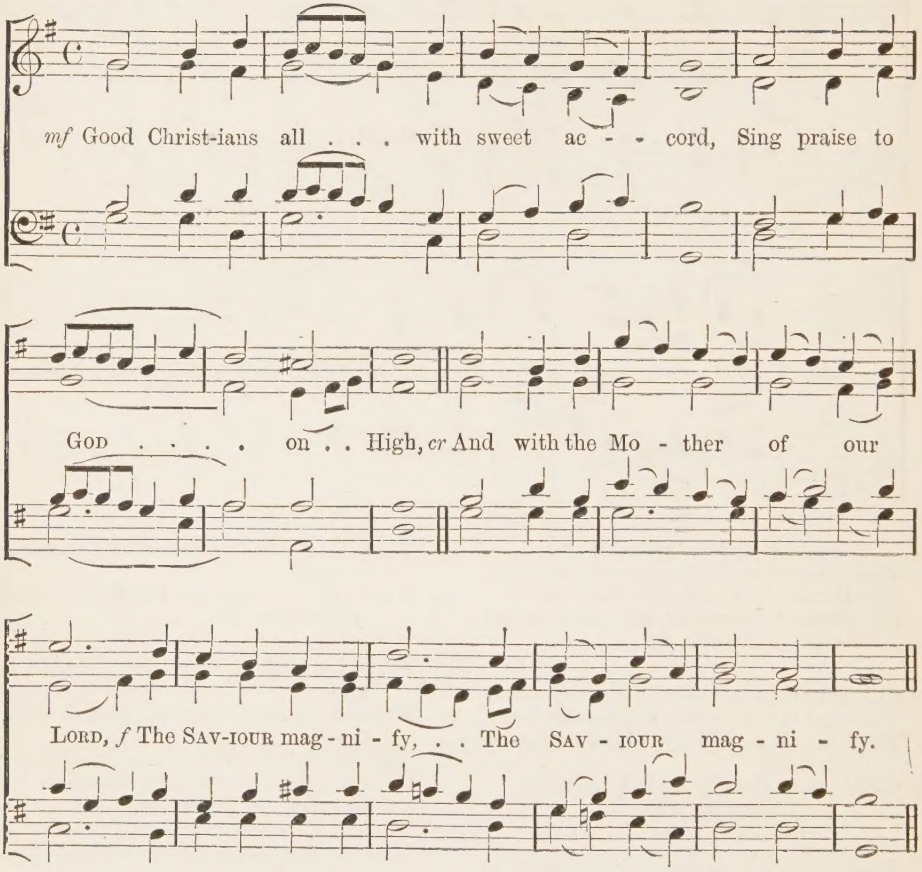
p Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
cr But 'gainst the next morning our Saviour was born. *f* Rejoice, &c.

p The King of all glory to this world was brought,
And small store of linen to wrap Him was wrought;—
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
pp Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
f Rejoice, &c.

p Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lie,
cr And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day. *f* Rejoice, &c.

mf Then presently after, the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
cr Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
f To God be all glory, our Heavenly King.
Rejoice, &c.

f The Shepherds all glad did to Bethlehem go,
And when they came thither they found it was so:
And three Kings came from far, for they thought it most meet
To lay their rich offerings at Jesus Christ's Feet. *ff* Rejoice, &c.

Carol 22.

mf Good Christ-ians all . . . with sweet ac - - cord, Sing praise to
God . . . . on . . High, cr And with the Mo - ther of our
Lord, f The Sav-iour mag - ni - fy, . . The Sav - iour mag - ni - fy.

mf He came for us upon this Morn,
Thrice holy time of rest!
Jesus, the King of kings was born
Of Ever Virgin blest.

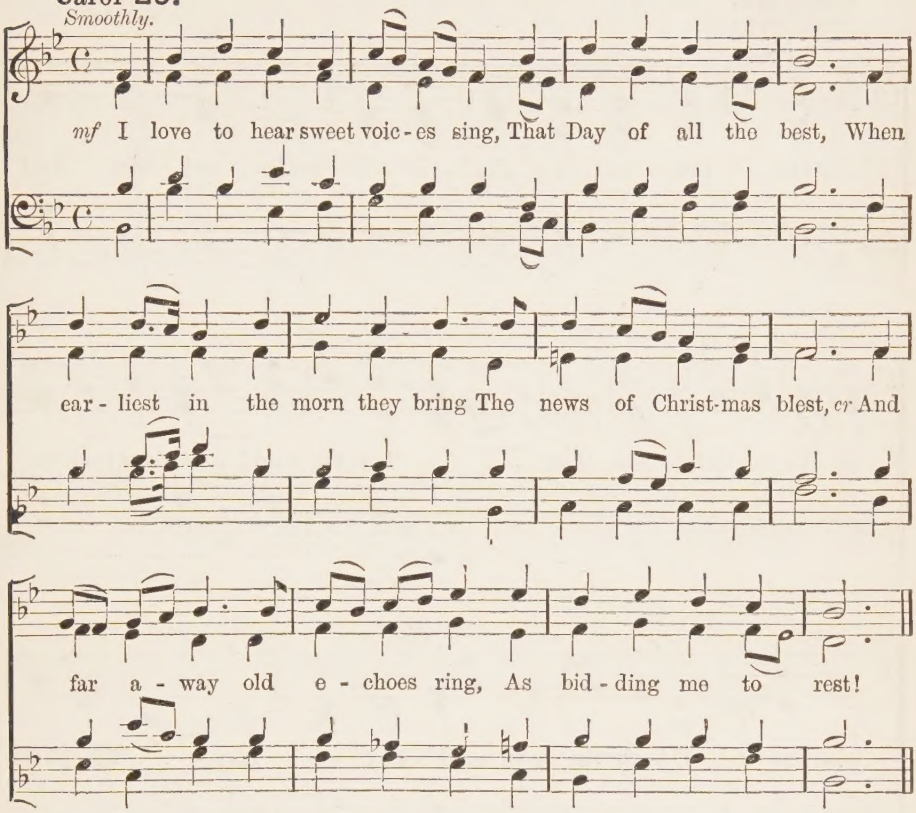
mf Yet not with gems and gaudy show,
With regal pomp arrayed,—
dim But in a Manger poor and low,
The Lord of Life was laid.

p And from the Manger to the Cross
The Holy, Undefiled,
pp Endured our sorrow, pain, and loss,
Rejected and reviled.

f Then Carols to the welkin's ear
cr Upraise, ye Christians all;—
The Angels tell us Christ is near,
ff In this our Festival.

Carol 23.

Smoothly.

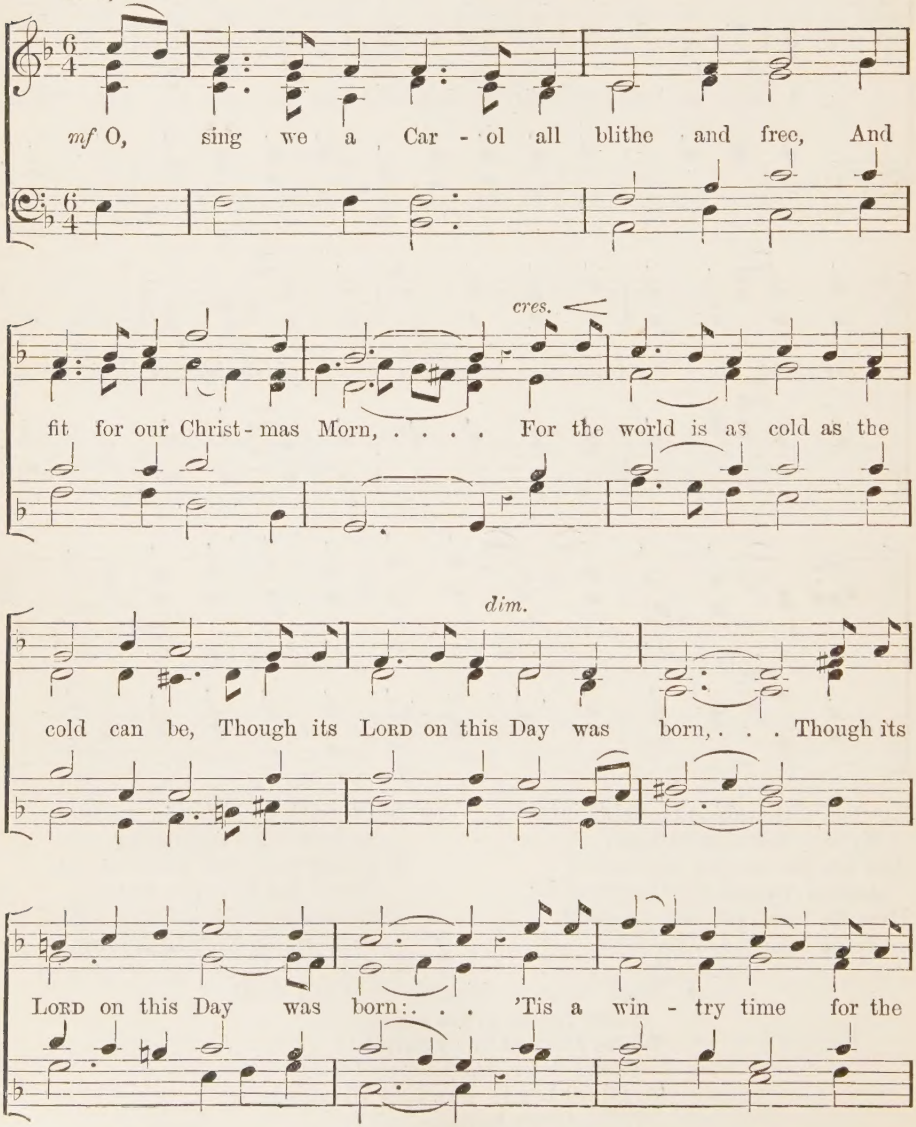

mf I love to hear sweet voic-es sing, That Day of all the best, When
ear-liest in the morn they bring The news of Christ-mas blest, cr And
far a-way old e-choes ring, As bid-ding me to rest!

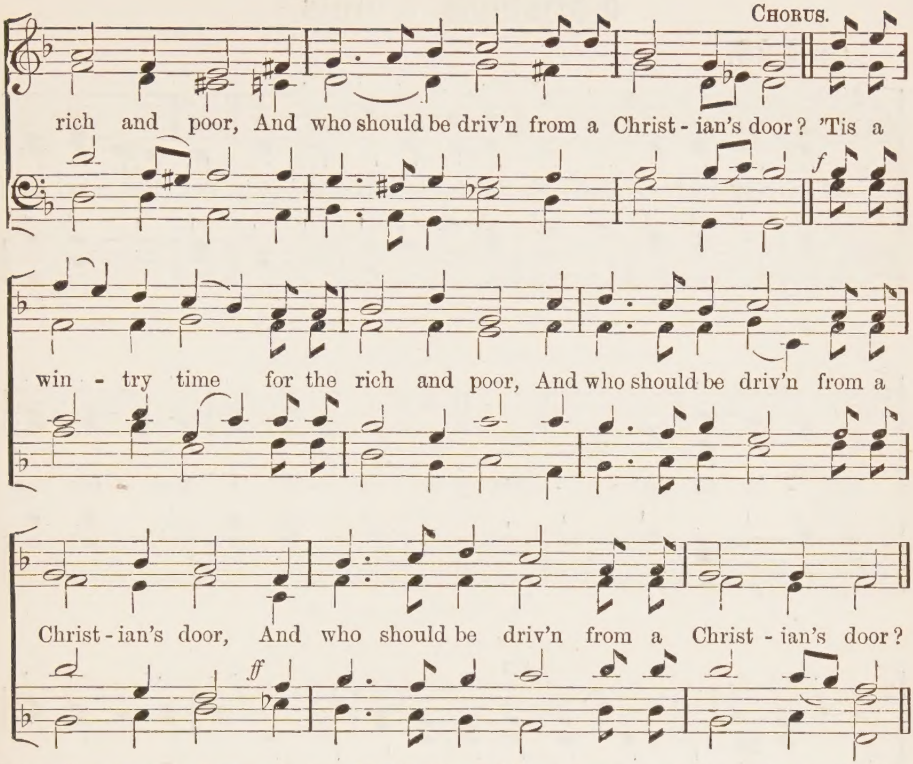
mf For then with waking thoughts intent
My soul looks up on high,
And mingles musing with relent
As fain 'twould see CHRIST nigh;
Hear for itself, ere time be spent,
dim Peace from the azure sky!

mf But though no longer in our race
By flesh the VIRGIN-BORN
Is known to us, yet JESUS' Grace
Leaves not His Own forlorn;
cr Since now good Christians see His Face
f By faith, on Christmas Morn!

f Then, come, ye faithful, great and small,
Come hasten to the sight,
Where JESUS at our Festival
Comes down, the shining LIGHT,
To fill all hearts, who hear His Call,
With Glory beaming bright!

Carol 24.

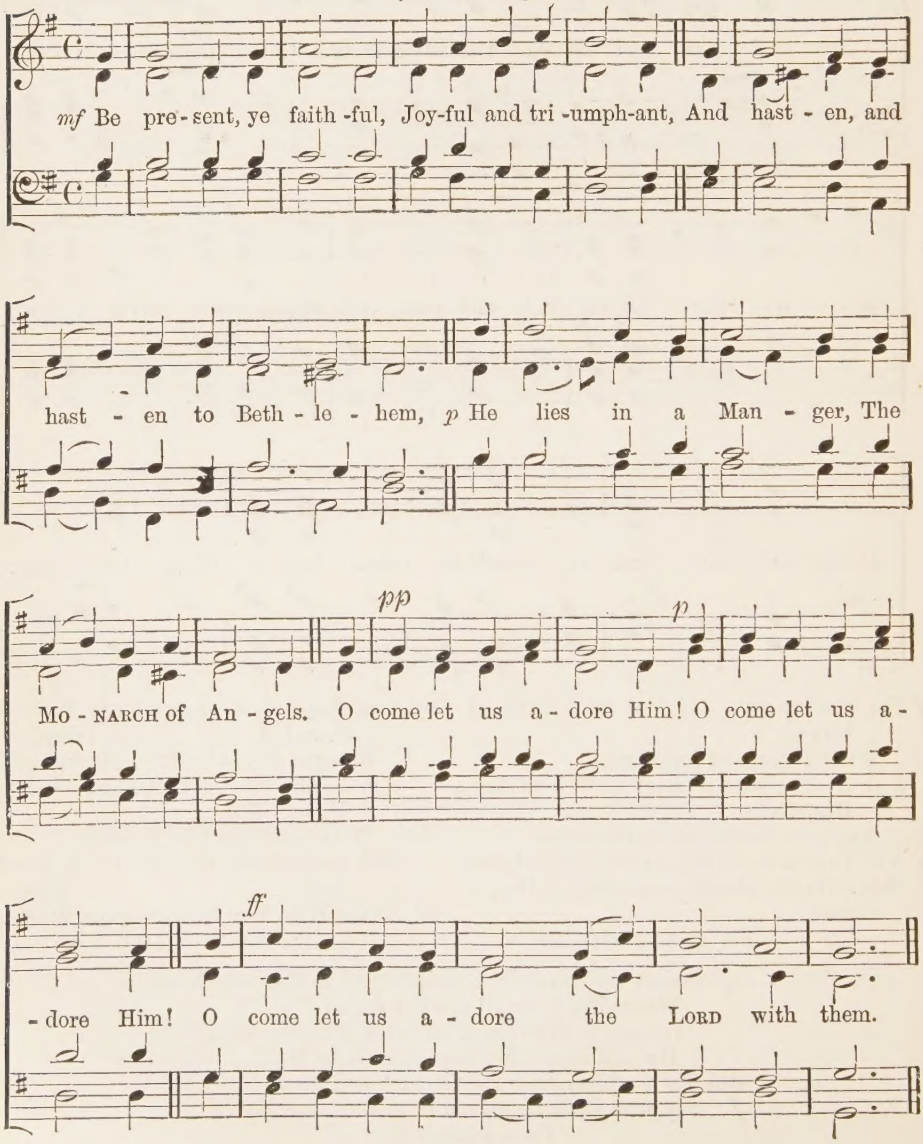
Solo, *Treble.*

mf O, sing we a Car - ol all blithe and free, And
cres.
fit for our Christ-mas Morn, ... For the world is as cold as the
dim.
cold can be, Though its Lord on this Day was born, . . . Though its
Lord on this Day was born: . . . 'Tis a win - try time for the


Chorus.
rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a Christ - ian's door? 'Tis a
win - try time for the rich and poor, And who should be driv'n from a
Christ - ian's door, And who should be driv'n from a Christ - ian's door?

mf For the Angel's Song at the Birth of Christ,
With Tidings of joy began;
cr And it rang with a Glory to God in the Highest,
dim And a brotherhood true for man;
mf Yet 'twas winter time for the rich and poor,
When the Shepherds came to Saint Mary's door.
Yet 'twas winter, &c.

mf True Sages were they who to Bethlehem led,
Brought Frankincense, Myrrh, and Gold,—
Which they offered to Christ on His Manger-bed,
dim With a reverent love untold.
But 'twas winter time for the rich and poor,
mf As the Wise Men knelt at Saint Mary's door.
But 'twas winter, &c.

mf Cannot we make our offerings now to Christ's Need,
When His Poor all around we see?
"Inasmuch as to them we have done the deed,"
He will say, "Ye have done it to Me."
dim 'Tis a wintry time for the rich and poor,
f Say who shall be driven from Christian door?
'Tis a wintry, &c.

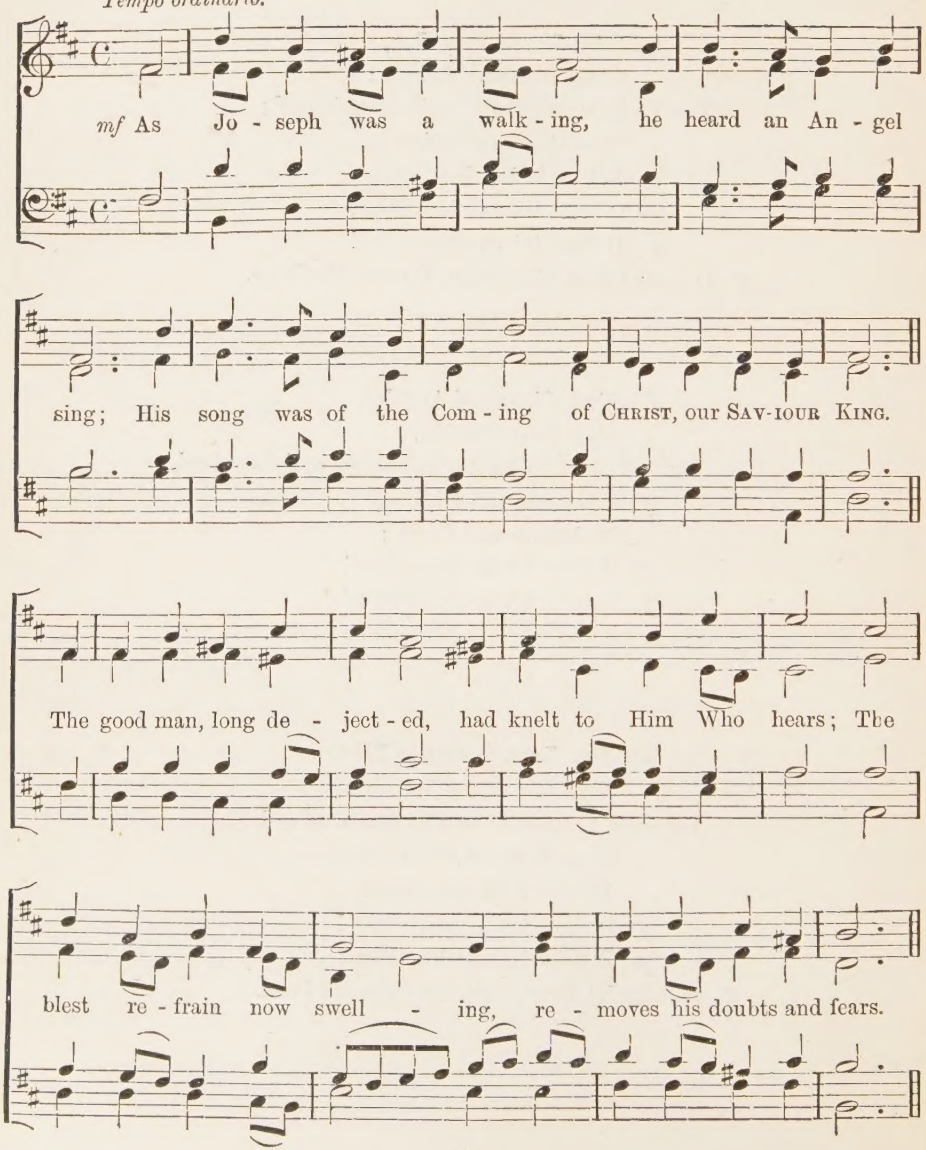
Carol 25.

mf Be pre-sent, ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, And hast-en, and
hast-en to Beth-le-hem, p He lies in a Man-ger, The
pp
p
Mo-narch of An-gels. O come let us a-dore Him! O come let us a-
ff
-dore Him! O come let us a-dore the Lord with them.

mf Very God of Very God,
Light of Light Eternal;
The Virgin's womb He hath not abhorred;
True God Everlasting,
p Not made but Begotten.
pp O come let us adore Him!
p O come let us adore Him!
ff O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

f Sing, Chorus of Angels,
Sing, in exultation,
cr Thro' Heaven's wide Court be your praises poured.
ff To God in the Highest,
Be honour and Glory;
pp O come let us adore Him!
p O come let us adore Him!
ff O come let us worship our God and Lord.

mf Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy Morning!
For ever, O Christ, be Thy Name adored,
True Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing.
pp O come let us adore Him!
p O come let us adore Him!
ff O come let us worship our God and Lord.

Carol 26.

Tempo ordinario.

mf As Jo - seph was a walk - ing, he heard an An - gel
sing; His song was of the Com - ing of CHRIST, our SAV-IOUR KING.
The good man, long de - ject - ed, had knelt to Him Who hears; The
blest re - frain now swell - ing, re - moves his doubts and fears.

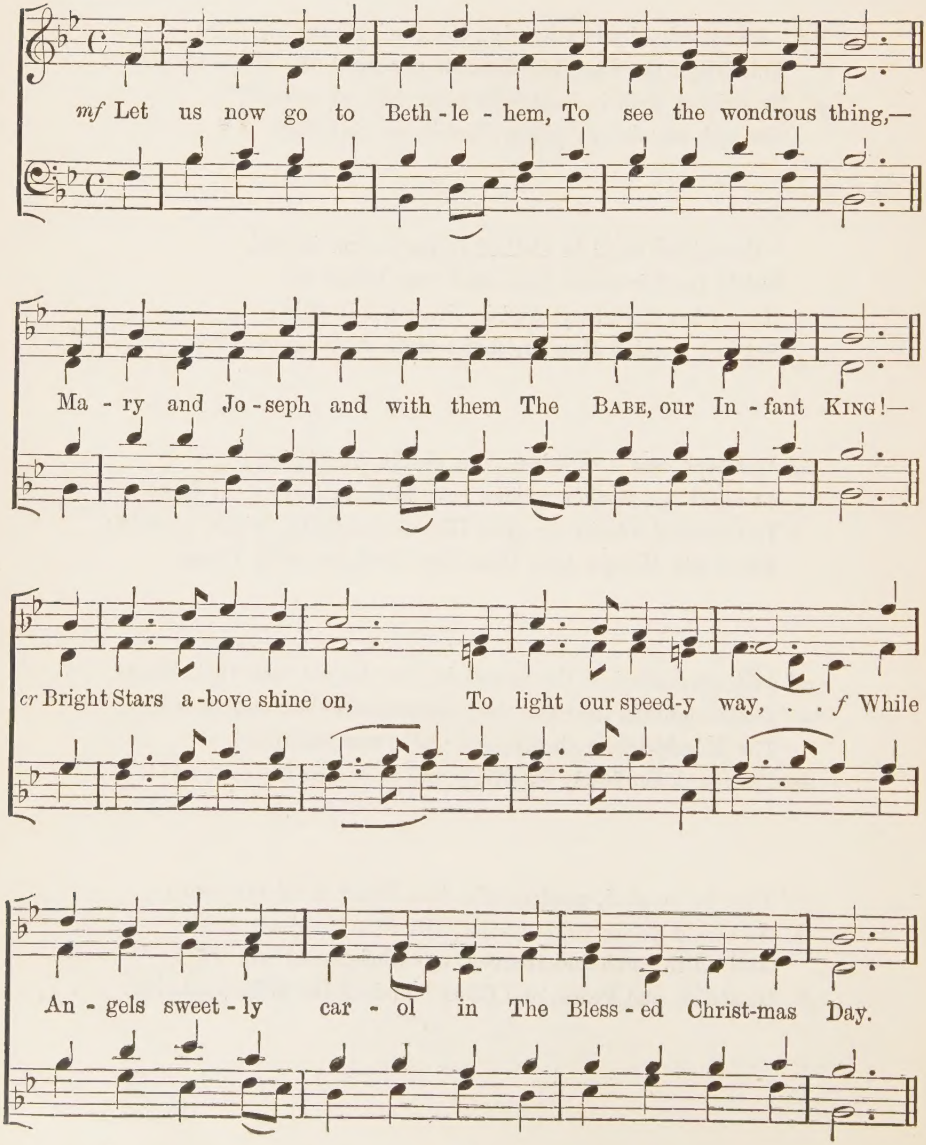
mf "Be not afraid when hearing the Choirs Seraphic sing;
This Night shall be the Birthtide of Christ the Heavenly King:
p He neither shall in housen be born, nor yet in hall;
Nor bed, nor downy pillow, but in an oxen stall.

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold;
But in a wooden Manger, that resteth on the mould."

mf As Joseph was a walking, thus did an Angel sing;
At night the Mother-maiden gave birth to Christ our King.
The Blessed Virgin wrapped Him from nightly winds, so wild;
The lowly Manger held Him Her wondrous Holy Child.

mf And marshalled on the mountain, the Angels raise their Song;
cr The Shepherds hear the story in anthems clear and strong.
The Herald-hymn obeying, nor loth, nor yet afraid,
dim They seek the lowly dwelling, and there the Child is laid!

mf Then be ye glad, good people, this Night of all the year;
cr And light ye up your candles, His Star it shineth near.
And all in earth and Heaven, our Christmas Carol sing:—
ff Goodwill, and Peace, and Glory! and all the bells shall ring.

Carol 27.

mf Let us now go to Beth-le-hem, To see the wondrous thing,—
Ma-ry and Jo-seph and with them The BABE, our In-fant KING!—
cr Bright Stars a-bove shine on, To light our speed-y way, . . f While
An-gels sweet-ly car-ol in The Bless-ed Christ-mas Day.

mf Let us now go to Bethlehem,
To see the wondrous thing,—
Mary and Joseph and with them
The Babe, our Infant King!
For we shall find on earth
The Heaven of Heavens in Him,
The Holy, Holy, Holy Son,
Beneath* the Cherubim.

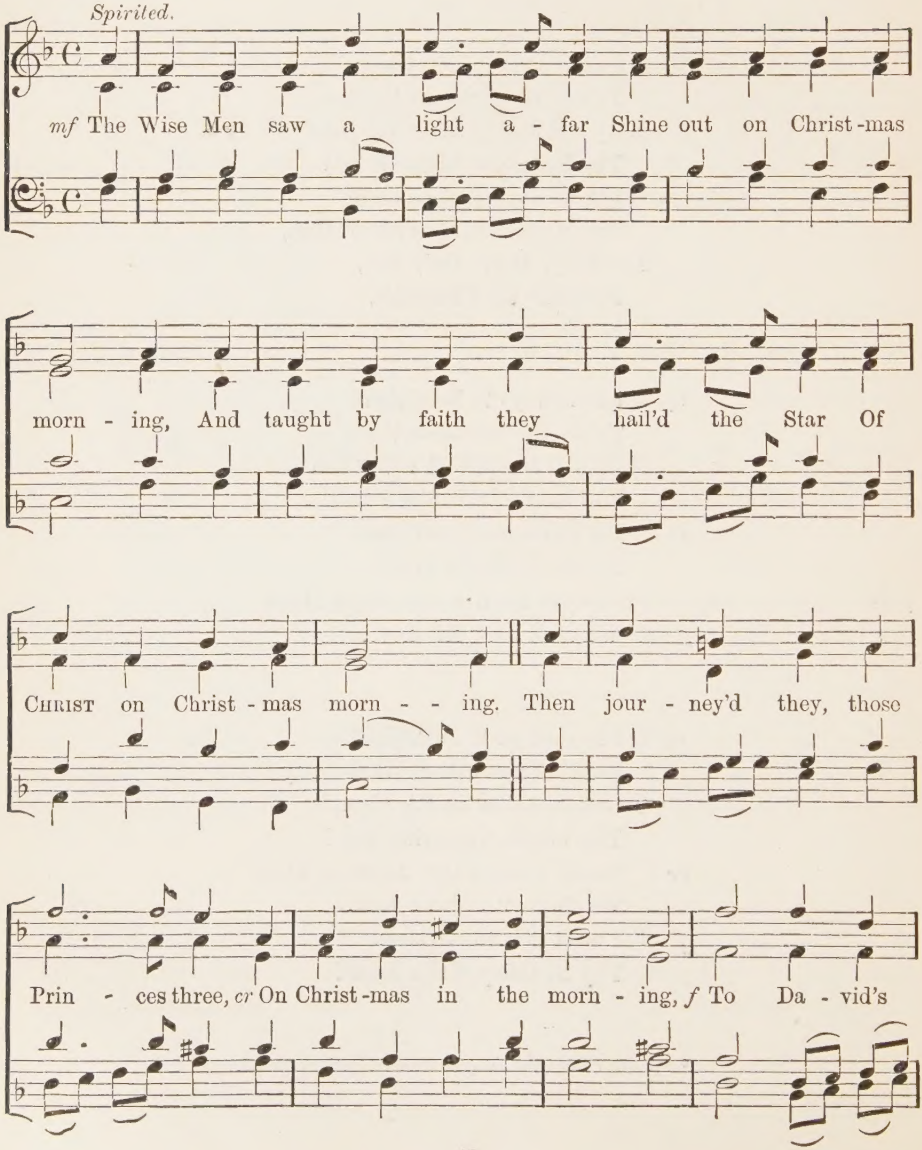
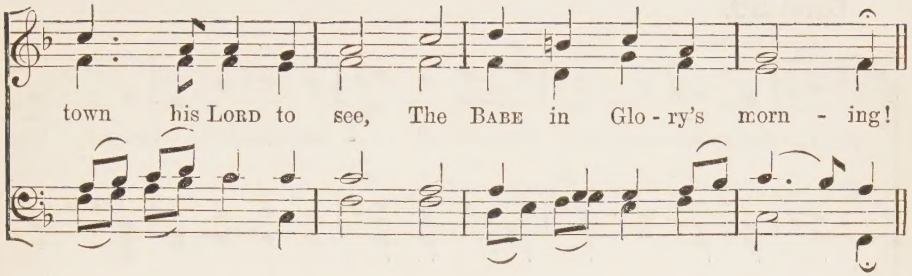
mf Let us now go to Bethlehem,
To see the wondrous thing,—
Mary and Joseph and with them
The Babe, our Infant King;—
cr His Father's Glory come
To lift our hearts above.
First loved by Him and Angel Hosts
f We carol back His Love.

mf Let us then go to Bethlehem,—
Faith's Star shall guide the way
To Jesus cradled in His Church,
This bright Appearing Day!
cr There, Light's true Light to Thee
We sing with glad accord.
ff For meet it is to celebrate
Thy Birthday, Jesus Lord!

* "Lower than the Angels awhile."—Heb. ii. 19.

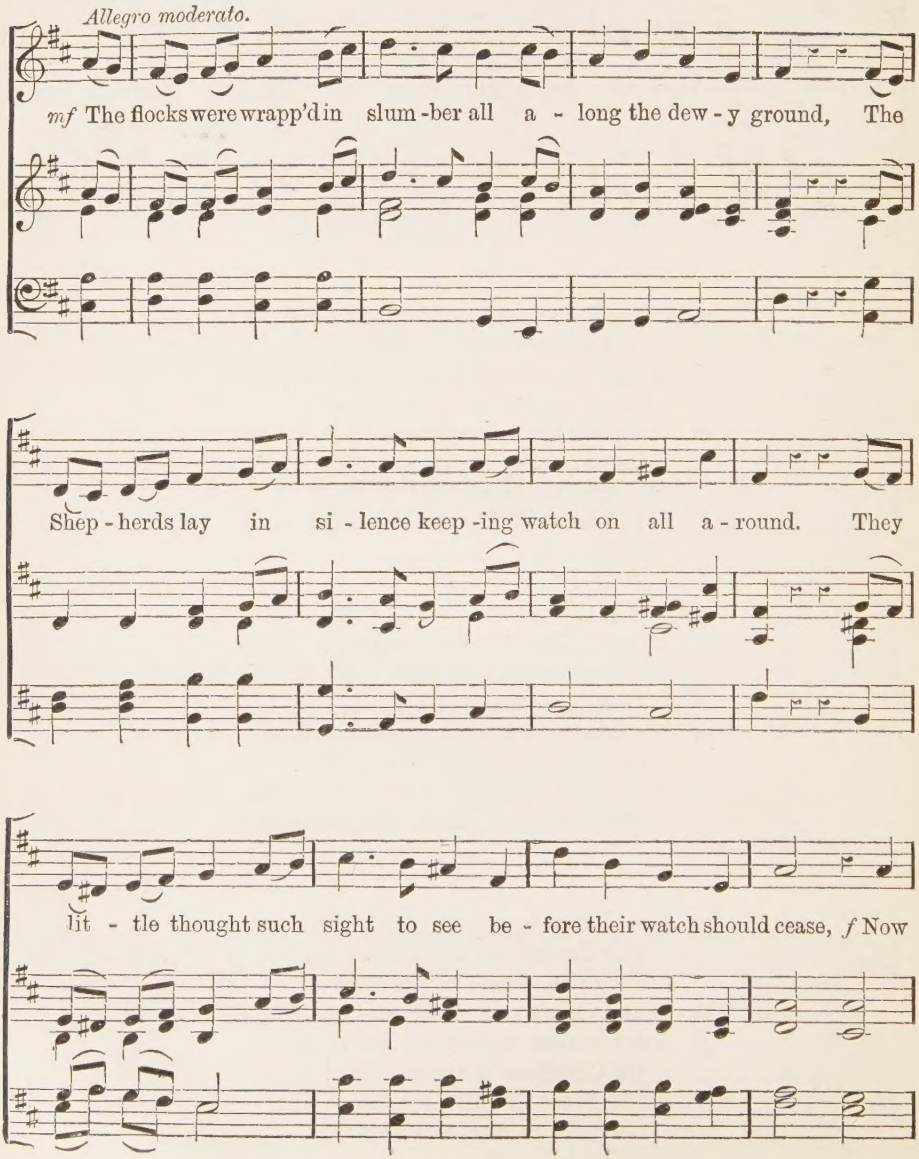
Carol 28.

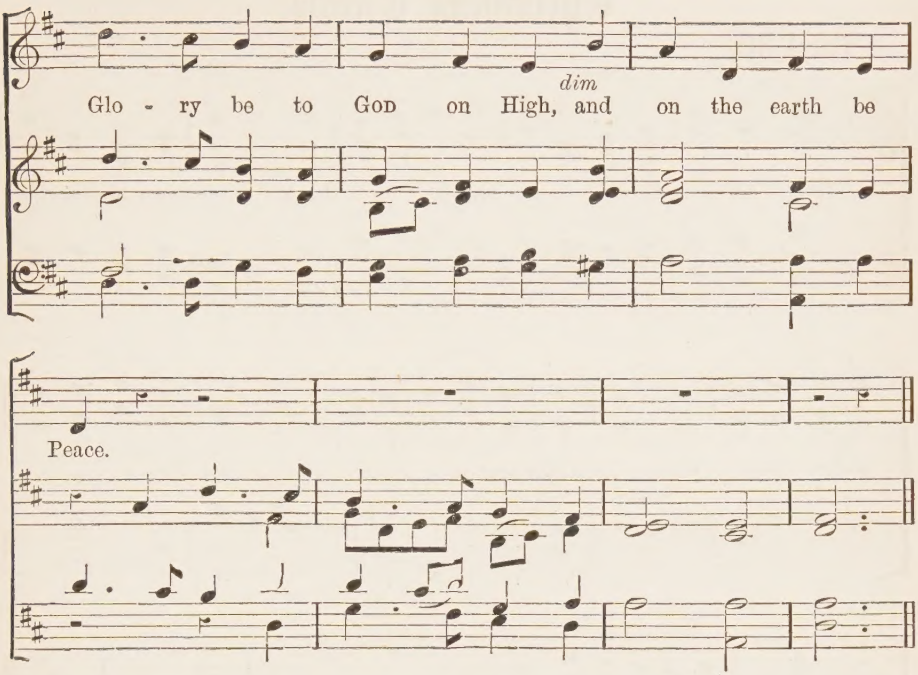
Spirited.


mf The Wise Men saw a light a - far Shine out on Christ-mas
morn - ing, And taught by faith they hail'd the Star Of
Christ on Christ - mas morn - - ing. Then jour - ney'd they, those
Prin - ces three, cr On Christ-mas in the morn - ing, f To Da - vid's

mf Whom did ye see, ye Shepherds, say,
On Christmas in the morning?
Whose voice heard ye, this peaceful Day,
Sweet singing in the morning?—
cr We heard their Carols in the sky,
On Christmas in the morning;
And saw the Angel Host on High
f In robes of light, this morning!

mf And Whom see ye, good Christians all,
On Christmas in the morning?
Whose voice hear we, this Festival,
In tones of love and warning?—
cr We hear the Church, our Mother dear,
On Christmas in the morning;
And see Her SPOUSE for faith sees clear,
The INCARNATE WORD, this morning.

Then lift ye up your hearts aright,
This Eucharistic morning!
Come, come, where Altars beam with light,
And choirs sing sweet, this morning:—
ff Glory to GOD, to GOD our KING,
On Christmas in the morning!
p Peace, Peace, let all good people sing,
f Goodwill to men, this morning!

Carol 29.

Allegro moderato.
mf The flocks were wrapp'd in slum-ber all a - long the dew-y ground, The
Shep-herds lay in si-lence keep-ing watch on all a-round. They
lit - tle thought such sight to see be - fore their watch should cease, f Now



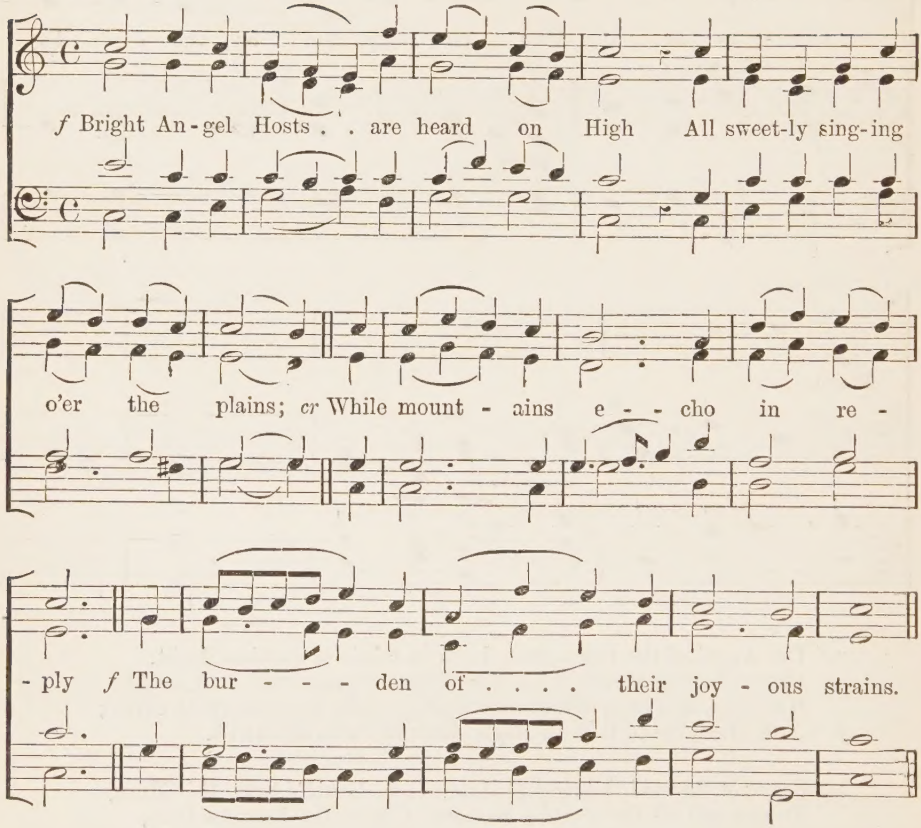
mf The Angel of the Lord came down in floods of dazzling light,
Above the brightness of t e Sun when he goes forth with might;
His voice, it was so wondrous sweet, it made their hearts to thrill;
f Now Glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

mf Fear not, he said, I bring glad news; in David's town this Morn,
To you and all the world a Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born,
This day is born the Saviour Christ, to save us from all ill;
f Now glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

mf Then opened Heaven's Chancel, while the Shepherds gazed in fear,
cr Out trooped the Choir of Angels; oh, the blessedness to hear!
ff And loud they sang as though the Heavens were not enough to fill;
Now Glory be to God on High, and unto men Goodwill.

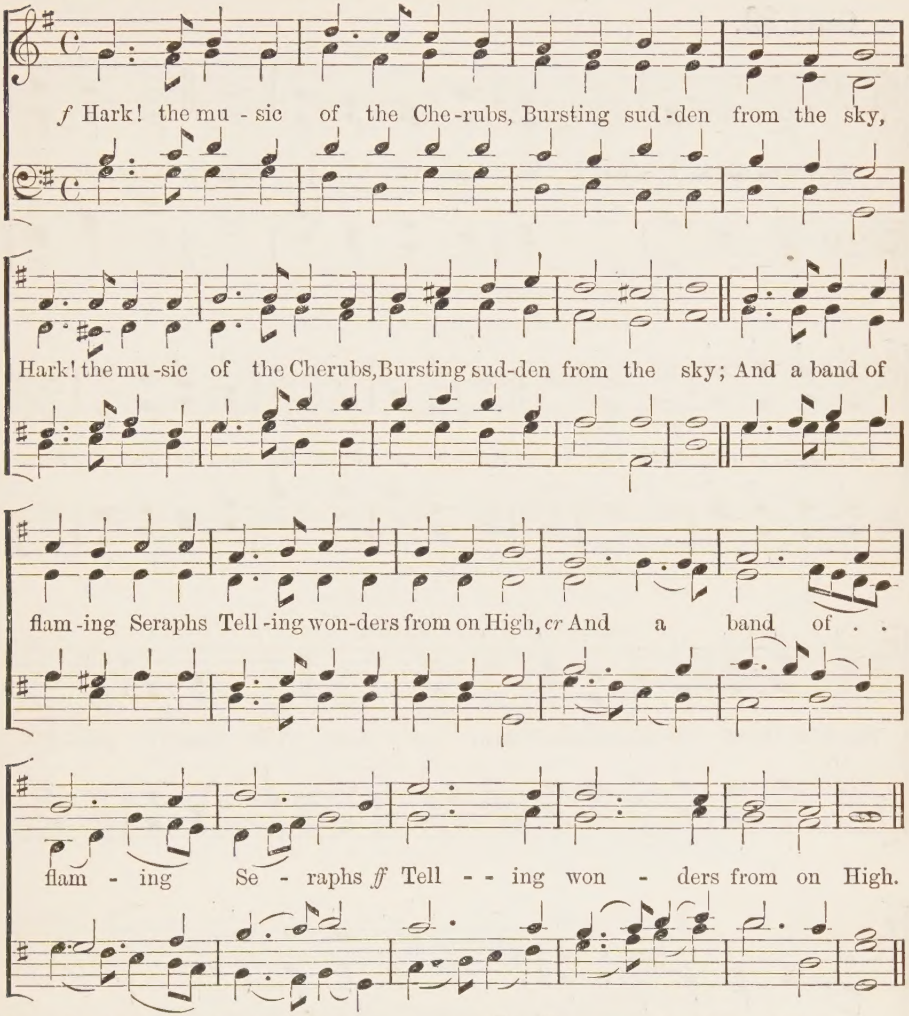
f Oh, praise the Lord of Hosts Who sent His Singers sweet that night,
From the Holy place of Heaven, from the Choir that needs no light;
mf Let love this holy Season keep, let strife and turmoil cease,
ff And Glory be to God on High, (*pp*) and on the earth be Peace.

Carol 30.

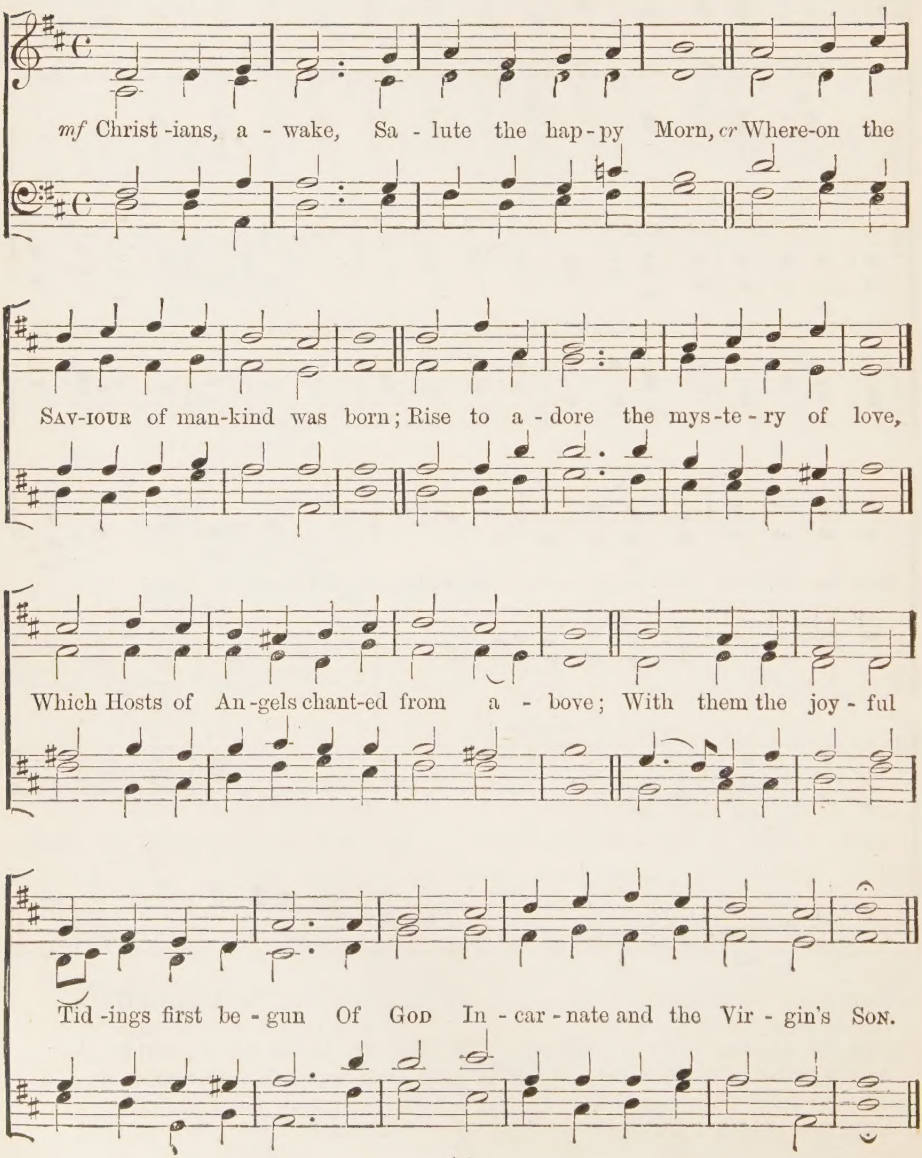

f Bright An-gel Hosts . . are heard on High All sweet-ly sing-ing
o'er the plains; cr While mount - ains e - - cho in re -
- ply f The bur - - - den of . . . . their joy - ous strains.

mf Say, Shepherds, why this Jubilee,
What doth your rapturous mirth prolong?
Say, say, what may the Tidings be
Which still inspire that Heavenly Song?

mf Come, come, to Bethlehem, come and see
The CHILD Whose Birth the Angels sing;
p Come, come, adore on bended knee
The INFANT CHRIST, The New-born KING!

p See there within a Manger laid
JESUS, the LORD of Heaven and Earth!
cr See, Saints and Angels lend their aid
f To celebrate the SAVIOUR'S Birth!

f Hark! the mu - sic of the Che-rubs, Bursting sud-den from the sky,
Hark! the mu-sic of the Cherubs, Bursting sud-den from the sky; And a band of
flam-ing Seraphs Tell-ing won-ders from on High, *cr* And a band of . .
flam - ing Se - raphs *ff* Tell - - ing won - ders from on High.

mf See affrighted Shepherds gazing
On the bright celestial Host;
Whilst the dazzling light is blazing—
And they lie in wonder lost.
mf Cease your fears—a joyful story,—
Unto you is born a CHILD,—
cr Lo, He comes, the KING of Glory,
GOD to man is reconciled.
p Yes, He leaves His blissful Station,
And descends with man to dwell;
cr Praise Him in His Incarnation,
f He subdues the power of Hell.

Carol 32.

mf Christ-ians, a-wake, Sa-lute the hap-py Morn, cr Where-on the
Sav-iour of man-kind was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-te-ry of love,
Which Hosts of An-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful
Tid-ings first be-gun Of God In-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son.

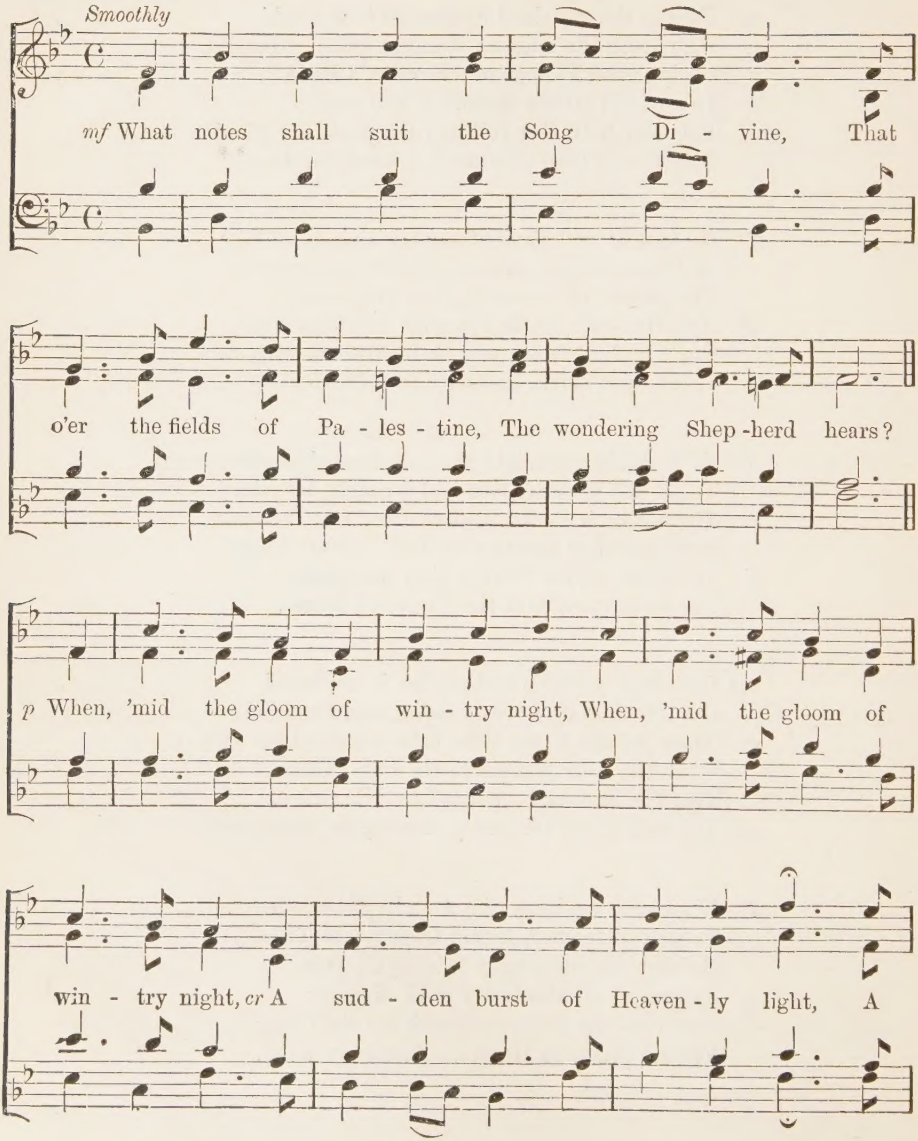
mf Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
cr Who heard the Angelic Herald's voice, "Behold,
f I bring good Tidings of a SAVIOUR'S Birth
To you and all the nations of the earth;
This Day hath GOD fulfilled His promised Word,
This Day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD,"

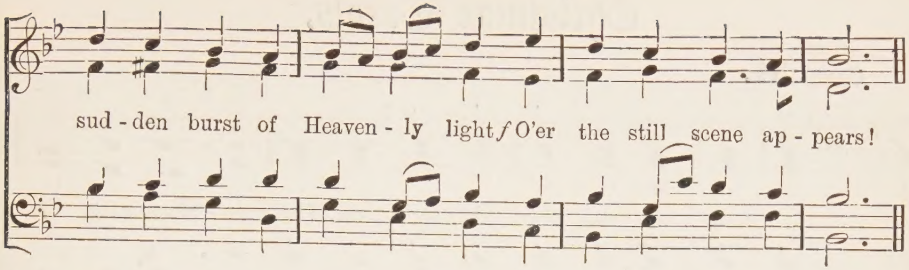
f He spake; and straightway the Celestial Choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
ff And Heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
GOD'S highest Glory was their Anthem still,
p Peace upon earth, and unto men Good-will.

mf To Bethlehem straight the enlightened Shepherds ran,
To see the wonders GOD had wrought for man;
cr Then to their flocks, still praising GOD, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
f To all the joyful Tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the SAVIOUR'S Name.

mf Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
GOD'S wondrous Love in saving lost mankind;
p Trace we the BABE, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor Manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His Grace,
mf Till man's first Heavenly state again takes place.

f Then may we hope, the Angelic Hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant Throng:
He that was born upon this joyful Day
Around us all His Glory shall display:
ff Saved by His Love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's ALMIGHTY KING.

Carol 33.

Smoothly
mf What notes shall suit the Song Di - vine, That
o'er the fields of Pa - les - tine, The wondering Shep-herd hears?
p When, 'mid the gloom of win - try night, When, 'mid the gloom of
win - try night, cr A sud - den burst of Heaven - ly light, A

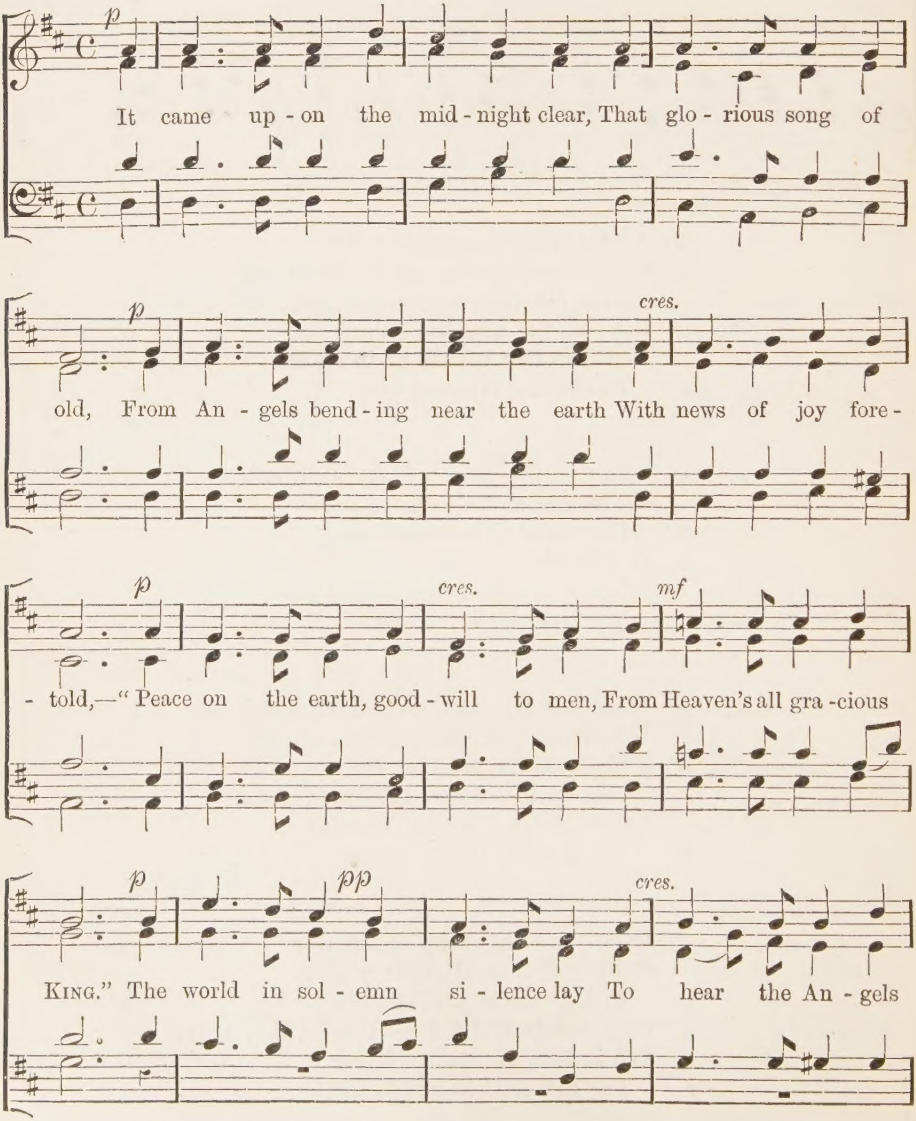


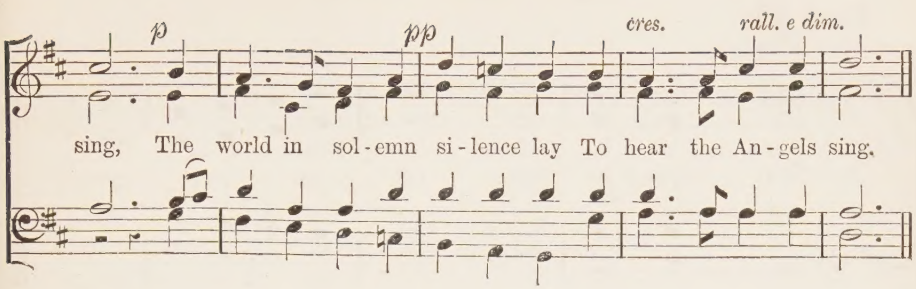
mf A Glory thus transcending far
dim The full-orbed moon and brightest star
First fills their hearts with fear;
cr But soon the Angel's soothing voice,
In strains that bid the earth rejoice,
f Salutes the raptured ear.

f "To you, this Day, a Saviour's born!
Go, seek Him at the rising morn;
mf For, found in humblest guise,
In Bethlehem's walls, of David's race,
A mean, but Heaven-protected place,
The Glorious Infant lies."

p When now the voice of soothing sound
Has ceased, and silence reigns around;
cr Fresh on the listening ear,
Breaks forth a new and rapturous song,
And suddenly a shining Throng—
f The Angelic Choirs appear!

ff Hark! how the starry arches ring!
Glory to God on High, they sing;
p And, to the sorrowing earth,
Peace and Goodwill from Heaven they bear;
cr And in Seraphic strains declare
f The Immortal Saviour's Birth.

Carol 34.

p
It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of
p
cres.
old, From An - gels bend - ing near the earth With news of joy fore -
p
cres.
mf
- told,—" Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From Heaven's all gra - cious
p
pp
cres.
King." The world in sol - emn si - lence lay To hear the An - gels

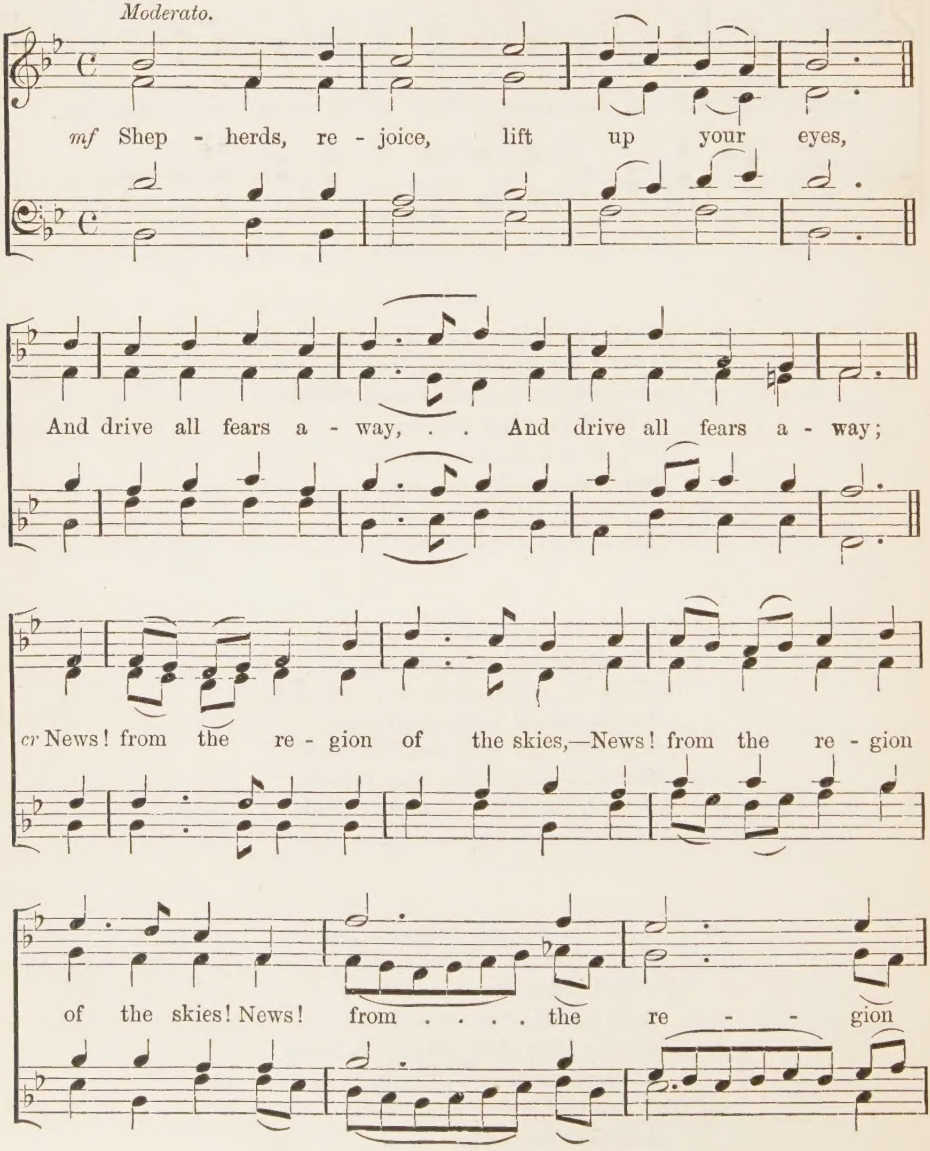


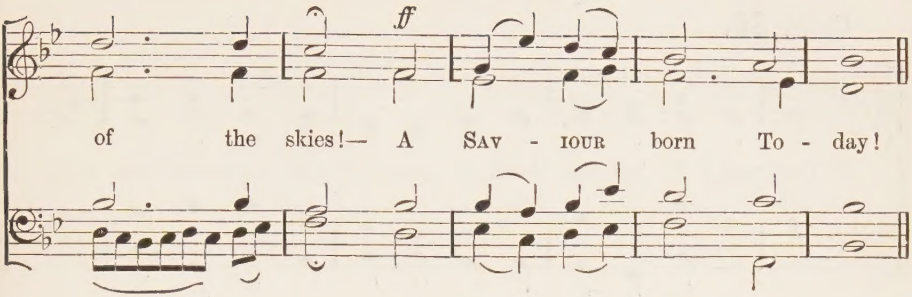
p Still through the cloven skies they come,
Love's banner all unfurled;
cr And gladsome, too, their music floats
O'er all the busy world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
Old echoes plaintive ring,
mf For ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing.

mf Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring;
p Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.

pp And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the arduous way
With painful steps and slow;
cr Look now! for glad and joyous hours
God's messengers will bring;
mf Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

Carol 35.

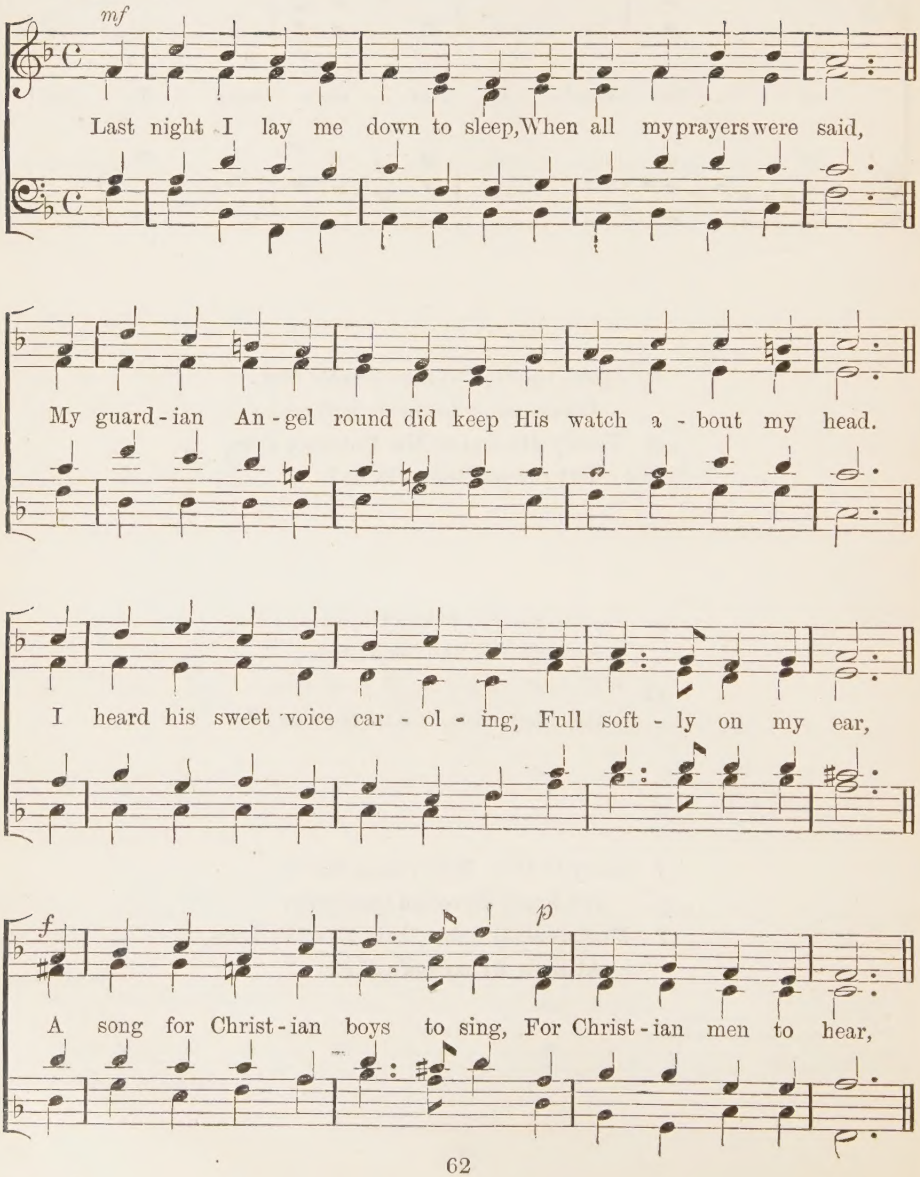
Moderato.

mf Shep - herds, re - joice, lift up your eyes,
And drive all fears a - way, . . And drive all fears a - way;
cr News! from the re - gion of the skies,—News! from the re - gion
of the skies! News! from . . . . the re - - - gion



mf Jesus, the God Whom Angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
cr To-day He makes His Entrance here,
dim But not as Monarchs do!

p Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see His humble Throne;—
pp With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, Shepherds, "Kiss the Son!"

f Glory to God, Who reigns above,
p Let Peace surround the earth;
f Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,
At their Redeemer's Birth.

Carol 36.

mf
Last night I lay me down to sleep, When all my prayers were said,
My guard - ian An - gel round did keep His watch a - bout my head.
I heard his sweet voice car - ol - ing, Full soft - ly on my ear,
f
p
A song for Christ - ian boys to sing, For Christ - ian men to hear,

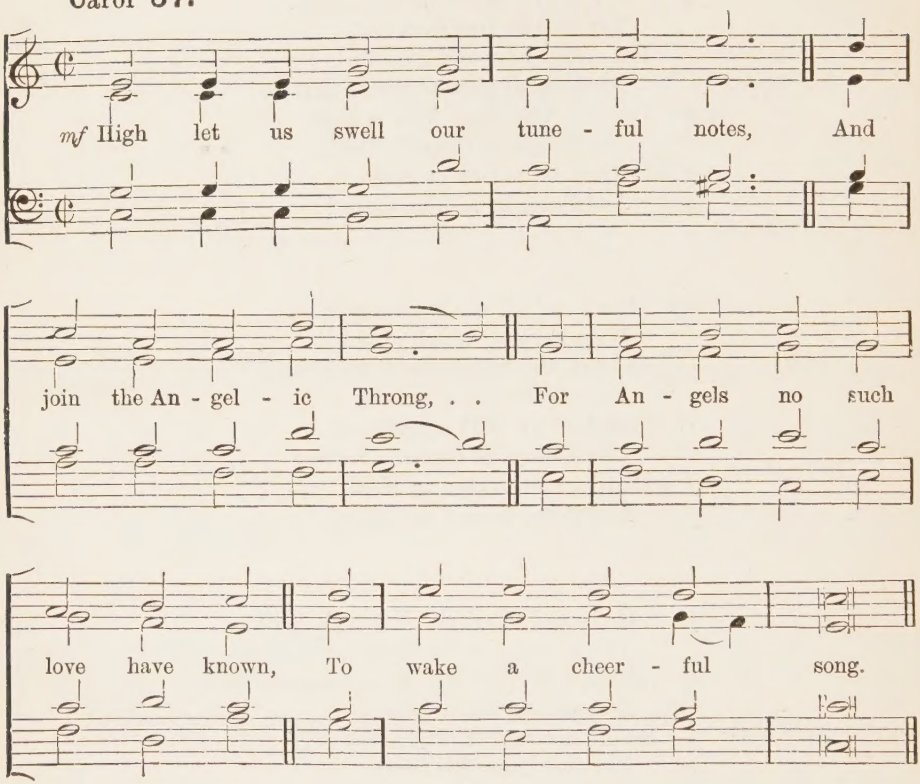
p "Thy body rest in slumber, child,
Thy soul be free from sin!
Thy Angel near and undefiled,
Breathes all pure thoughts within.
cr The holy Christmas Tide is nigh,
The Season of CHRIST'S Birth;
f All Glory be to GOD on High,
p And Peace to men on earth!

mf "For I and all the Heavenly Host
Were keeping watch of old,
And saw the Shepherds at their post,
And all the sheep in fold.
cr Then told we with a joyful cry,
The Tidings of CHRIST'S Birth;
f All Glory be to GOD on High,
p And Peace to men on earth!

p "He bowed to all His FATHER'S Will,
The Lowly and the Meek;
And year by year His Thoughts were still,
Lost sinners for to seek.
He did not come to strive nor cry,
cr But ever from His Birth
f Gave Glory unto GOD on High,
p And Peace to men on earth.

mf "Like Him be true, like Him be pure,
Like Him be full of love;
Seek not thine own, and so secure
Thine own that is above,
cr And still when Christmas Tide draws nigh,
Sing thou of JESUS' Birth;
f All Glory be to GOD on High,
p And Peace to men on earth!"

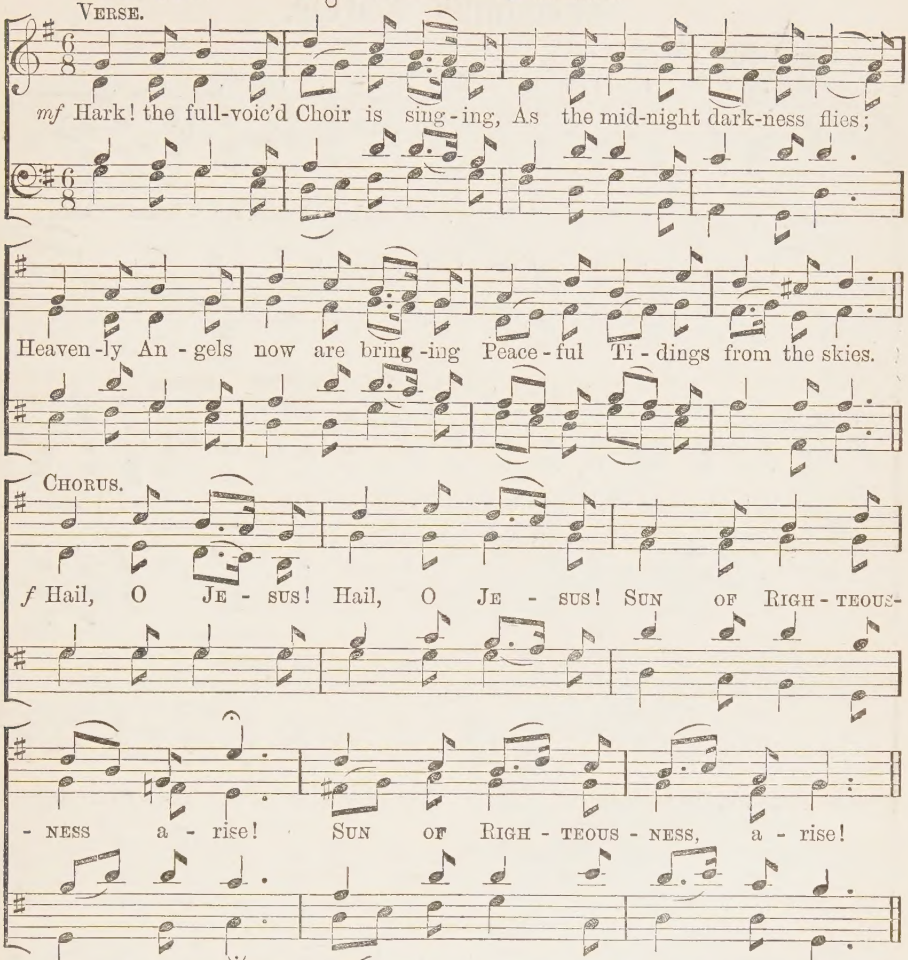
Carol 37.


mf High let us swell our tune - ful notes, And
join the An - gel - ic Throng, . . For An - gels no such
love have known, To wake a cheer - ful song.

p Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And Peace on earth is given,
For lo! the Incarnate SAVIOUR comes,
With messages from Heaven.

mf Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
cr His rising Beams adorn;
f Let Heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a CHILD is born.

ff Glory to GOD in highest strains,
In highest worlds be given;
His Will by us on earth be done,
As it is done in Heaven.

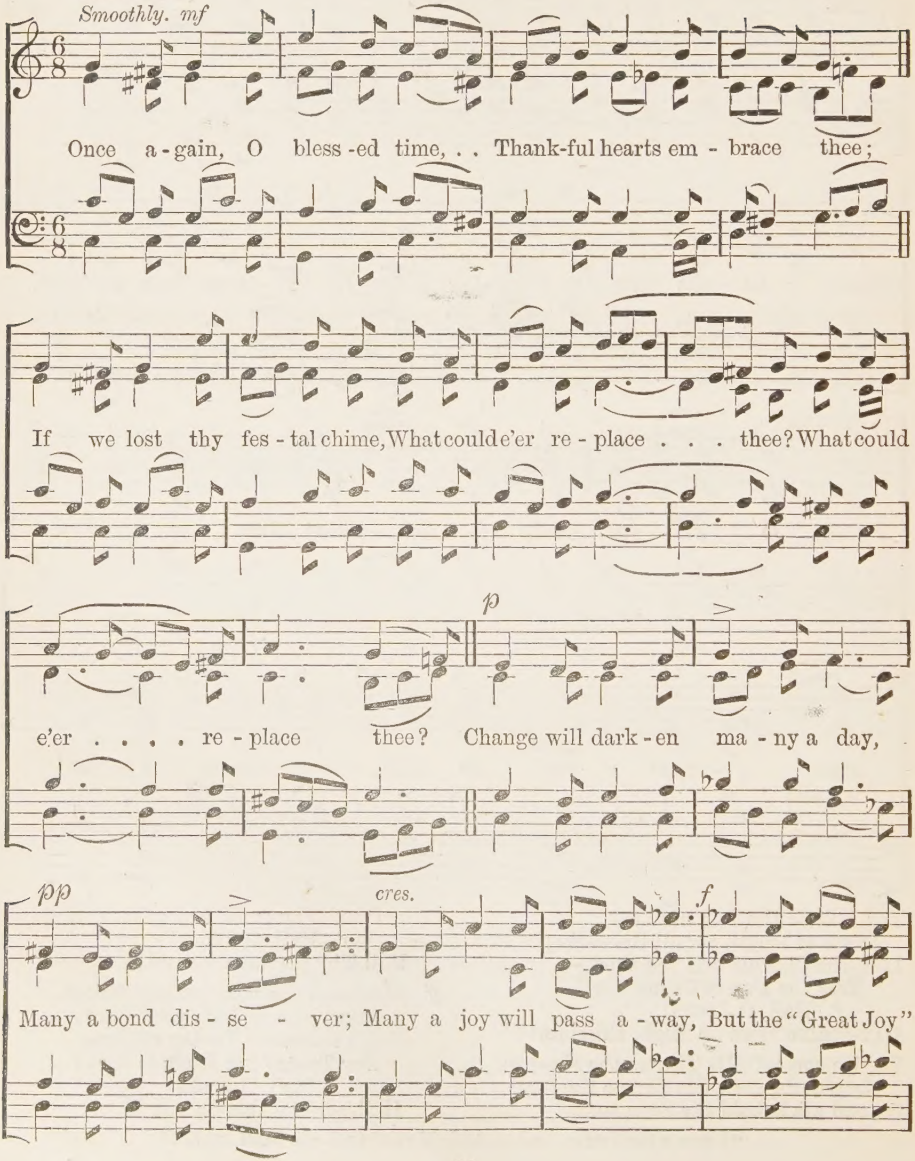

VERSE.
mf Hark! the full-voic'd Choir is sing-ing, As the mid-night dark-ness flies;
Heaven-ly An-gels now are bring-ing Peace-ful Ti-dings from the skies.
CHORUS.
f Hail, O JE-SUS! Hail, O JE-SUS! SUN OF RIGH-TEOUS-
-NESS a-rise! SUN OF RIGH-TEOUS-NESS, a-rise!

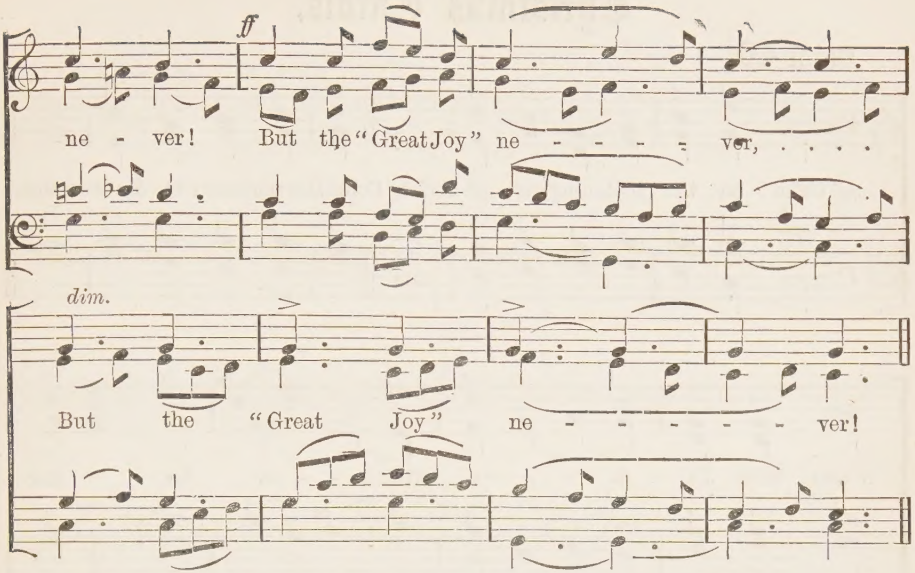
mf Yes, behold the Day of Glory,
Dawn at length for all the earth;
List, the Cherubs tell the story,—
"This the Day of JESUS' Birth."
f Hail, O JESUS!
DAY-SPRING from on High, shine forth!

p Lo, He comes! His Throne the Manger,
Shepherds, seek His Shrine the Stall;
Ox and ass behold the STRANGER,*
GOD, Who made and governs all!
f Hail, O JESUS!
Hail Thy glorious festival!

ff Mortals, raise your loudest voices,
JESUS lifts on high your horn;
Earth redeemed To-day rejoices,
For To-day her LORD is born!
Hail, O JESUS!
Hail, all hail this Sacred Morn!

"I was a STRANGER, and ye took Me not in."—S. Matt. XXV. 43.

Carol 39.

Smoothly. mf
Once a-gain, O bless-ed time, . . Thank-ful hearts em-brace thee;
If we lost thy fes-tal chime, What could e'er re-place . . . thee? What could
p
e'er . . . . re-place thee? Change will dark-en ma-ny a day,
pp
cres.
f
Many a bond dis-se-ver; Many a joy will pass a-way, But the "Great Joy"



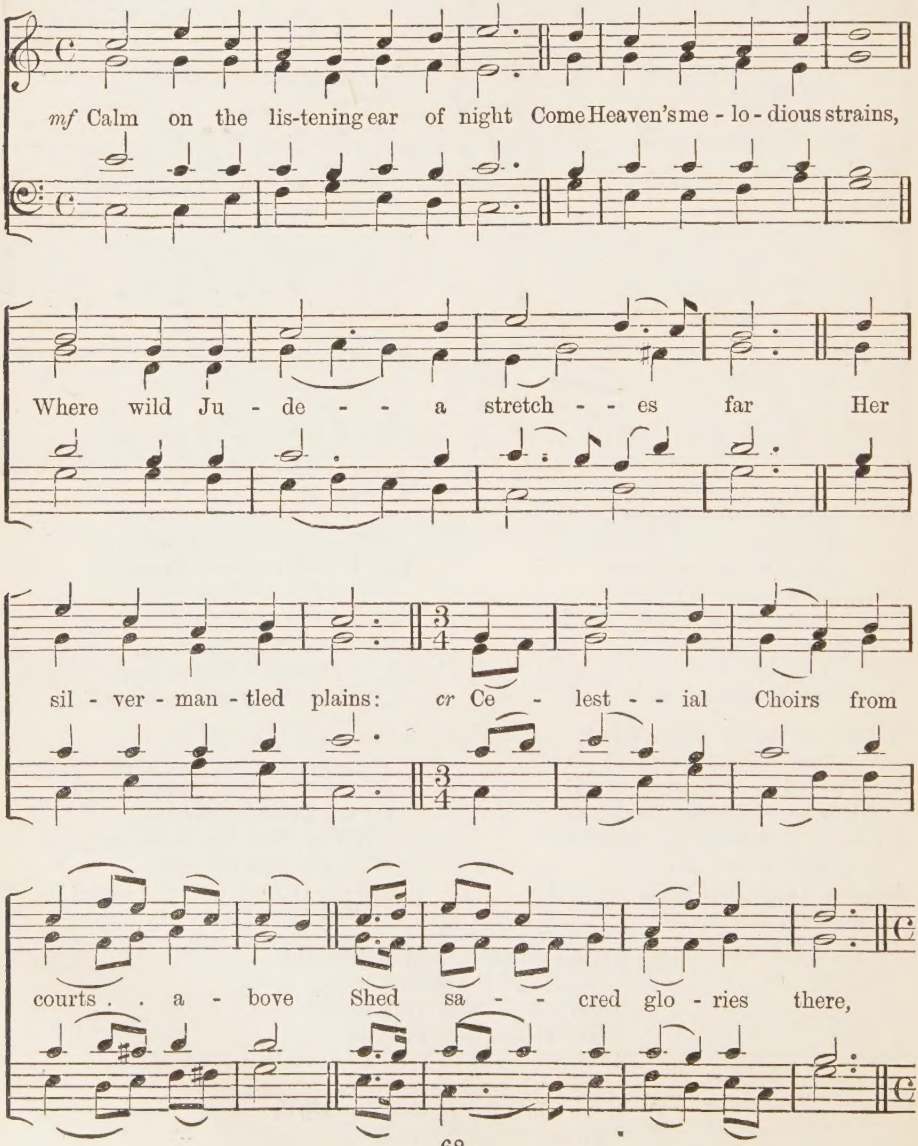
mf Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
cr O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's CHILD that brought
All mankind Salvation!

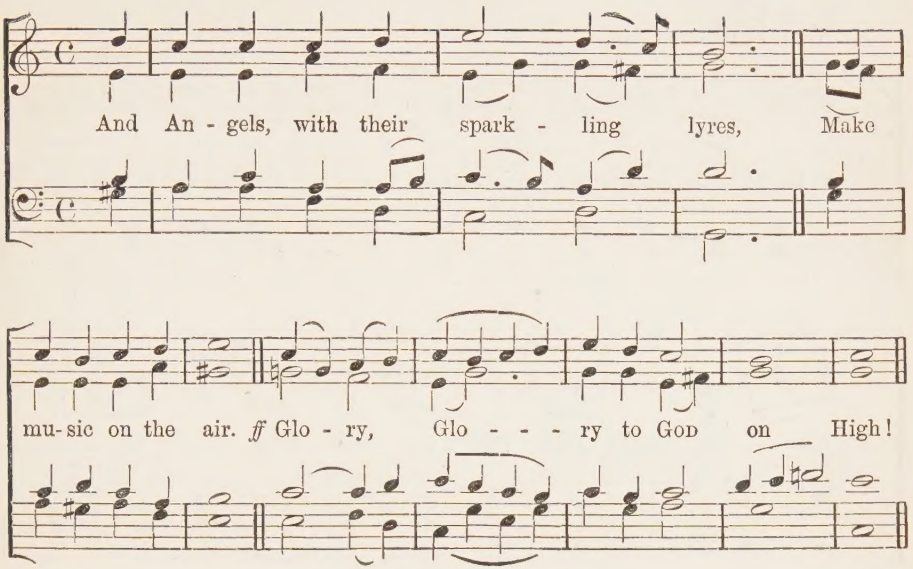
mf Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;
cr Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

mf Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
cr Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
ff "JESUS CHRIST is GOD with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

f So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
p Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing;
cr While Thy Birthday Morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

pp Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
f Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
ff In our praise for ever.

Carol 40.

mf Calm on the lis-tening ear of night Come Heaven's me - lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - - a stretch - - es far Her
sil - ver - man - tled plains: cr Ce - lest - - ial Choirs from
courts . . a - bove Shed sa - - cred glo - ries there,



f The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-Spring from on High;
mf O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in stately praise
Her silent groves of palm.
ff Glory to God on High!

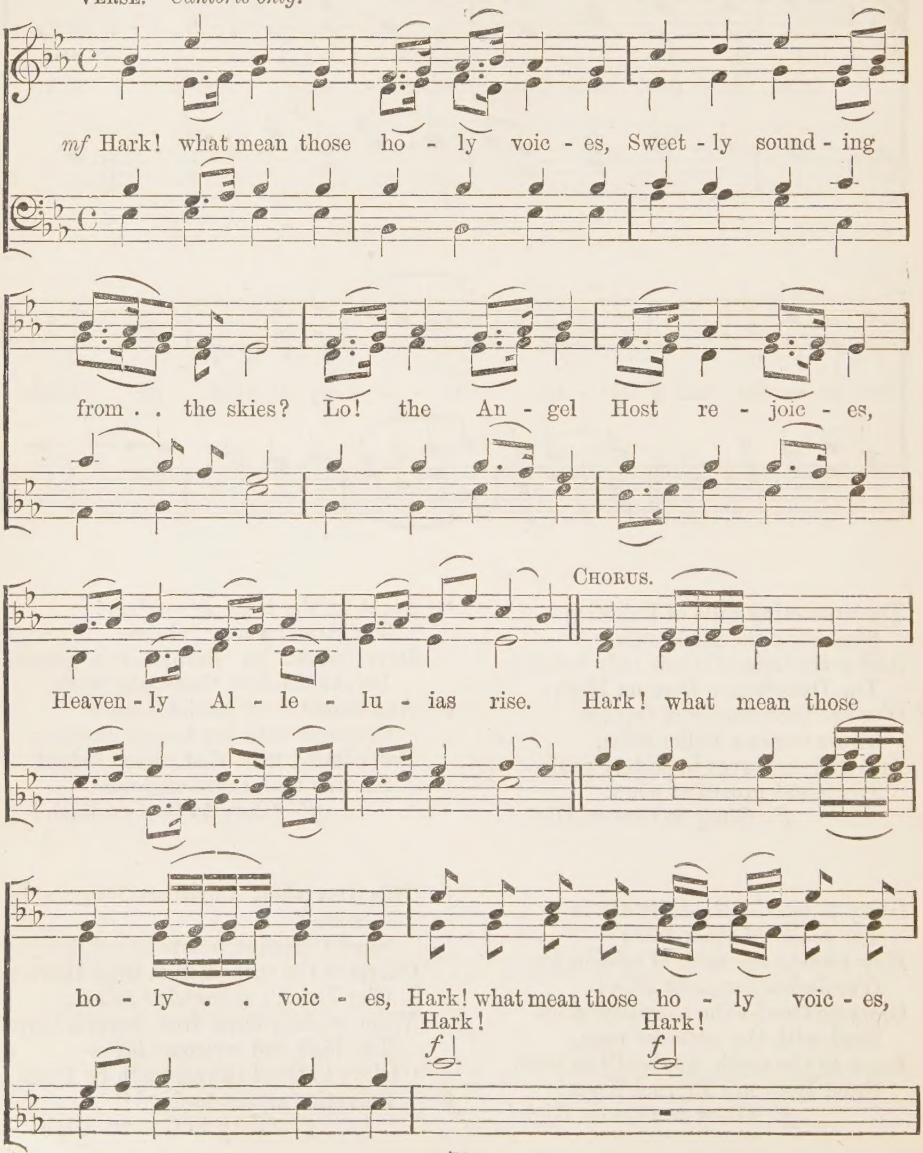
f Glory to God!—the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills:
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's ancient hills!
cr Glory to God!—the sounding skies
ff Loud with the anthems ring;
p Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's Eternal King!
ff Glory to God on High!

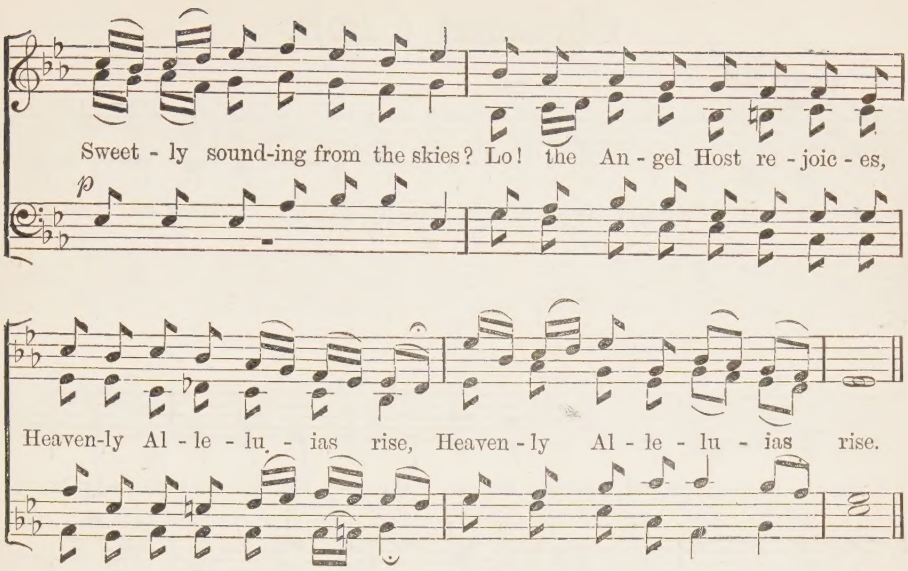
mf Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born; [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas Morn,
cr And brighter on Moriah's brow
Crowned with her temple towers;
Proclaiming from that sacred height
Salem's true Light and ours.
ff Glory to God on High!

f This Day shall Christian tongues be mute?
Shall Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from Heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,
When nightly burst from Seraph harps
The high and welcome lay—
"Glory to God! (*p*) on earth be Peace!
ff Salvation comes to-day!"
ff Glory to God on High!

Carol 41.

VERSE. *Cantoris only.*


mf Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing
from . . the skies? Lo! the An - gel Host re - joic - es,
CHORUS.
Heaven - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise. Hark! what mean those
ho - ly . . voic - es, Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es,
Hark!
Hark!
f
f



Decani verse. *f* "Glory in the Highest, Glory,"
Thus they chant their joyful strain;
"Glory in the Highest, Glory,"
p Peace on earth, Good-will to men."
Hark, &c.

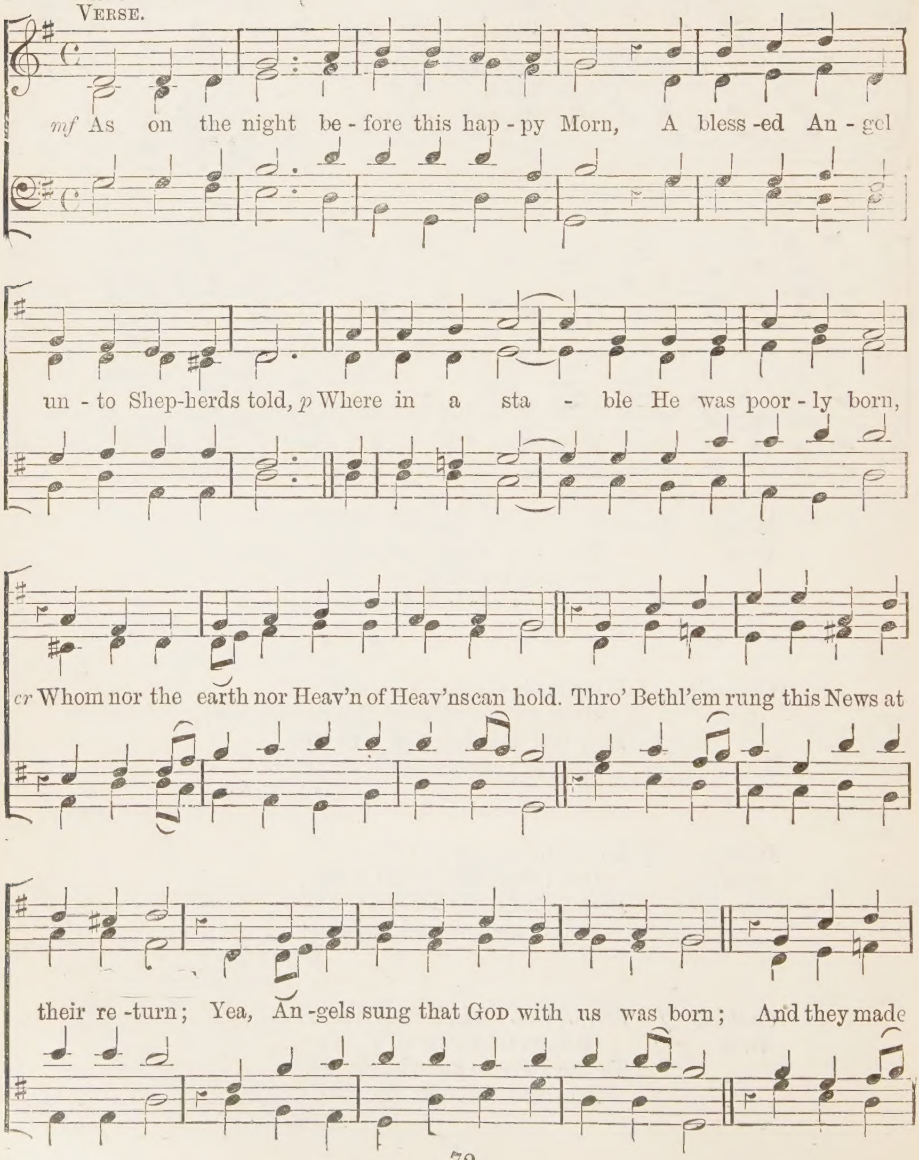
Cantoris verse. *mf* With their blessed Alleluias,
Hear what wondrous things they tell,
f How lost man has now a SAVIOUR,
Born to conquer death and hell.
Hark, &c.

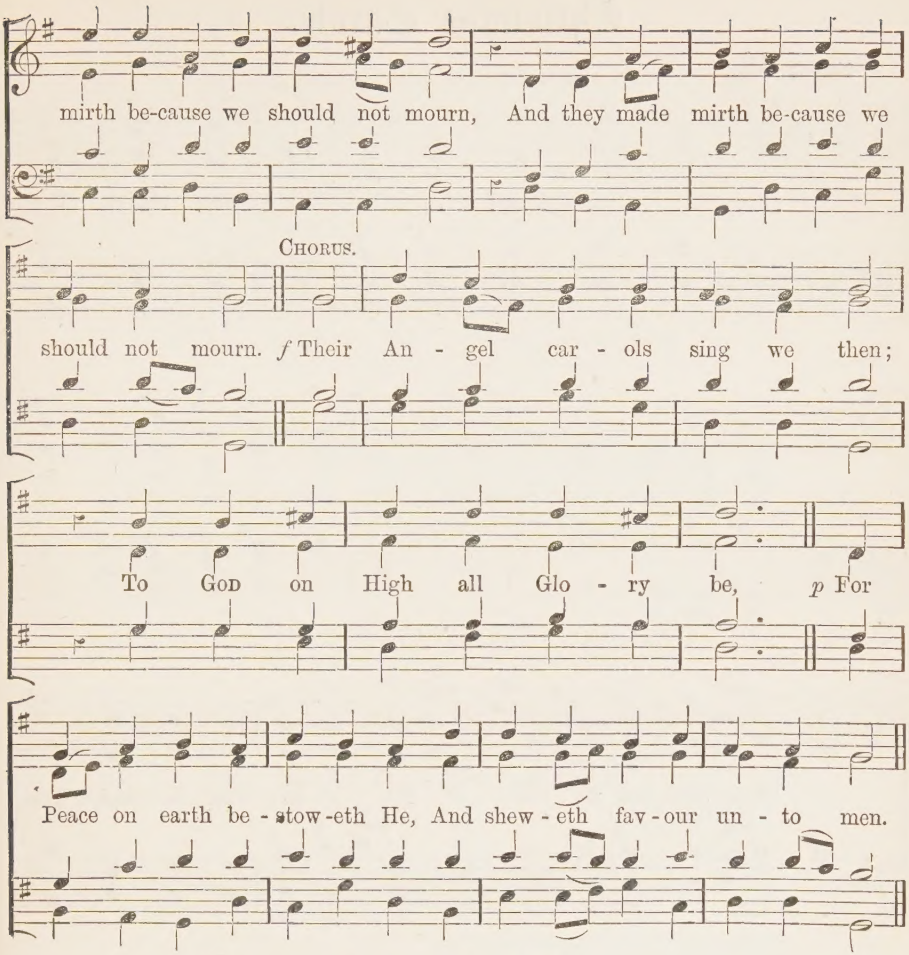
Decani verse. *mf* Born Thy people to deliver,
JESU! from the death of sin;
Born to make us Thine for ever,—
Still abide our souls within!
Hark, &c.

Cantoris verse. *f* SON of GOD! Most Holy JESU!
Endless Glory be to Thee;
To the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
Now and through Eternity.
Hark, &c.

Carol 42.

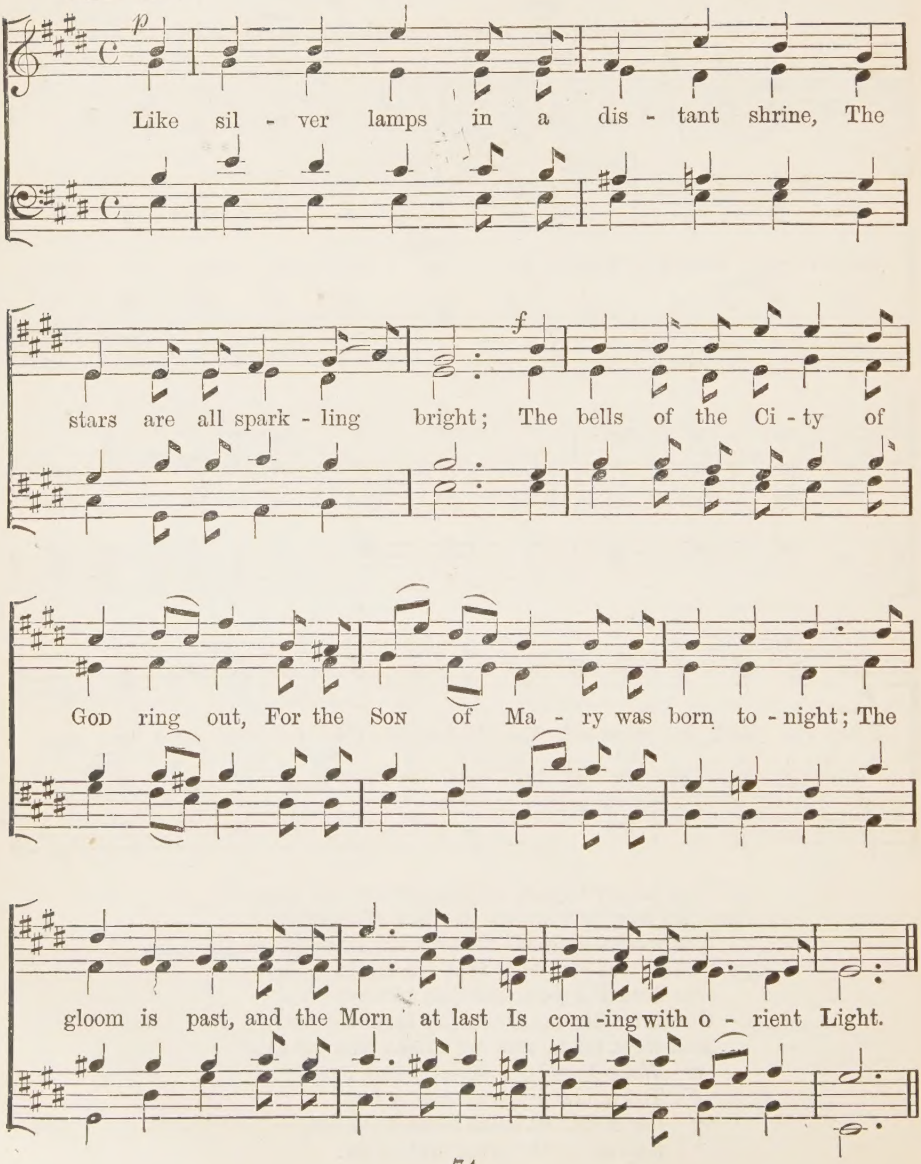
VERSE.


mf As on the night be - fore this hap - py Morn, A bless -ed An - gel
un - to Shep-herds told, p Where in a sta - ble He was poor - ly born,
cr Whom nor the earth nor Heav'n of Heav'ns can hold. Thro' Bethl'em rung this News at
their re -turn; Yea, An -gels sung that God with us was born; And they made


mirth be-cause we should not mourn, And they made mirth be-cause we
Chorus.
should not mourn. f Their An - gel car - ols sing we then;
To God on High all Glo - ry be, p For
Peace on earth be - stow-eth He, And shew - eth fav-our un - to men.

mf This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake;
dim To buy us Thrones, He in a Manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we His Strength might take,
pp And was disrobed, that He might us array;
Our flesh He wore, our sins to wear away;
Our curse He bore, that we escape it may;
And wept for us that we might sing for aye.
cr With Angels, therefore, sing again;
ff To God on High all Glory be,
p For Peace on earth bestoweth He,
And sheweth favour unto men.

Carol 43.


Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The
stars are all spark - ling bright; The bells of the Ci - ty of
God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to - night; The
gloom is past, and the Morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient Light.

mf *Never* fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies;
f And never a Palace shone half so fair,
As the Manger-bed where our Saviour lies
No night *in the* year *is* half so dear
As this, which has *ended* our sighs.

mf *Now a* new Power has come *on the* earth,
A match for the armies of hell:

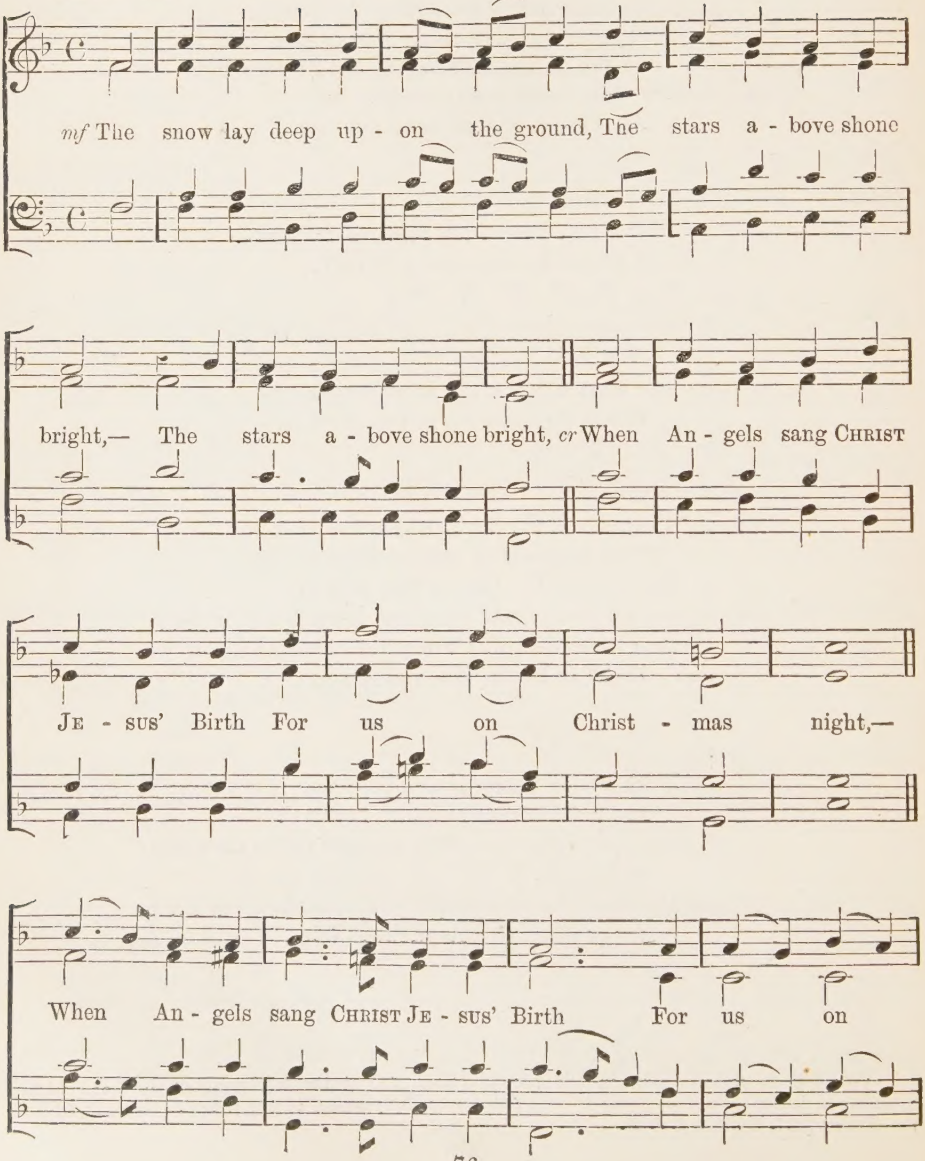
f A Child is born Who shall con*quer the* foe,
And all the spirits of *wicked*ness quell:
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the Prophets of God foretell.

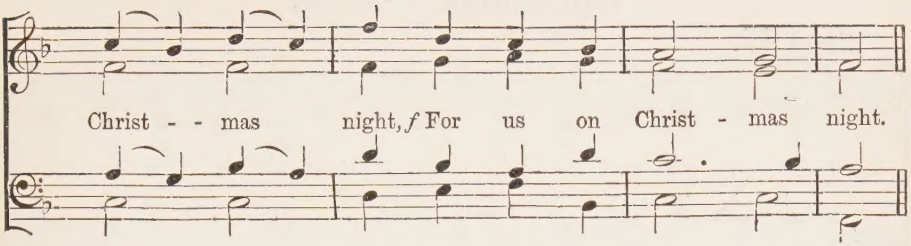
mf The stars of heaven still shine *as at* first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
f The bells of the City of God peal out,
And the Angels' song *still* rings *in the* height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
dim *Veiled in* Flesh *from* fleshly sight.

mf Faith *sees no* longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
f The clear light of Heaven streams out *to the* world;
And An*gels of* God *are* crowding *the air;*
*dim*And Heav'n and earth, through the Spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

Verses 2, 3, and 5 begin on the second chord, *i.e.* at the beginning of the bar. Monosyllables in italics should be sung to two notes, and dissyllables to one note or two notes slurred. See Treble part, Edition E or F.

Carol 44.


mf The snow lay deep up - on the ground, The stars a - bove shone
bright,— The stars a - bove shone bright, cr When An - gels sang CHRIST
JE - SUS' Birth For us on Christ - mas night,—
When An - gels sang CHRIST JE - SUS' Birth For us on



mf 'Twas Blessed Mary, daughter pure
Of Saintly mother Anne,
That brought into this sinful world
The Saviour God made Man.

p She laid Him lowly in the stall
At ancient Bethlehem;
And ox and ass did also share
The humble roof with them.

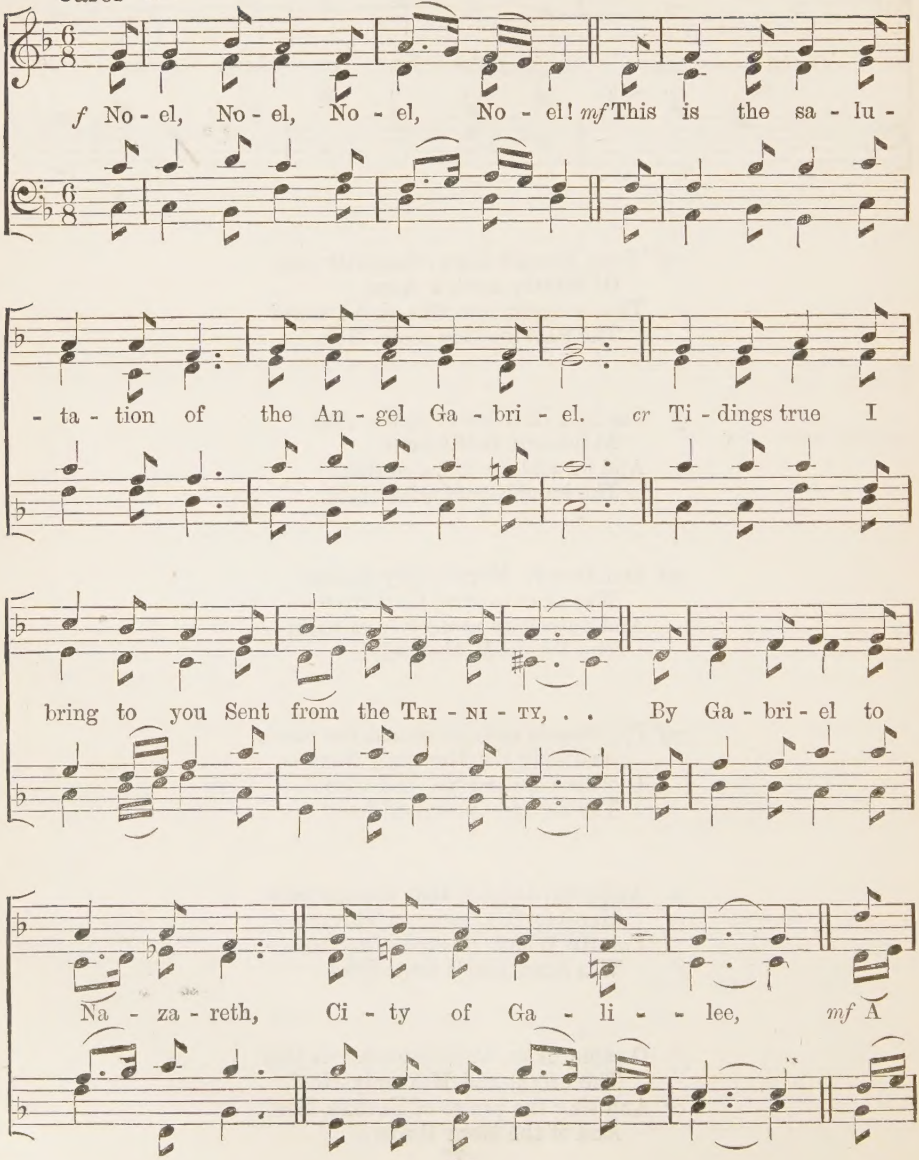
mf And Joseph, Mary's holy Spouse
Was near to tend the Child,—
And duteously protect from harm
The Virgin Mother mild.

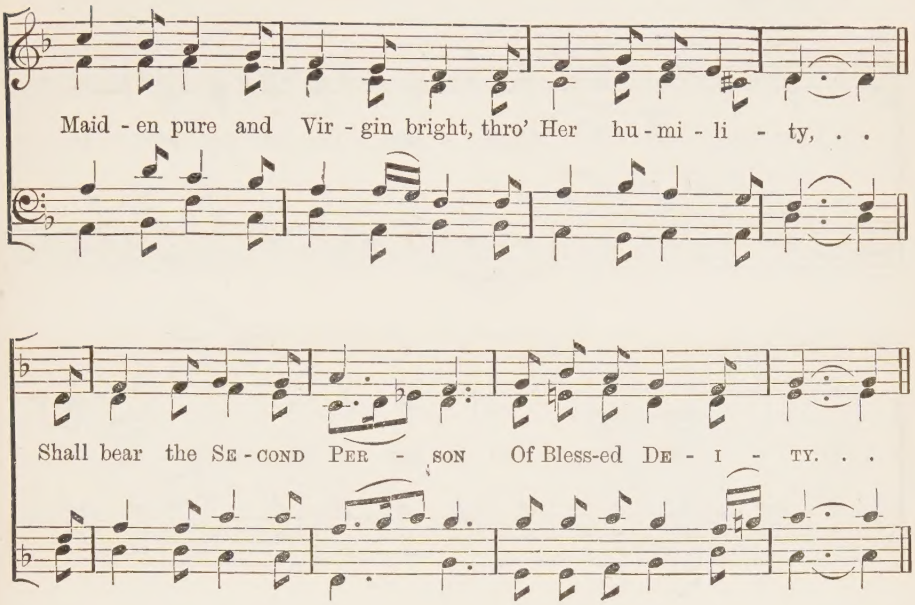
mf The Angels hovered round the place,
And sang the Heavenly Song—
O come ye, come ye, and adore
The Saviour promised long.

p And now, behold, that Manger poor
cr Henceforth becomes a Throne;
For He Whom Blessed Mary bore
f Was Jesus God's Own Son!

f O come, then, Christians, let us join
The bright and Heavenly Host,
cr And sing the praise of Father, Son,
And of the Holy Ghost.

Carol 45.

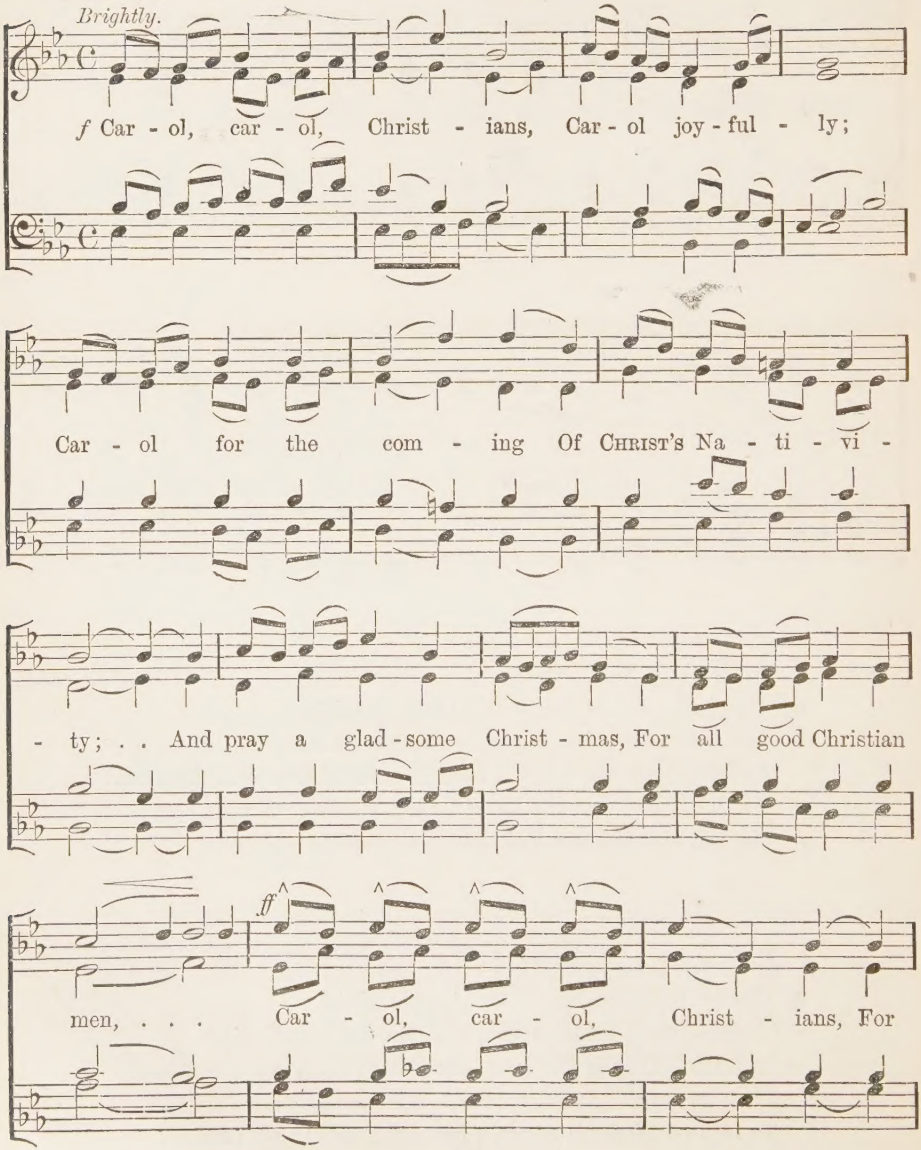
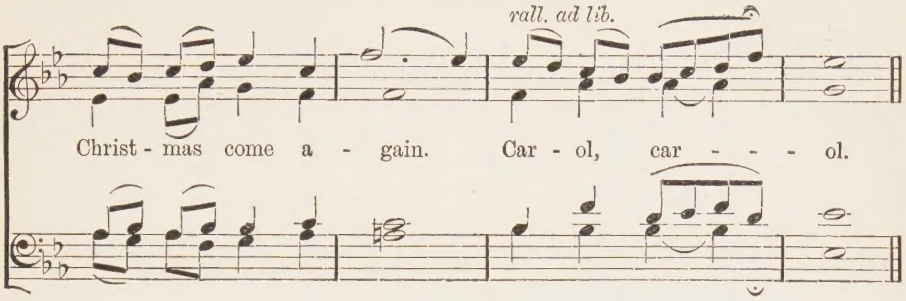

f No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el! mf This is the sa - lu -
- ta - tion of the An - gel Ga - bri - el. cr Ti - dings true I
bring to you Sent from the TRI - NI - TY, . . By Ga - bri - el to
Na - za - reth, Ci - ty of Ga - li - - lee, mf A



f Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!
mf This is the Salutation of the Angel Gabriel.
cr Tidings true I bring to you, ye Shepherds round about,
In Bethlehem the Lord is born, Go, Shepherds Seek Him out!
p Ye there shall find the Holy Child, laid in a Manger poor!
f Go, tell abroad these Tidings; Go, worship and adore.

f Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel!
mf This is the Salutation of the Angel Gabriel.
cr Tidings true I bring to you, with me the Angels sing,
In David's City is the Lord, the Saviour, Christ, the King!
ff Then men and Angels, carol on your loudest praise again,
To God on High all Glory, (*pp*) and Peace below to men!

Carol 46.


Brightly.
f Car - ol, car - ol, Christ - ians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly;
Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's Na - ti - vi -
- ty; . . And pray a glad - some Christ - mas, For all good Christian
ff
men, . . . Car - ol, car - ol, Christ - ians, For

mf Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow:
Gather them for JESUS;
Wreathe them for His Shrine;
cr Make His Temple glorious
With the box and pine.
ff Carol, carol.

mf Wreathe your Christmas garland,
Where to CHRIST we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
cr Than our holy chancel
On CHRIST'S Nativity.
ff Carol, carol.

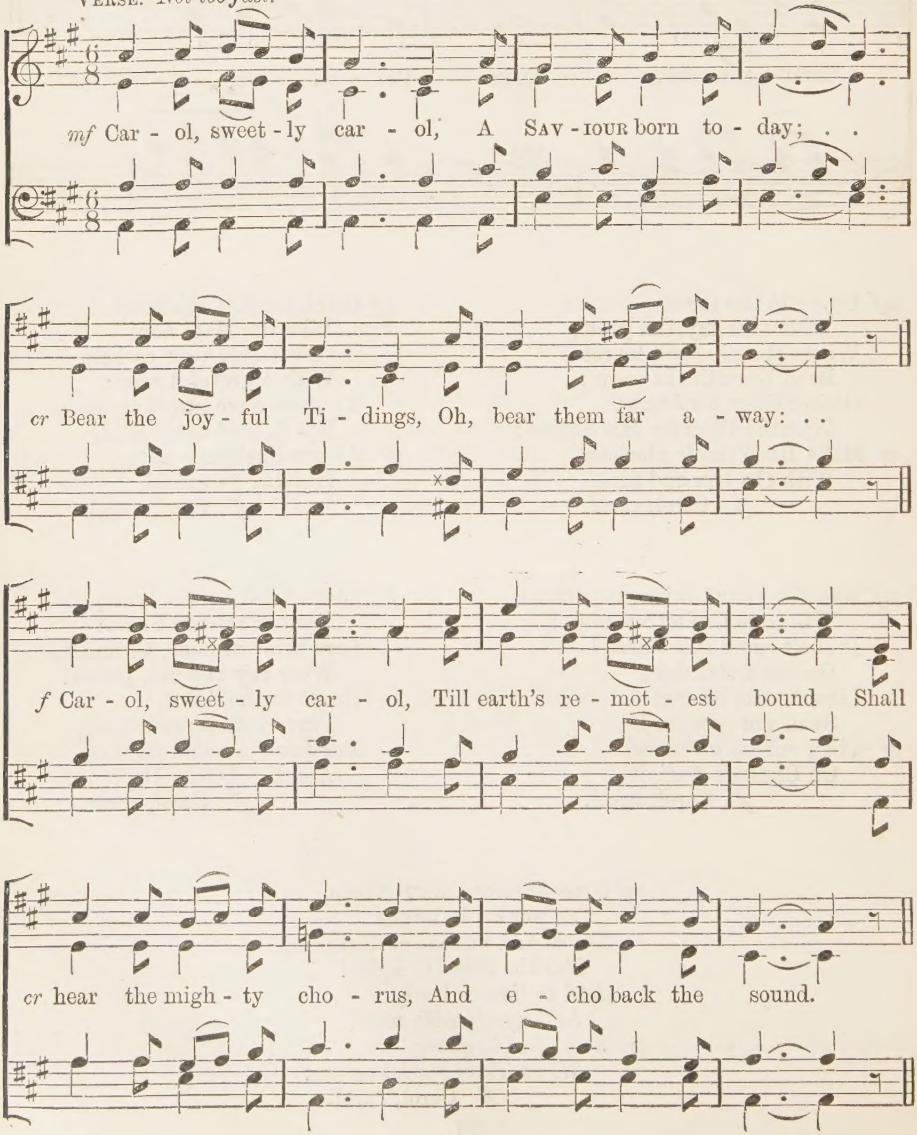
mf Carol, carol, Christians,
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh, and finest gold,
p At our Christmas Altar,
Humbly to unfold.
ff Carol, carol.

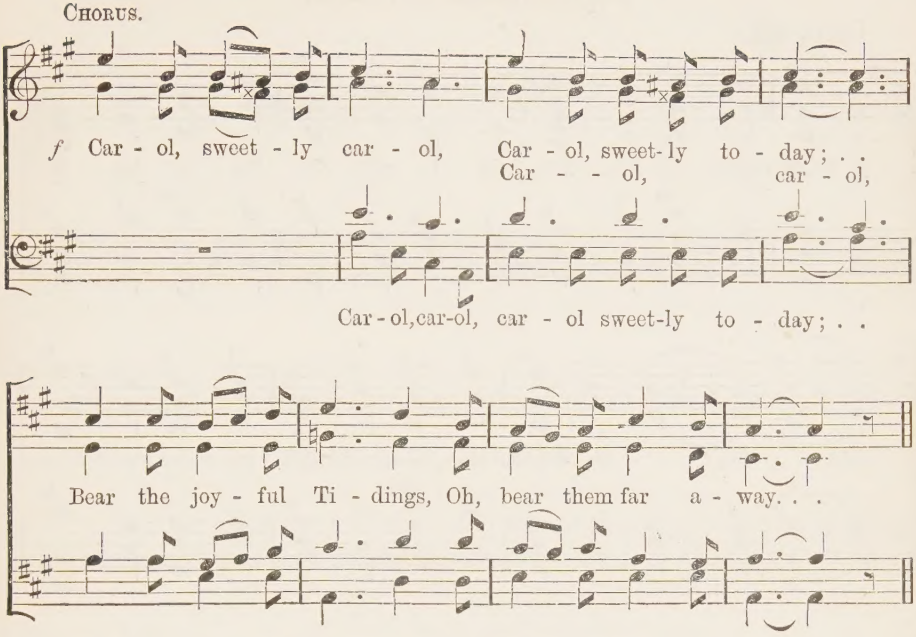
f Blow, blow up the trumpet,
For our solemn Feast;
Gird thine armour, Christian,
Wear thy vesture, priest!
Go ye to the Altar,
Pray, with fervour pray,
For JESUS' Second Coming,
And the Latter Day.
ff Carol, carol.

mf Give us Grace, oh SAVIOUR,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
As Thyself with men;
cr So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again!
ff Carol, carol.

Carol 47.

VERSE. *Not too fast.*

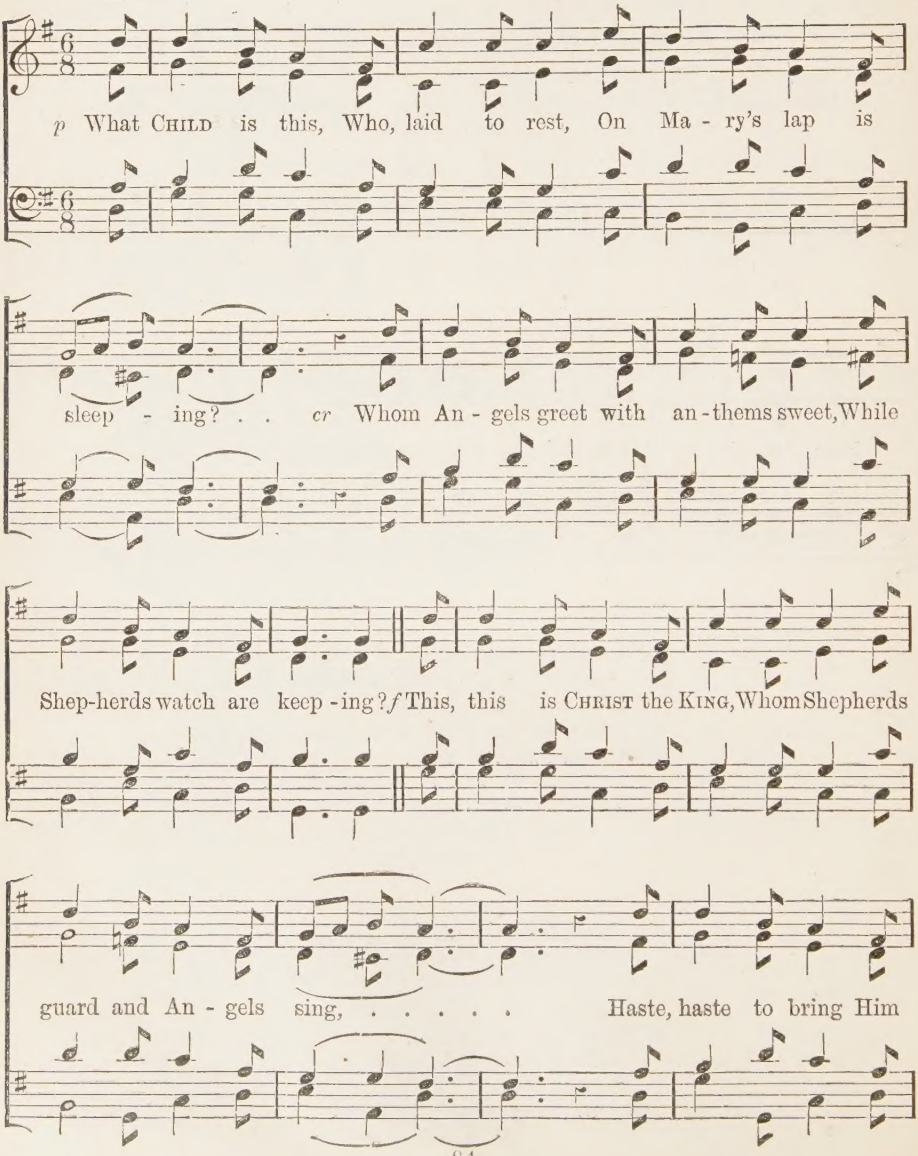

mf Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, A SAV - IOUR born to - day; . .
cr Bear the joy - ful Ti - dings, Oh, bear them far a - way: . .
f Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound Shall
cr hear the migh - ty cho - rus, And e - cho back the sound.

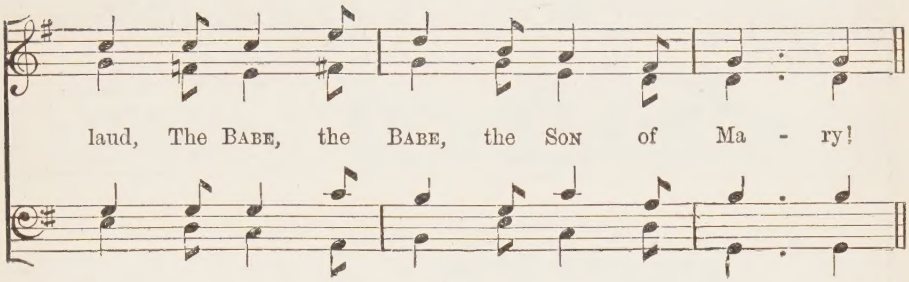

Chorus.
f Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Car - ol, sweet-ly to - day; . .
Car - - ol, car - ol,
Car - ol, car-ol, car - ol sweet-ly to - day; . .
Bear the joy - ful Ti - dings, Oh, bear them far a - way. . .

mf Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
cr Awoke the Heavenly song:
f Carol, sweetly carol,
p Goodwill, and Peace, and Love,
ff Glory in the Highest
To God Who reigns above.
f Carol, &c

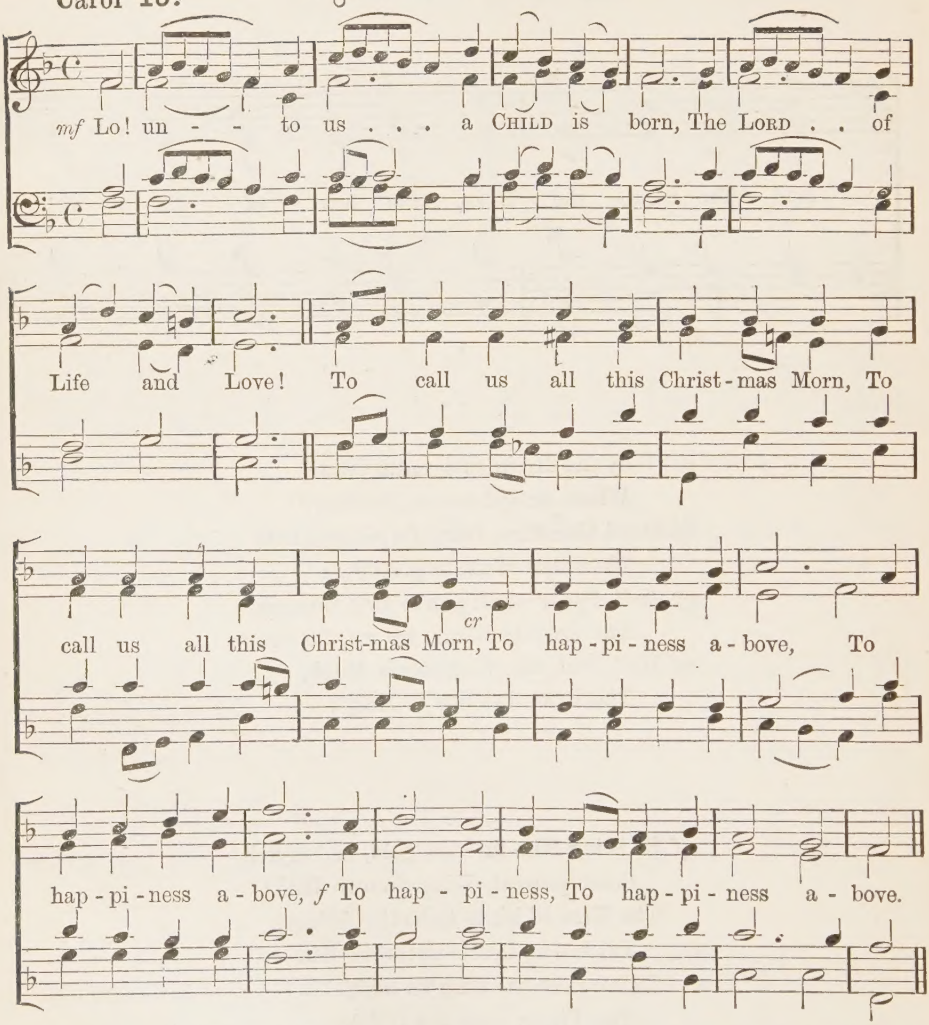
f Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time:
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
cr Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming Love.
ff Carol, &c.

Carol 48.


p What CHILD is this, Who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is
sleep - ing? . . cr Whom An - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While
Shep-herds watch are keep - ing? f This, this is CHRIST the KING, Whom Shepherds
guard and An - gels sing, ... Haste, haste to bring Him



p Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
dim Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
pp Nail, Spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
mf Hail, hail, the Word made Flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

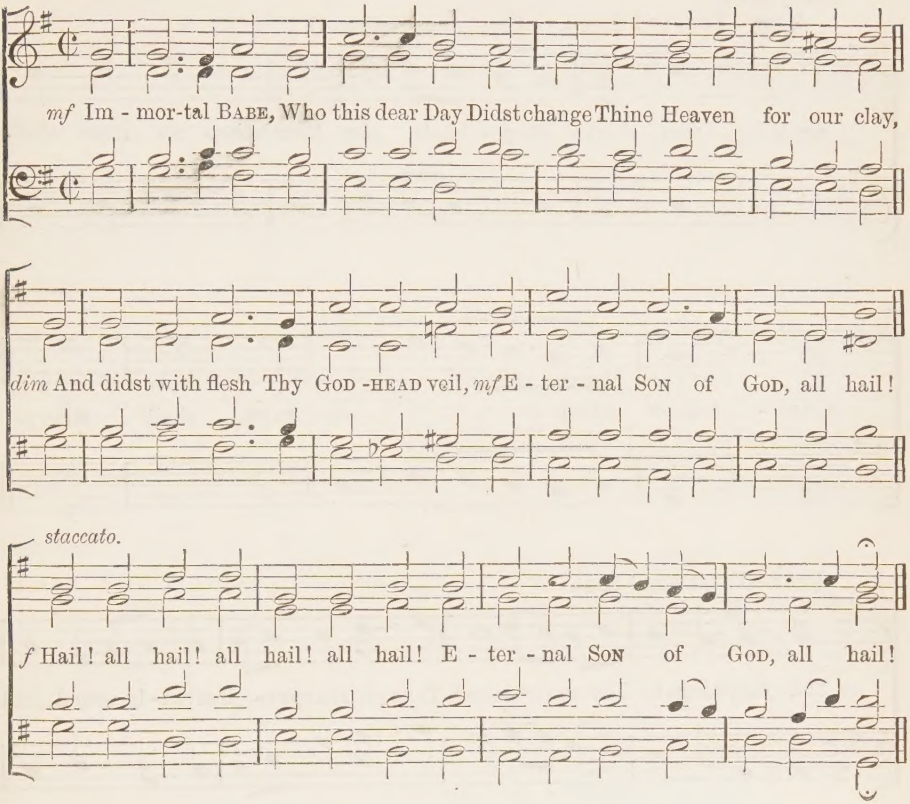
mf So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, King, to own Him:
The King of kings Salvation brings,
cr Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
f Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

mf Lo! un - - to us . . . a CHILD is born, The LORD . . of
Life and Love! To call us all this Christ-mas Morn, To
cr
call us all this Christ-mas Morn, To hap - pi - ness a - bove, To
hap - pi - ness a - bove, f To hap - pi - ness, To hap - pi - ness a - bove.

f Glory to GOD, in Highest Heaven,
p To men of good-will Peace,—
mf The Angel said,—A SON is given,
cr Whose kingdom shall increase.

Then Carols sing, good Christians all,
With Angel Hosts above,—
For CHRIST we keep the festival,
And JESUS owns our love.

f And thus let all the ransomed earth
Resound with harmony;
For our REDEEMER'S humble Birth
ff Laud we the ONE IN THREE.

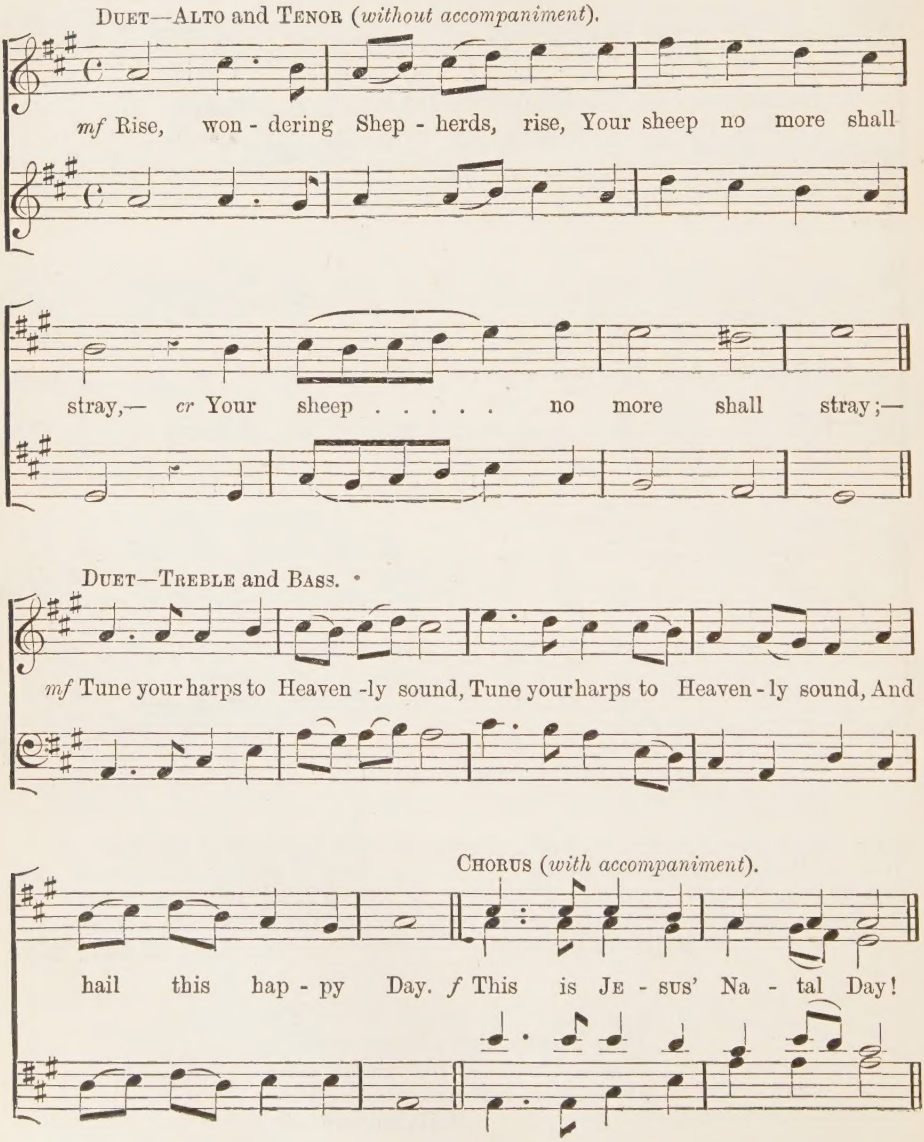
Carol 50.

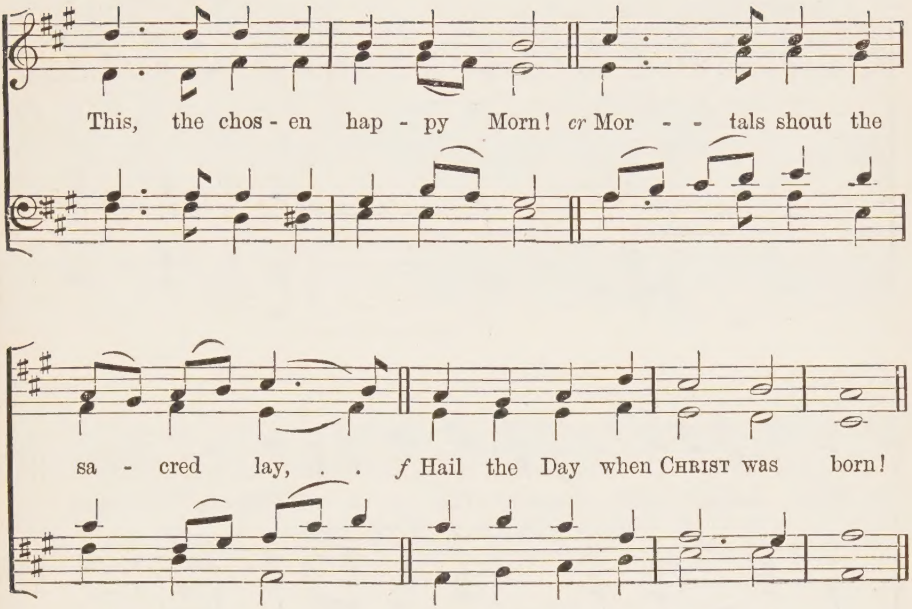

mf Im - mor-tal BABE, Who this dear Day Didst change Thine Heaven for our clay,
dim And didst with flesh Thy GOD -HEAD veil, mf E - ter - nal SON of GOD, all hail!
staccato.
f Hail! all hail! all hail! all hail! E - ter - nal SON of GOD, all hail!

f Shine, happy Star; ye Angels, sing
Glory on High to CHRIST our KING;
Run, Shepherds, leave your nightly care, *p*
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem fair!
Hail! all hail! &c.

mf Worship, ye Sages of the East,
The KING of gods in meanness dressed;
O blessed Maid, smile, and adore
The GOD thine arms, thy bosom, bore.
f Hail! all hail! &c.

f Star, Angels, Shepherds, distant Sage,
Thou Virgin, blest of every age,
Restored frame of Heaven and earth,
Joy in your dear REDEEMER'S Birth.
Hail! all hail! &c.

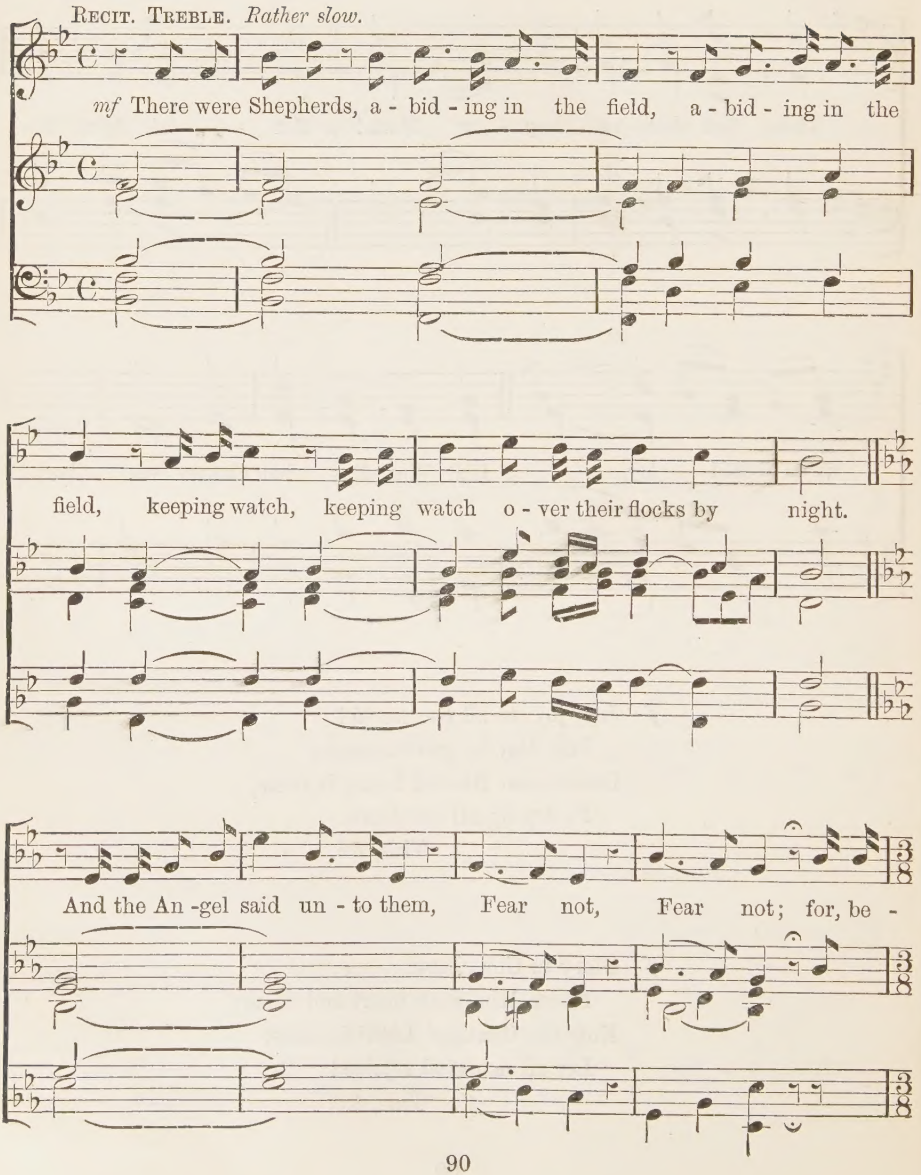
Carol 51.

DUET—ALTO and TENOR (*without accompaniment*).
mf Rise, won - dering Shep - herds, rise, Your sheep no more shall
stray,— *cr* Your sheep . . . . . no more shall stray;—
DUET—TREBLE and BASS.
mf Tune your harps to Heaven -ly sound, Tune your harps to Heaven - ly sound, And
CHORUS (*with accompaniment*).
hail this hap - py Day. *f* This is JE - SUS' Na - tal Day!

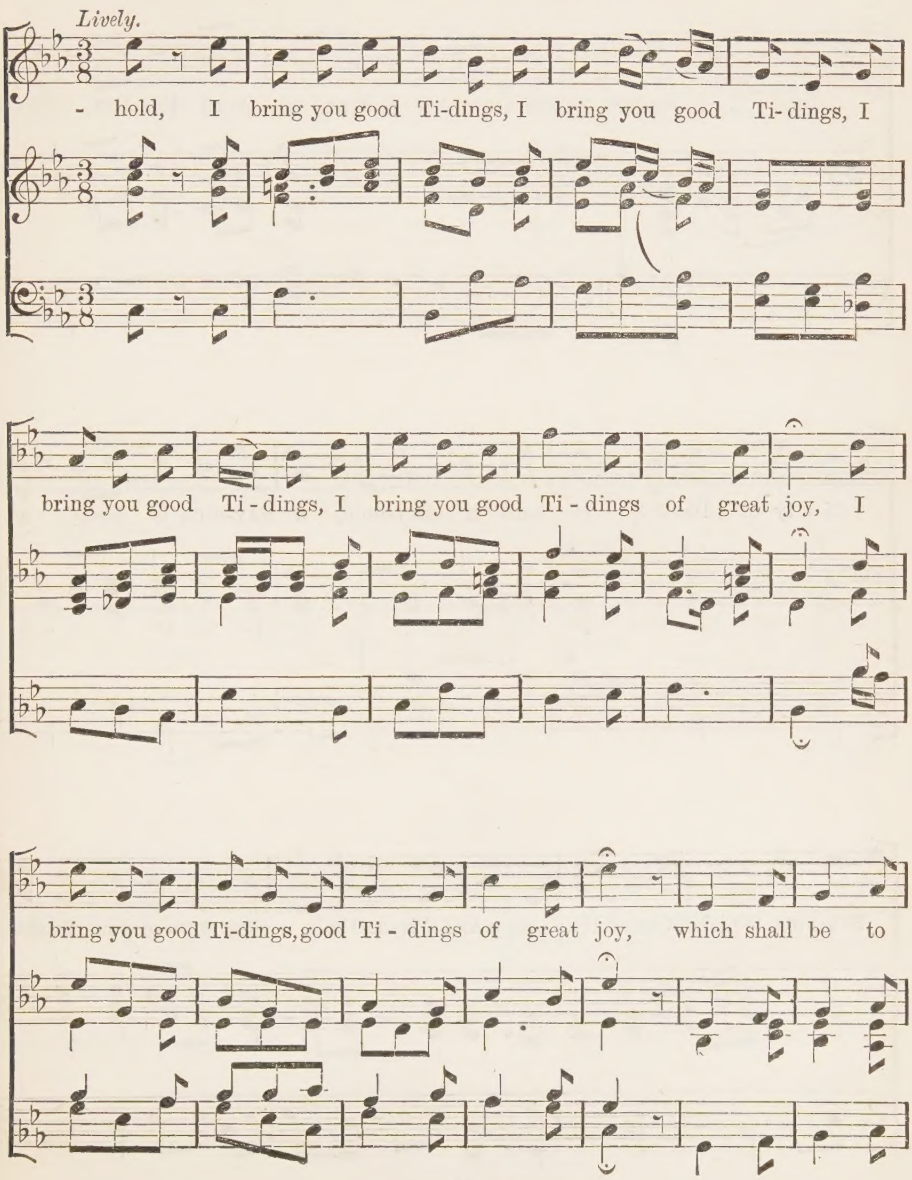


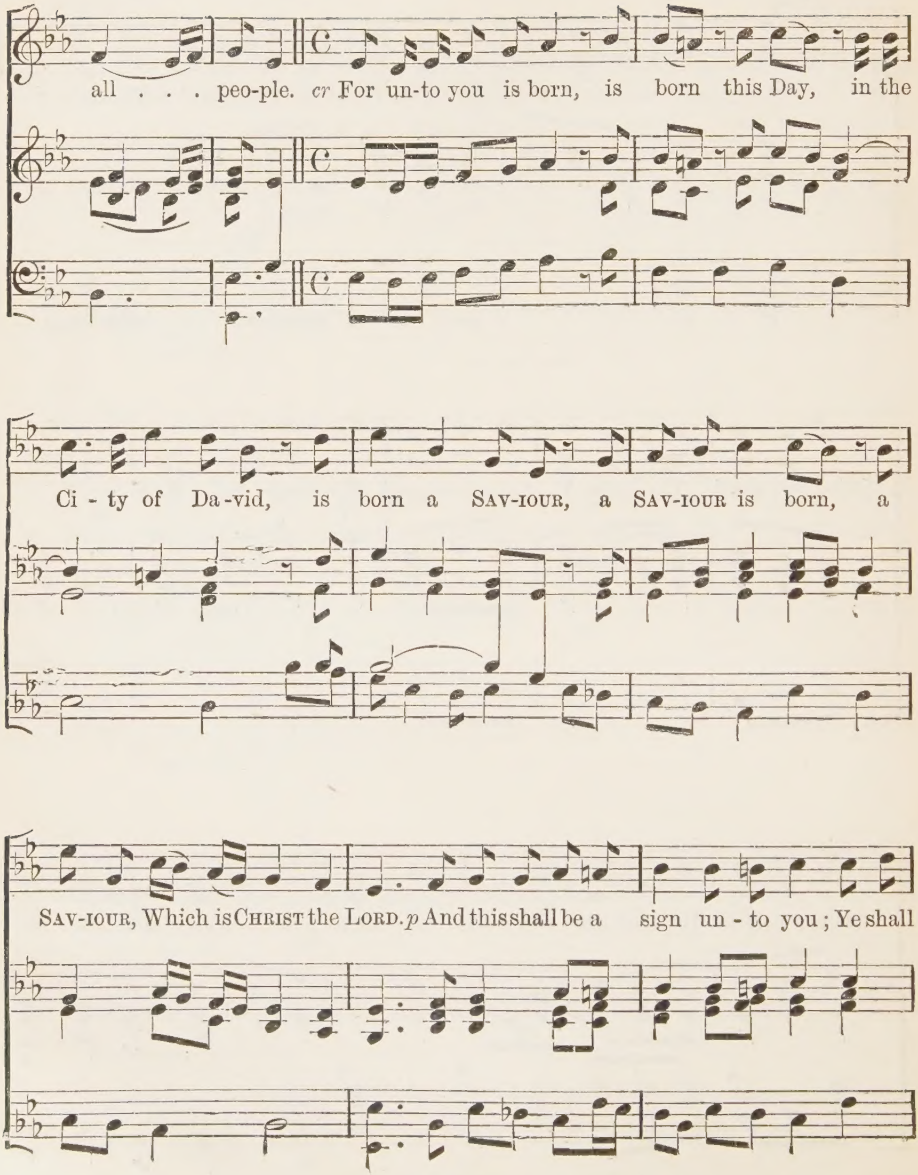
f Joy, joy, to all the world!
This Day no grief appears,
CHRIST, our Blessed LORD, is come,
To dry up all our tears.
This, &c.

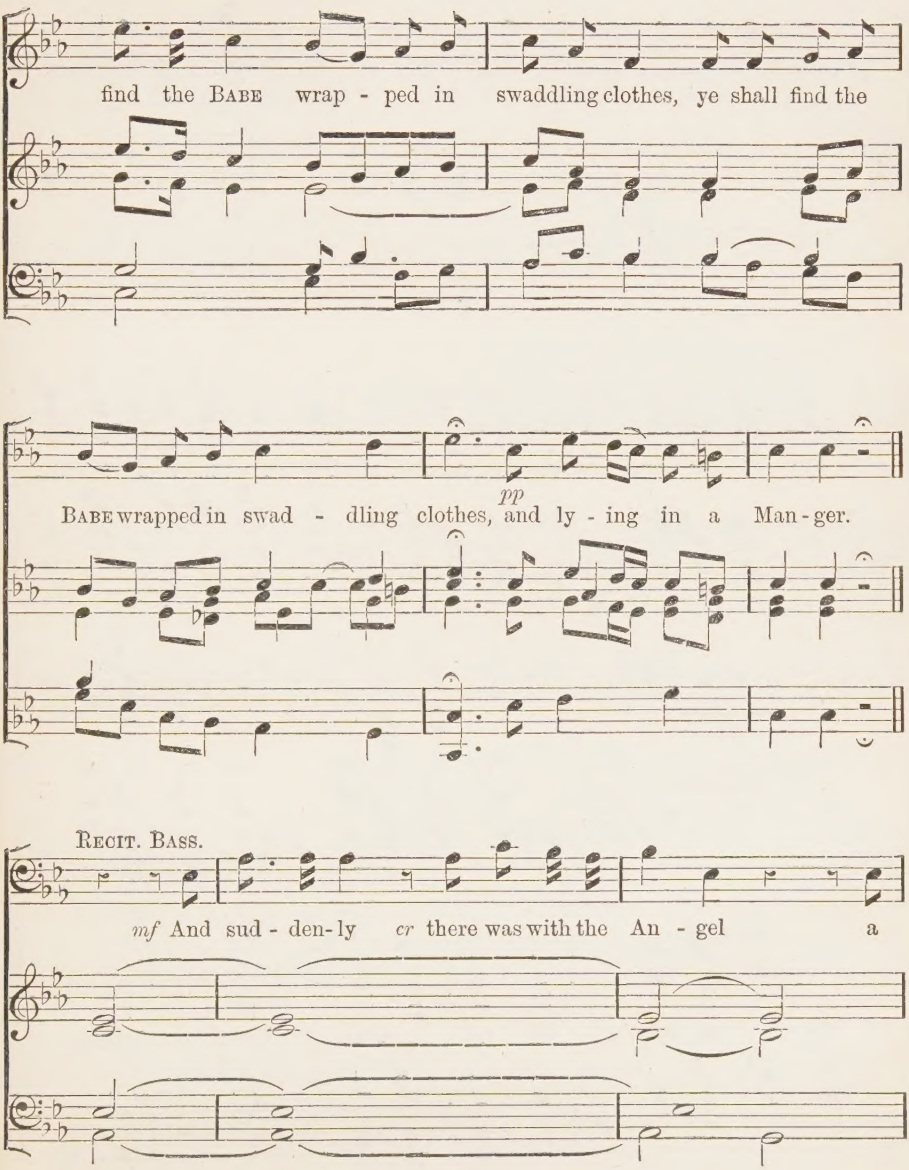
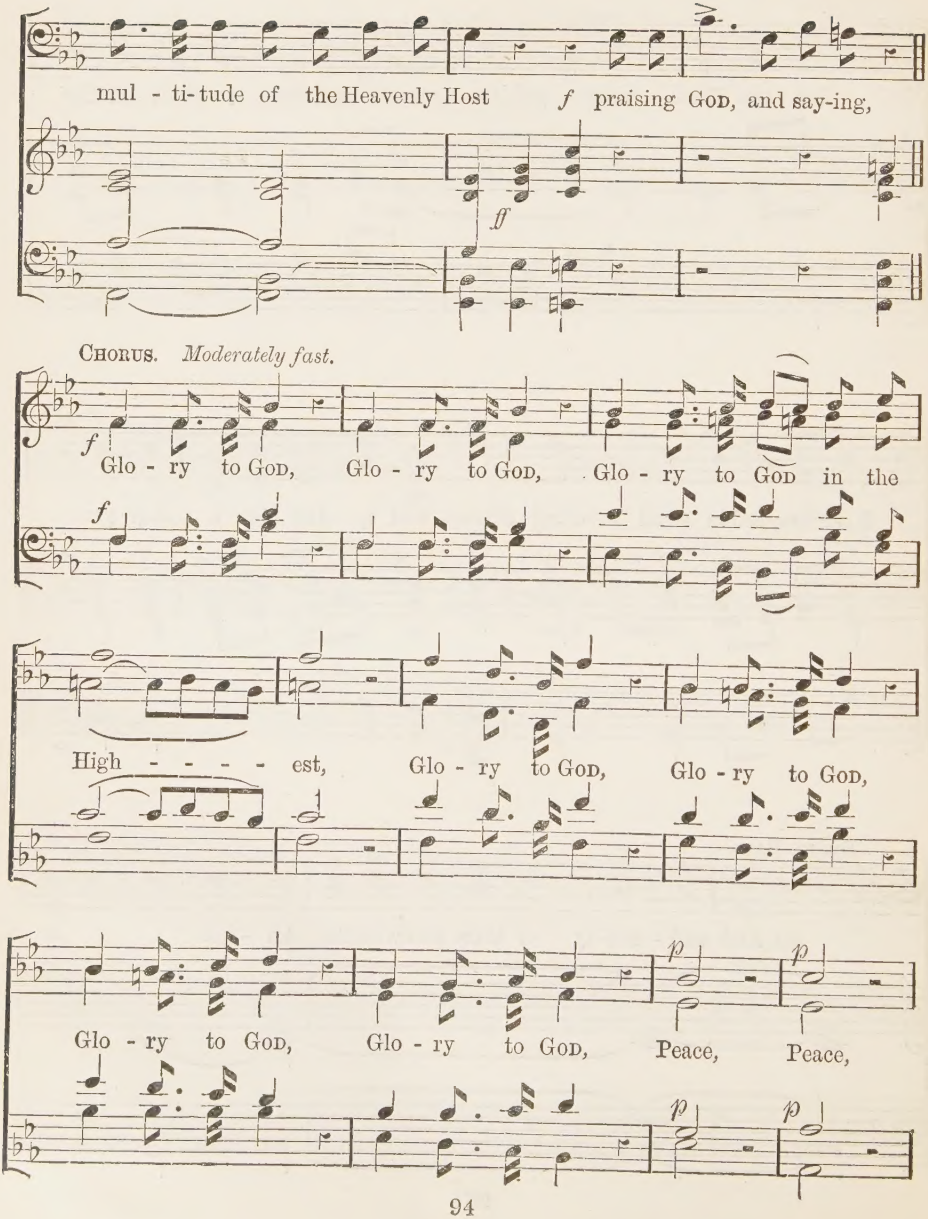
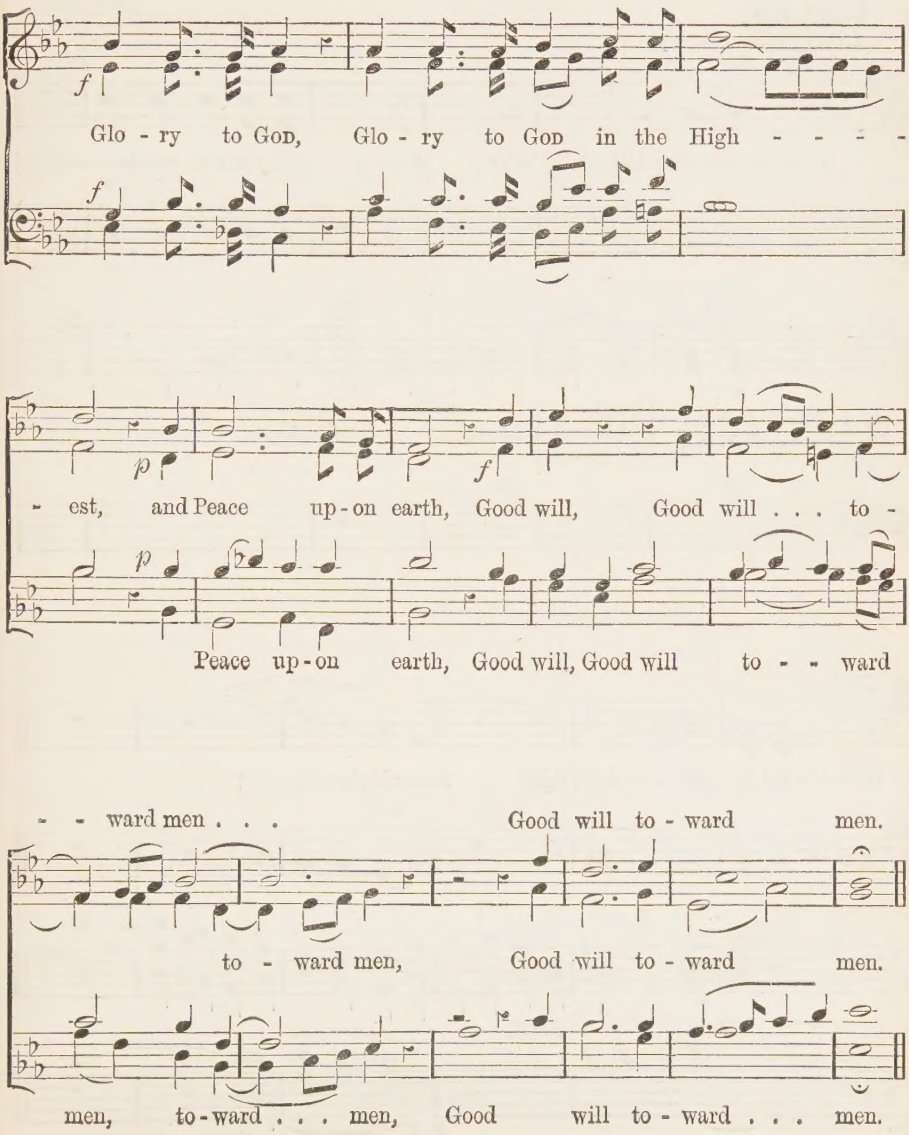
f Glory to GOD above,
Praise Him with heart and voice;
Now the Gentiles' Light is come,
Let all mankind rejoice!
ff This, &c.

Carol 52.


RECIT. TREBLE. Rather slow.
mf There were Shepherds, a - bid - ing in the field, a - bid - ing in the
field, keeping watch, keeping watch o - ver their flocks by night.
And the An -gel said un - to them, Fear not, Fear not; for, be -

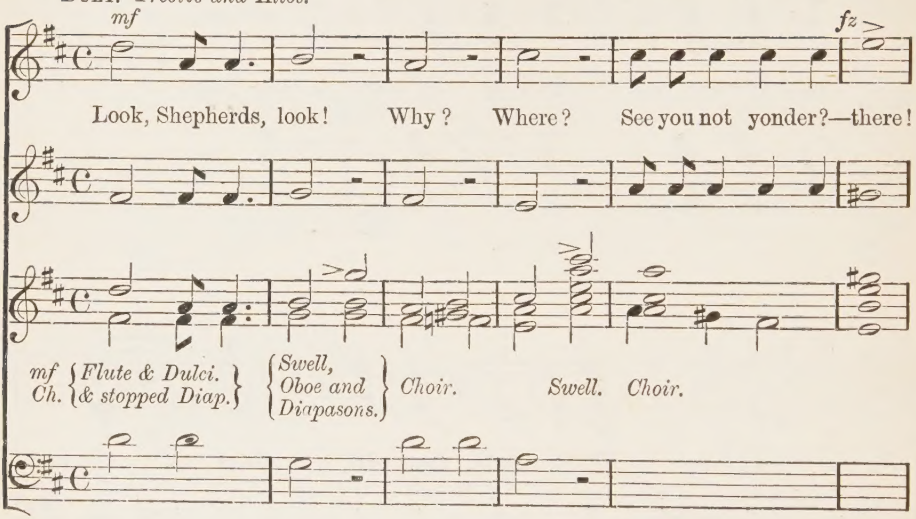

Lively.
- hold, I bring you good Ti-dings, I bring you good Ti- dings, I
bring you good Ti - dings, I bring you good Ti - dings of great joy, I
bring you good Ti-dings, good Ti - dings of great joy, which shall be to

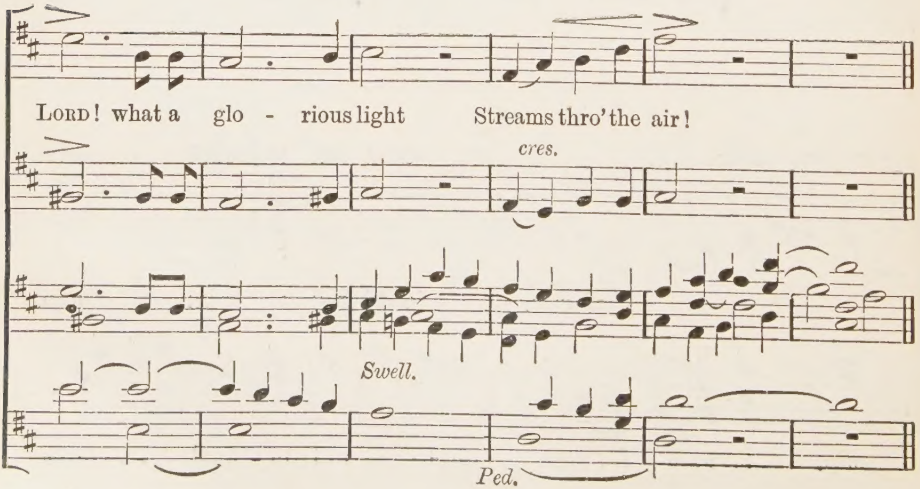
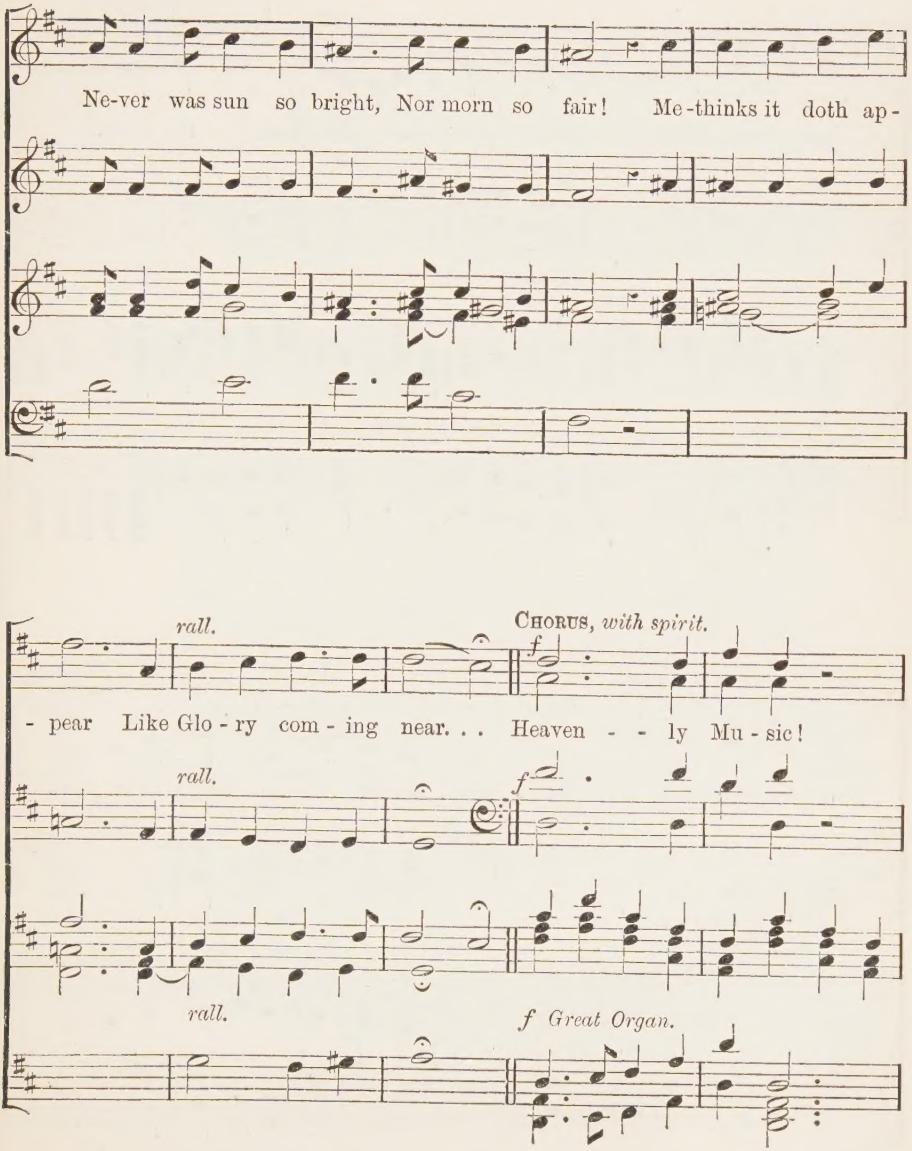

all . . . peo-ple. *cr* For un-to you is born, is born this Day, in the
Ci - ty of Da-vid, is born a SAV-IOUR, a SAV-IOUR is born, a
SAV-IOUR, Which is CHRIST the LORD. *p* And this shall be a sign un - to you; Ye shall


find the BABE wrap - ped in swaddling clothes, ye shall find the
pp
BABE wrapped in swad - dling clothes, and ly - ing in a Man - ger.
RECIT. BASS.
mf And sud - den - ly cr there was with the An - gel a

mul - ti-tude of the Heavenly Host
f praising God, and say-ing,
ff
Chorus. Moderately fast.
f
Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the
f
High - - - - est, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,
p
p
Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Peace, Peace,
p
p

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the High - - - -
- est, and Peace up - on earth, Good will, Good will . . . to -
Peace up - on earth, Good will, Good will to - - ward
- - ward men . . . Good will to - ward men.
to - ward men, Good will to - ward men.
men, to - ward . . . men, Good will to - ward . . . men.

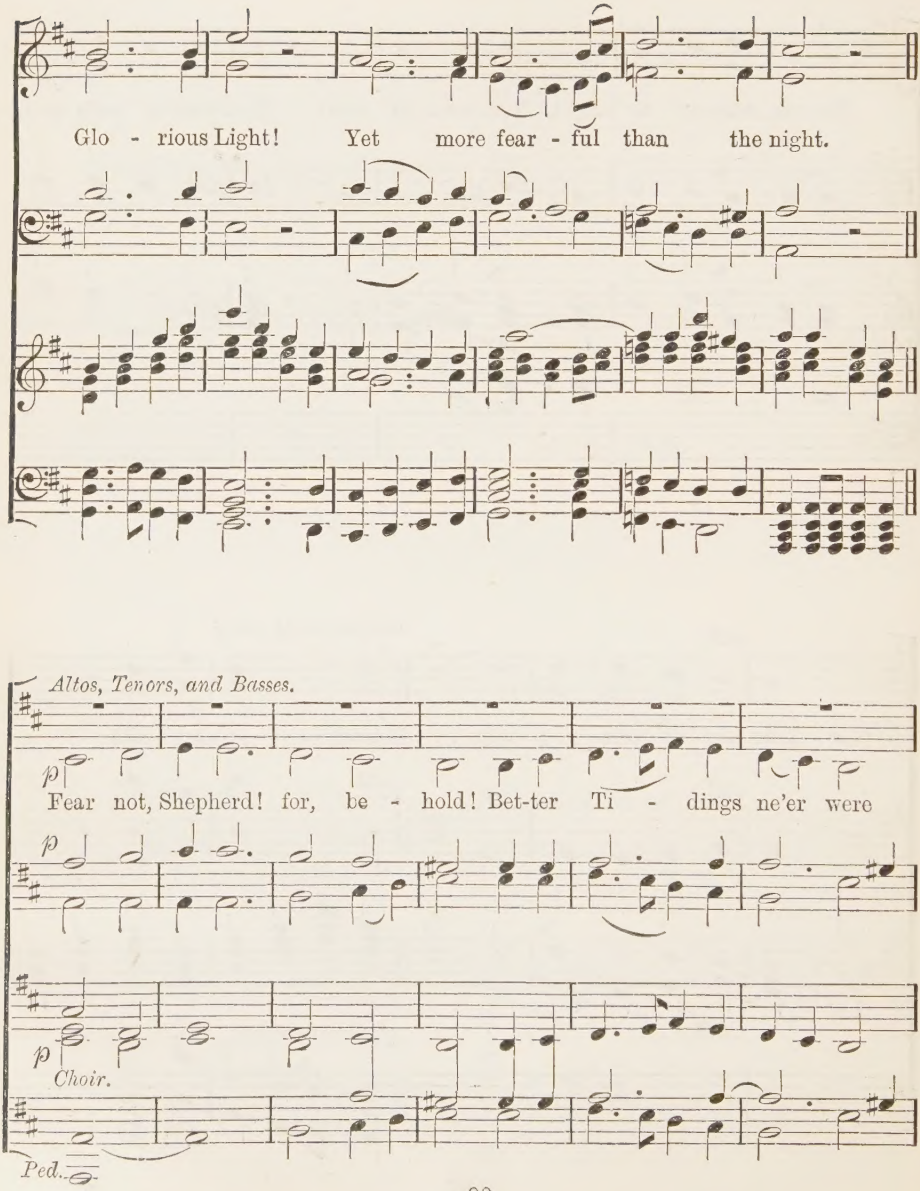
Carol 53.

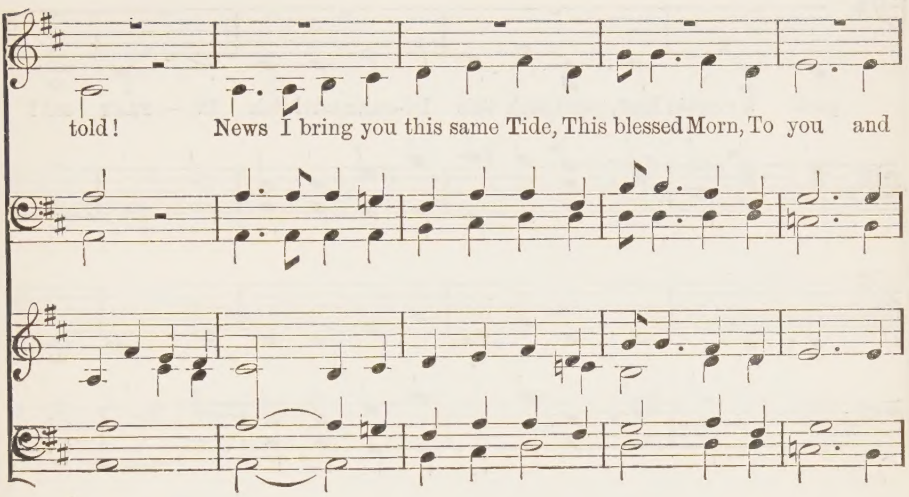
DUET. *Trebles and Altos.*

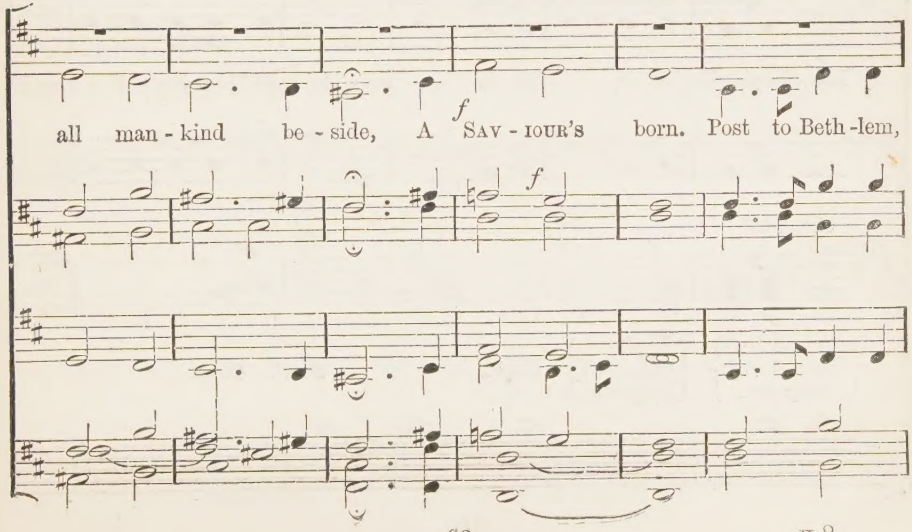

mf
fz
Look, Shepherds, look! Why? Where? See you not yonder?—there!
mf Ch. {Flute & Dulci. & stopped Diap.}
{Swell, Oboe and Diapasons.} Choir.
Swell. Choir.

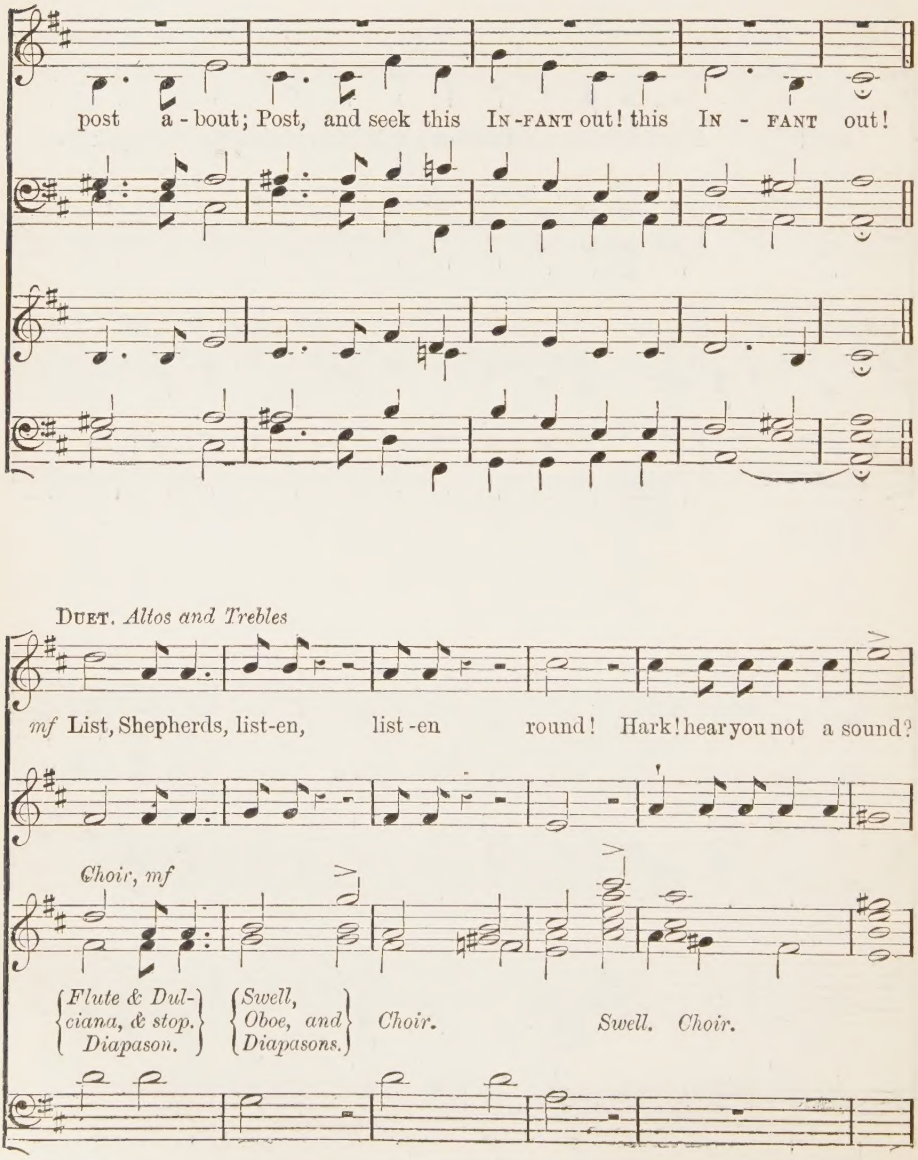
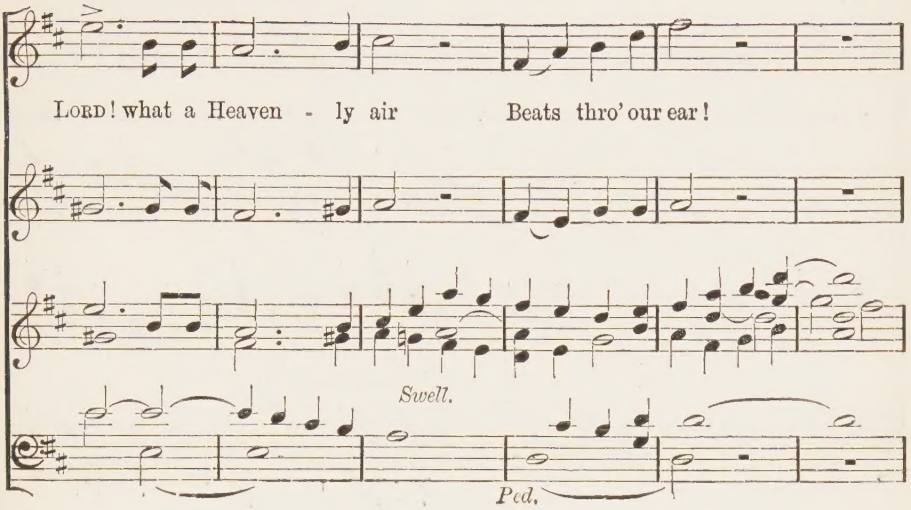
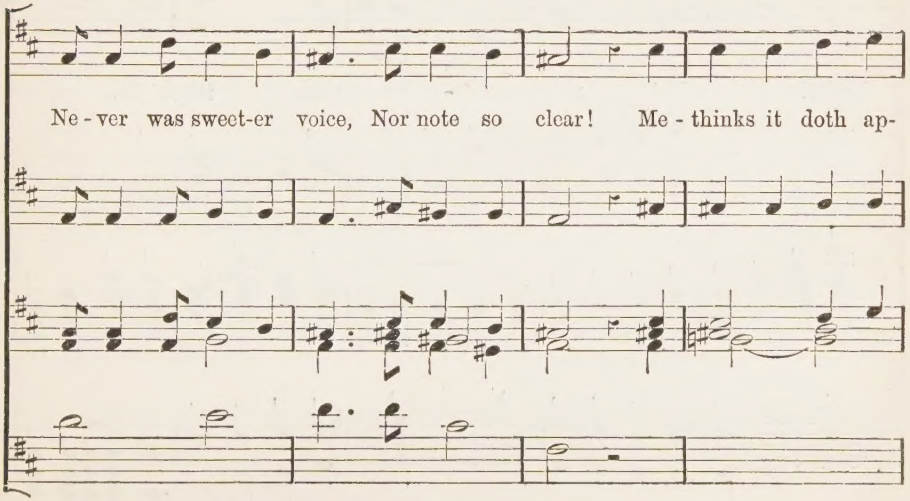


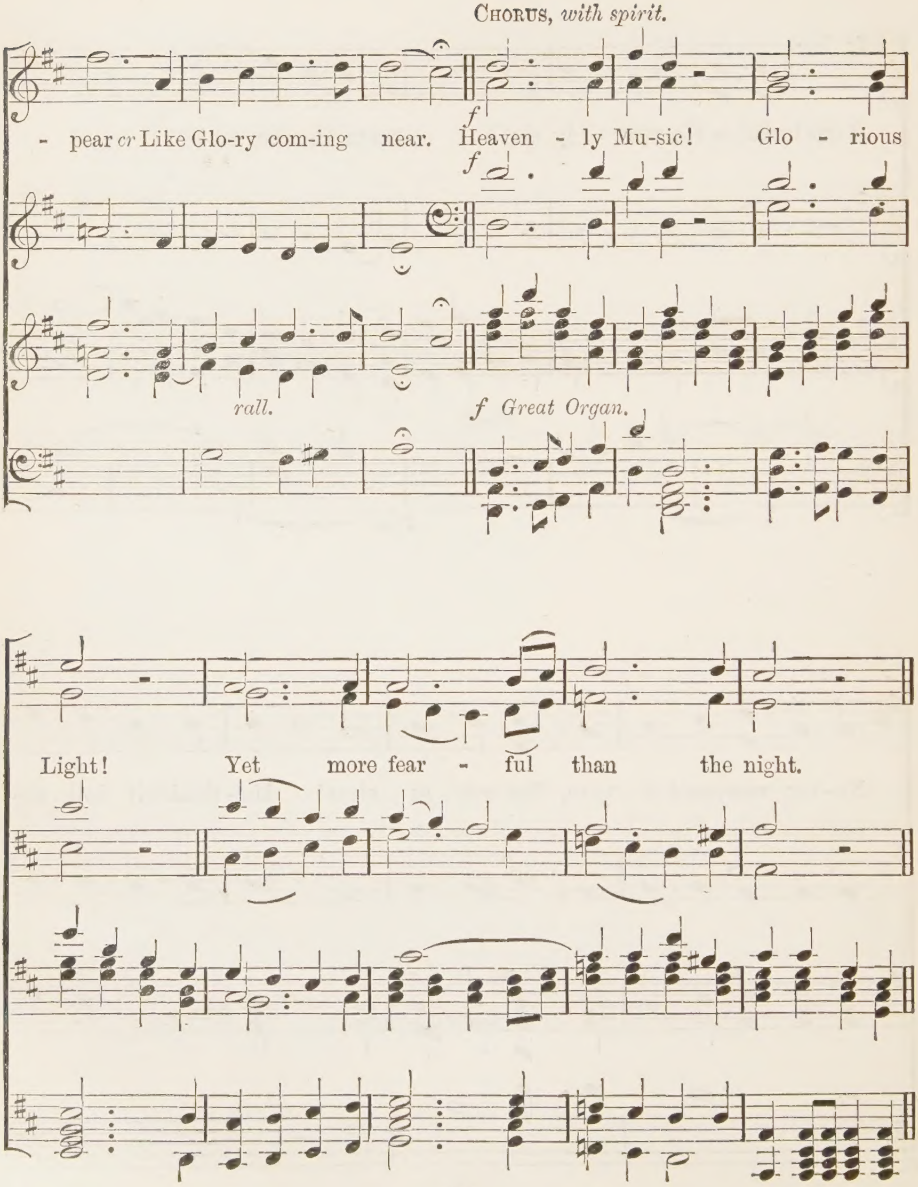
Ne-ver was sun so bright, Nor morn so fair! Me-thinks it doth ap-
rall.
Chorus, with spirit.
f
- pear Like Glo - ry com - ing near. . . Heaven - - ly Mu - sic!
rall.
f
rall.
f Great Organ.

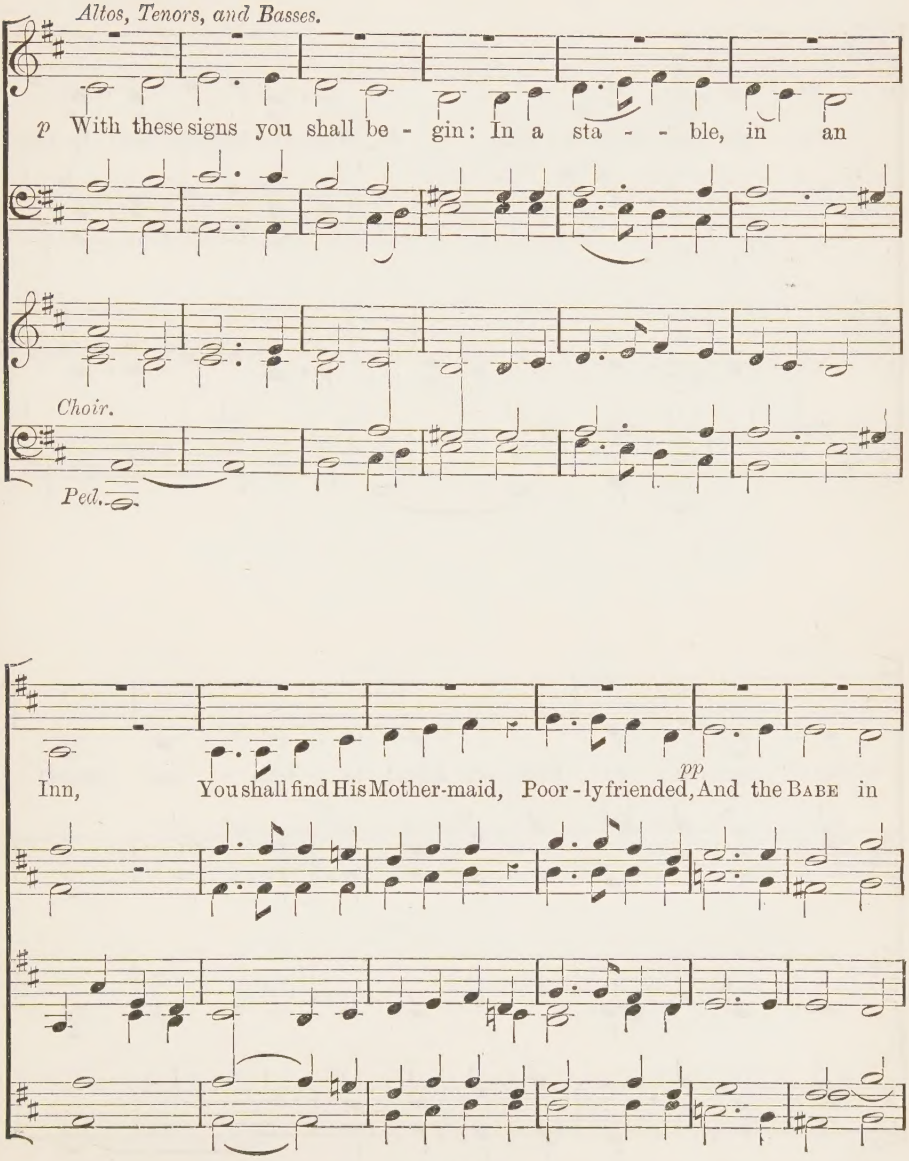
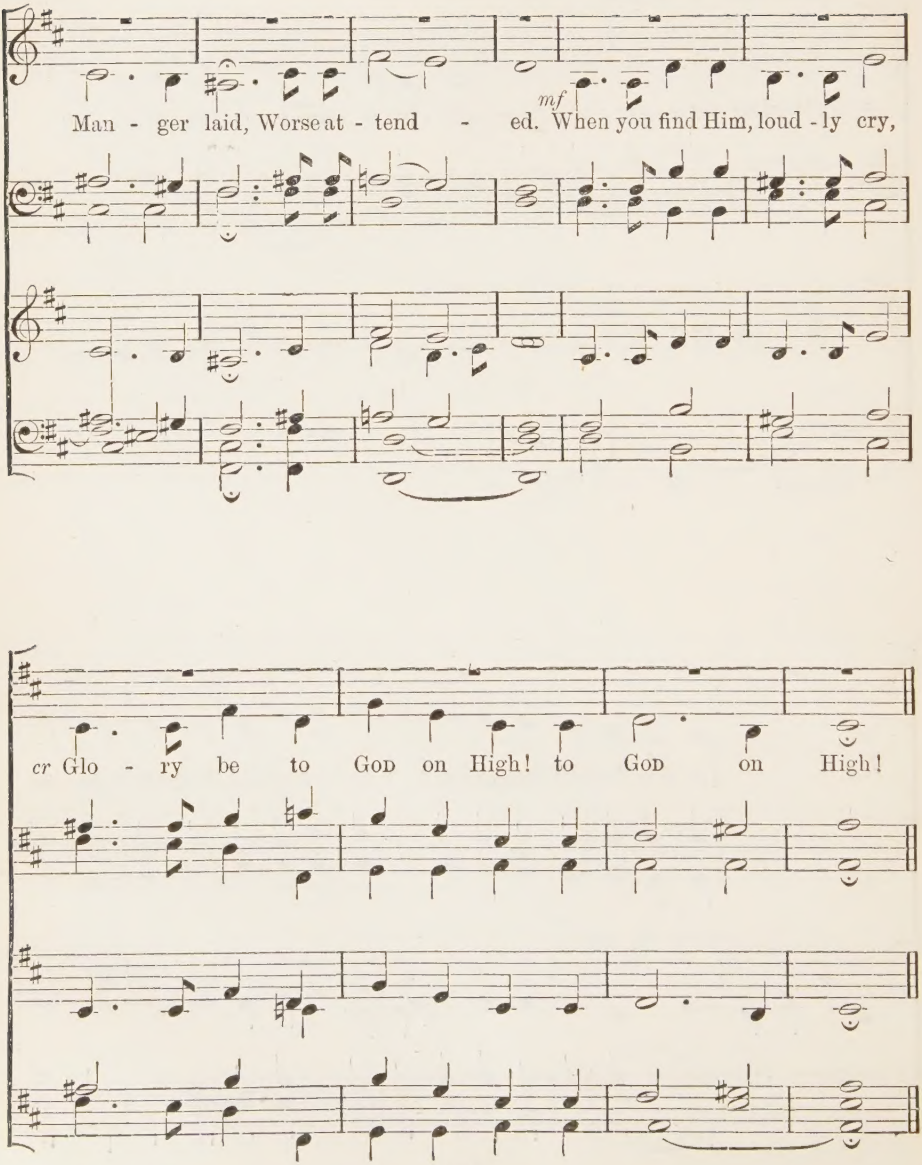

Glo - rious Light! Yet more fear - ful than the night.
Altos, Tenors, and Basses.
p
Fear not, Shepherd! for, be - hold! Bet-ter Ti - dings ne'er were
p
p
Choir.
Ped.

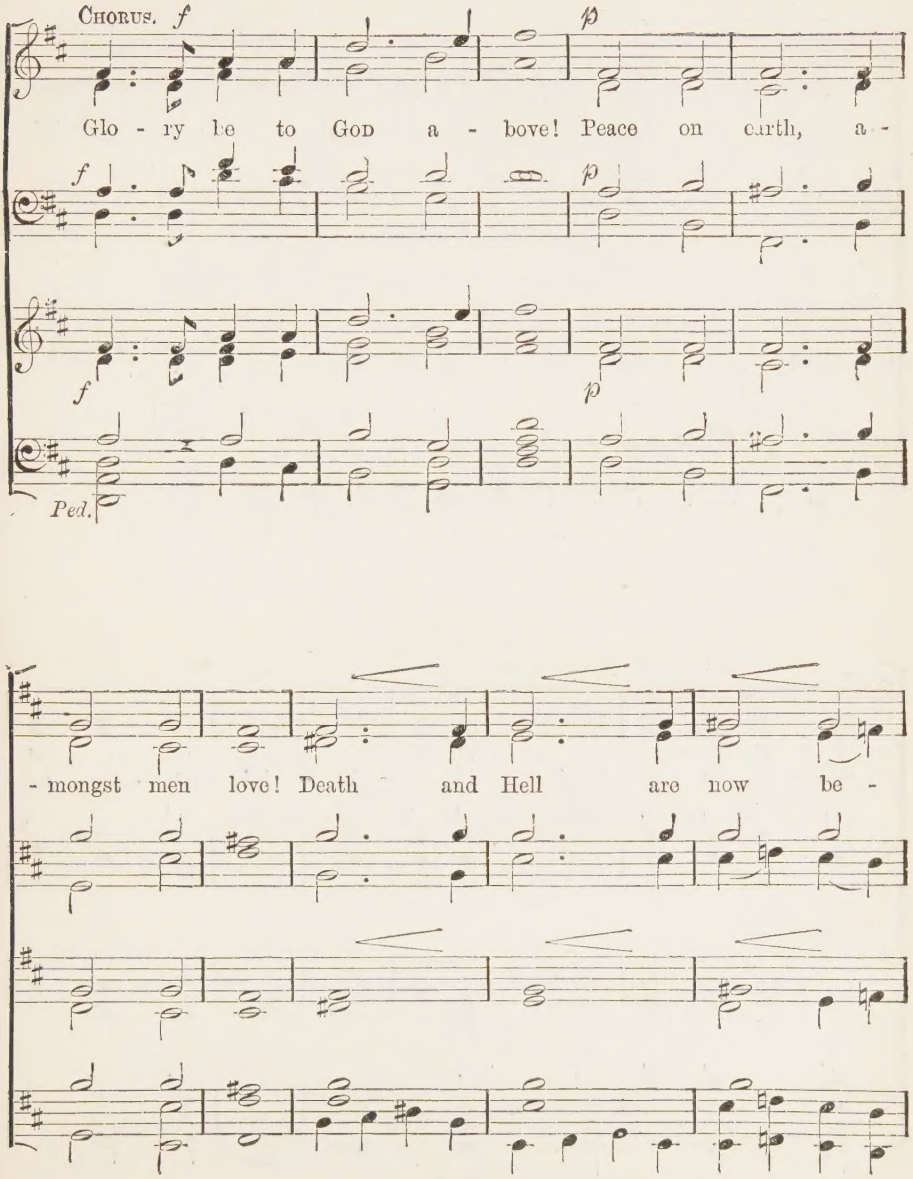

told! News I bring you this same Tide, This blessed Morn, To you and

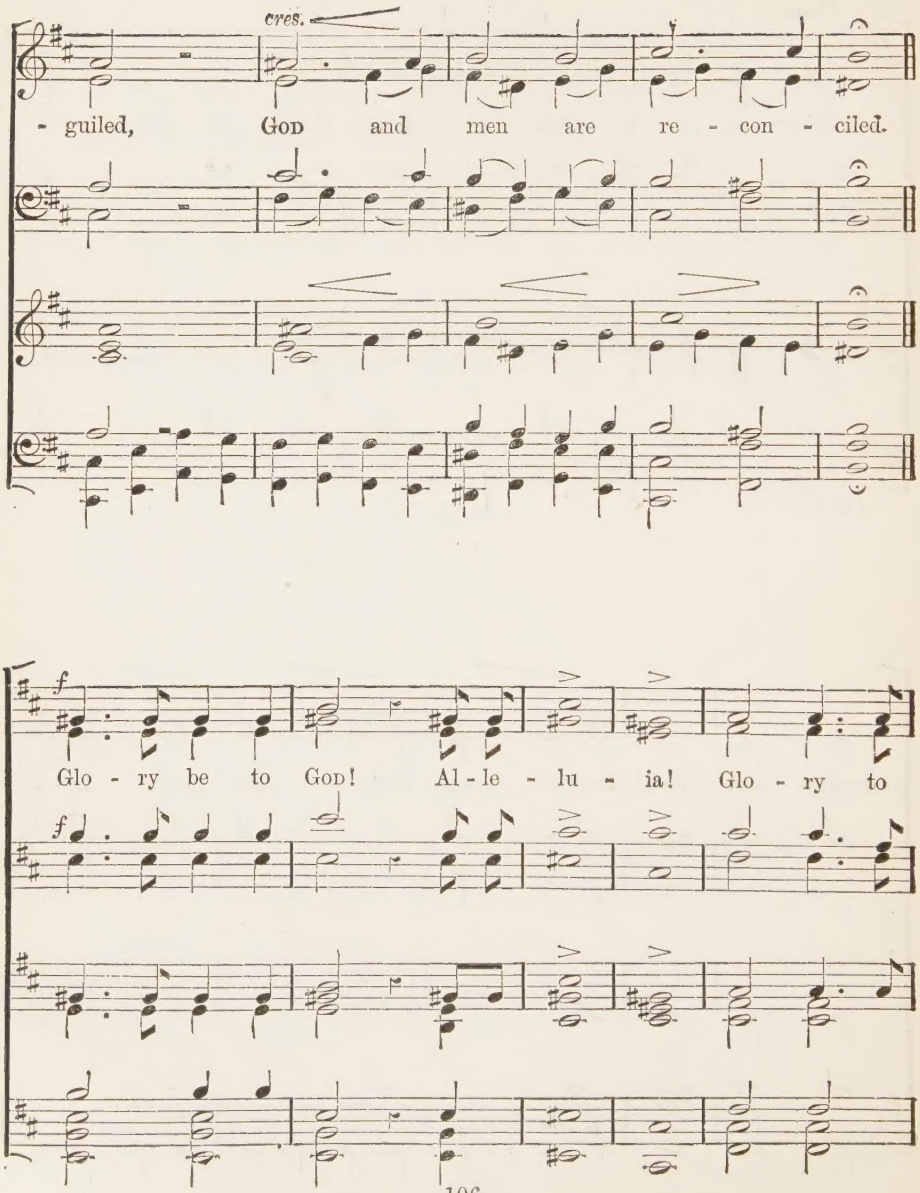

all man - kind be - side, A f SAV - IOUR'S born. Post to Beth - lem,
f

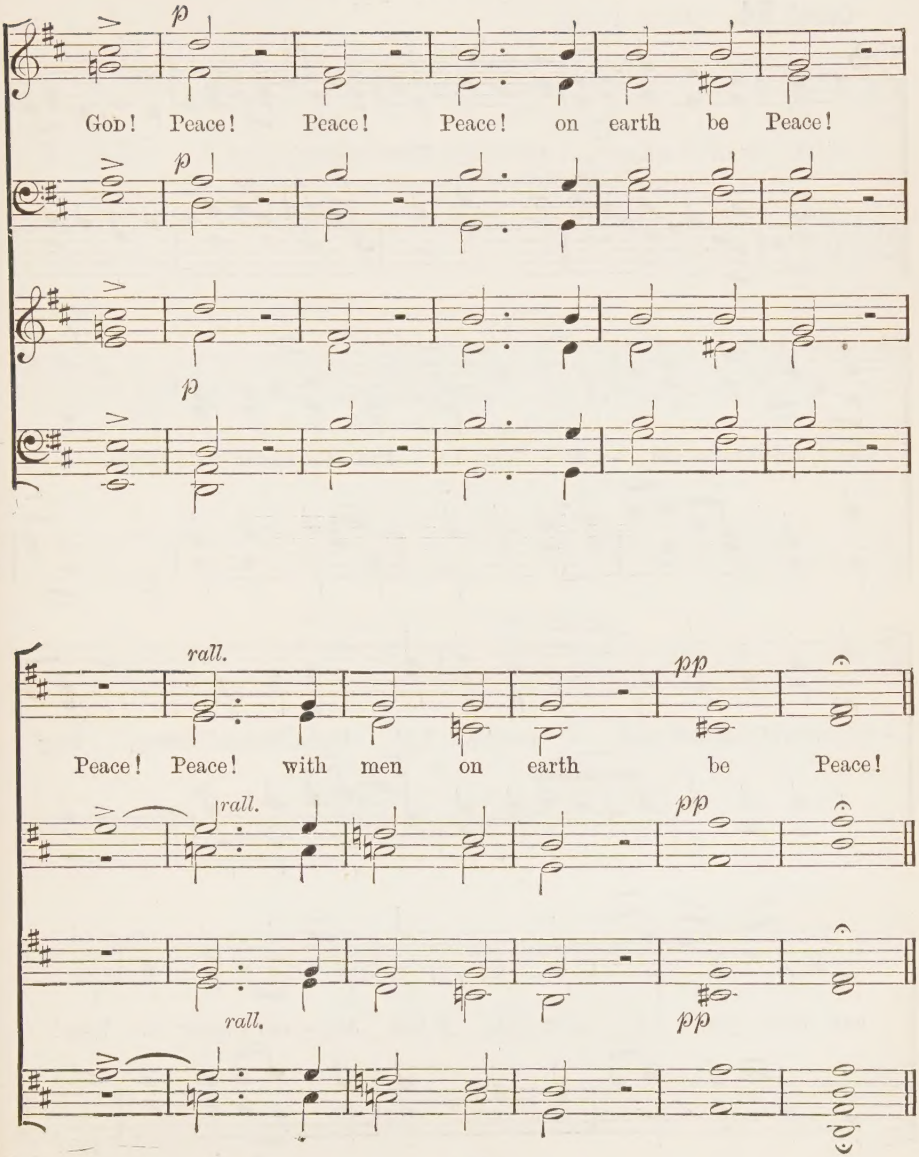

post a - bout; Post, and seek this In-fant out! this In - fant out!
Duet. Altos and Trebles
mf List, Shepherds, list-en, list-en round! Hark! hear you not a sound?
Choir, mf
Flute & Dul-ciana, & stop. Diapason.
Swell, Oboe, and Diapasons.
Choir.
Swell. Choir.

Lord! what a Heaven - ly air Beats thro' our ear!
Swell.
Ped.

Ne - ver was sweet-er voice, Nor note so clear! Me - thinks it doth ap-


Chorus, with spirit.
f
- pear or Like Glo-ry com-ing near. Heaven - ly Mu-sic! Glo - rious
f
rall.
f Great Organ.
Light! Yet more fear - ful than the night.

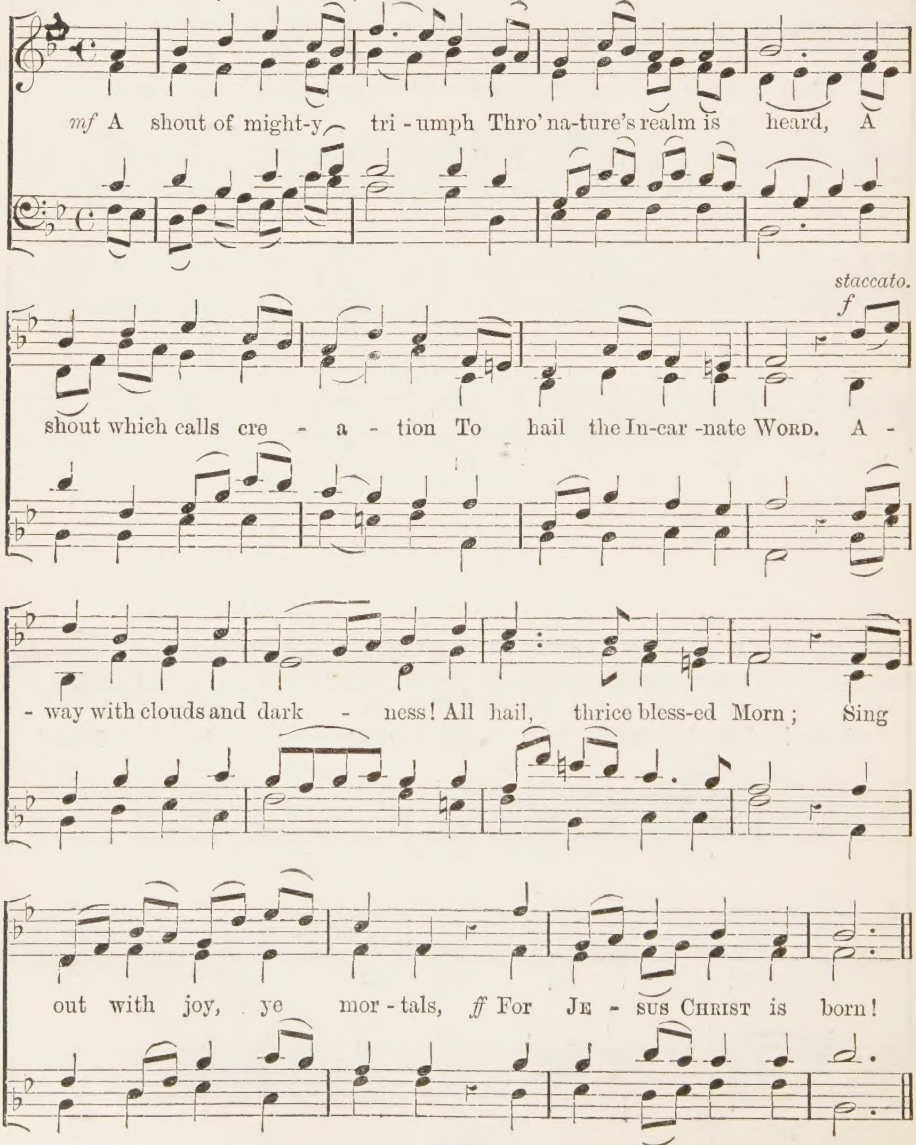

Altos, Tenors, and Basses.
p With these signs you shall be - gin: In a sta - - ble, in an
Choir.
Ped.
Inn, You shall find His Mother-maid, Poor - ly friended, pp And the BABE in

mf
Man - ger laid, Worse at - tend - ed. When you find Him, loud - ly cry,
cr Glo - ry be to God on High! to God on High!


Chorus. f
p
Glo - ry be to God a - bove! Peace on earth, a -
f
p
f
p
Ped.
- mongst men love! Death and Hell are now be -


cres.
- guiled, GOD and men are re - con - ciled.
f
Glo - ry be to GOD! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry to


p
God! Peace! Peace! Peace! on earth be Peace!
p
p
rall.
pp
Peace! Peace! with men on earth be Peace!
rall.
pp
rall.
pp

Carol 54. (First Tune.)

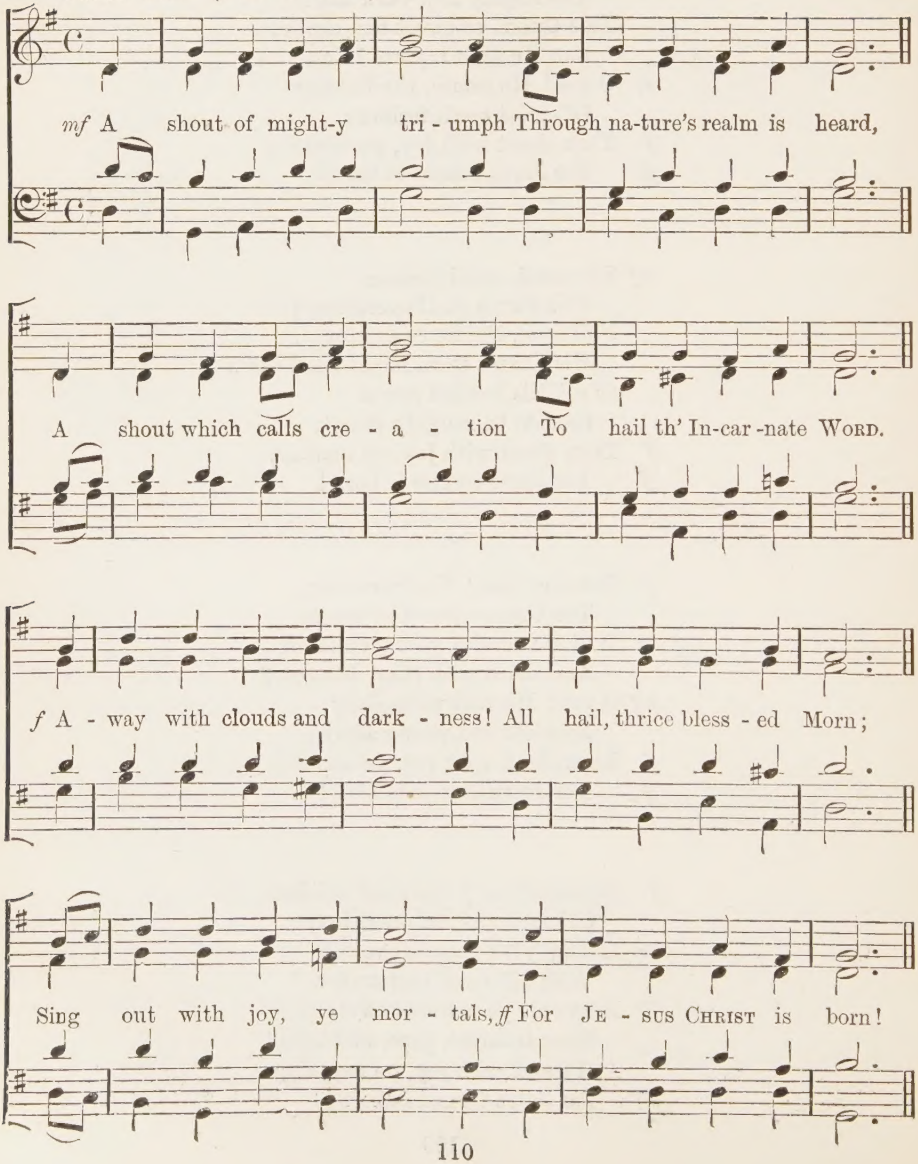

mf A shout of might-y tri-umph Thro' na-ture's realm is heard, A
staccato.
f
shout which calls cre - a - tion To hail the In-car-nate Word. A -
- way with clouds and dark - ness! All hail, thrice bless-ed Morn; Sing
out with joy, ye mor-tals, ff For Je - sus Christ is born!

mf Is this, ye holy Shepherds,
The mighty new-born KING?
This CHILD, so sweet and gentle,
Can He such rapture bring?
cr O yes! He comes, the SAVIOUR
Of sinful earth forlorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

mf The cruel, cruel foeman
This CHILD shall overthrow;
Full soon, the fierce destroyer,
His LORD'S stern might shall know:
Of all His boasted power
Soon to be roughly shorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

p But say, sweet Virgin-mother,
The CHILD upon Thy breast,
Will He receive young children,
And share with them His rest?
mf O yes! He will with glory
Both old and young adorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

f Rejoice then, youths and maidens,
Old men and children, too;
cr Lift up your cheerful voices,
With bliss and rapture true!
ff Ring out, ye towers and steeples!
Blow trumpet, pipe, and horn!
And shout with joy, ye mortals,
fff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

Carol 54. (Second Tune.)

mf A shout of might-y tri - umph Through na-ture's realm is heard,
A shout which calls cre - a - tion To hail th' In-car-nate Word.
f A - way with clouds and dark - ness! All hail, thrice bless - ed Morn;
Sing out with joy, ye mor - tals, ff For Je - sus Christ is born!

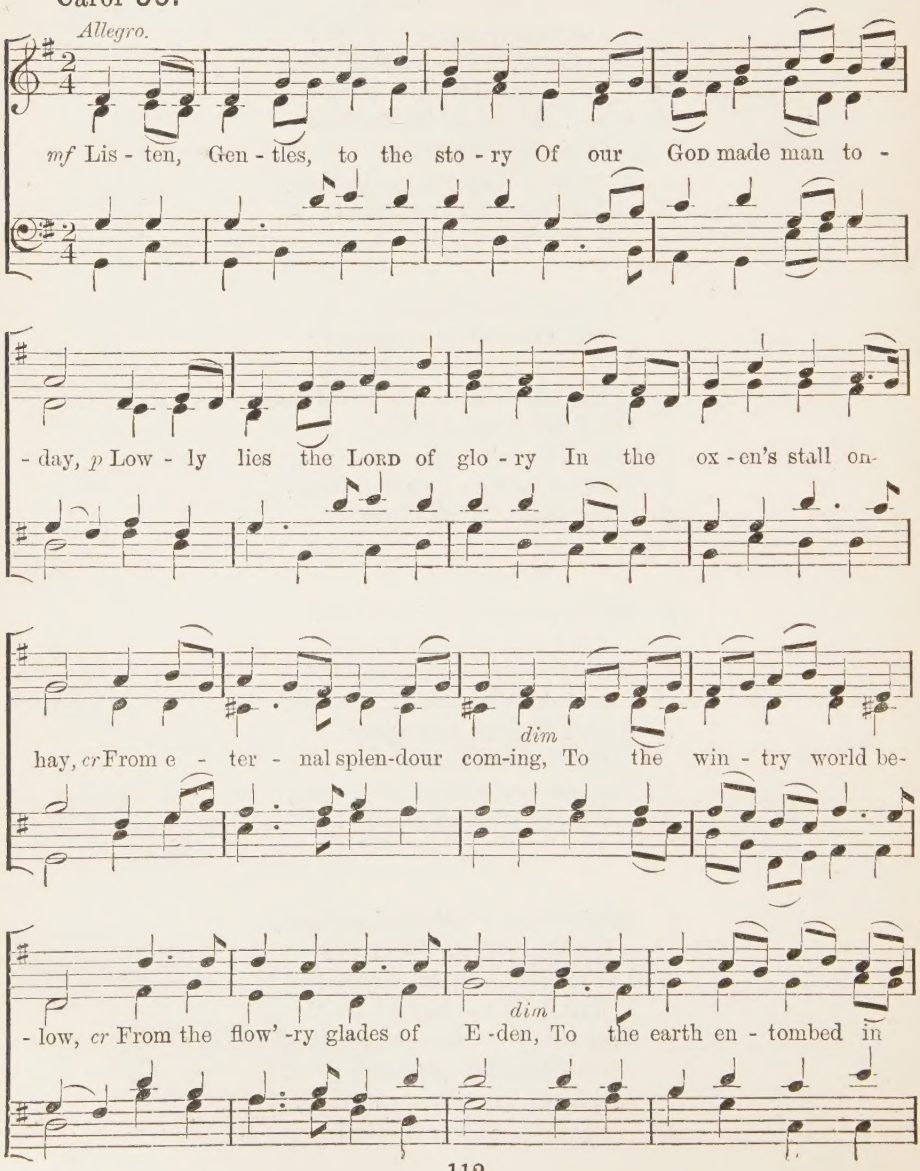
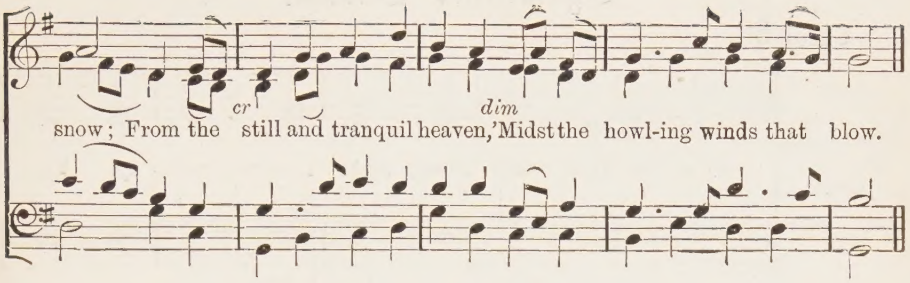
mf Is this, ye holy Shepherds,
The mighty new-born KING?
This CHILD, so sweet and gentle,
Can He such rapture bring?
cr O yes! He comes, the SAVIOUR
Of sinful earth forlorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

mf The cruel, cruel foeman
This CHILD shall overthrow;
Full soon, the fierce destroyer,
His LORD's stern might shall know:
Of all His boasted power
Soon to be roughly shorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

p But say, sweet Virgin-mother,
The CHILD upon Thy breast,
Will He receive young children,
And share with them His rest?
mf O yes! He will with glory
Both old and young adorn;
f Then shout with joy, ye mortals,
ff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

f Rejoice then, youths and maidens,
Old men and children, too;
cr Lift up your cheerful voices,
With bliss and rapture true!
ff Ring out, ye towers and steeples!
Blow trumpet, pipe, and horn!
And shout with joy, ye mortals,
fff For JESUS CHRIST is born!

Carol 55.


Allegro.
mf Lis - ten, Gen - tles, to the sto - ry Of our GOD made man to -
- day, p Low - ly lies the LORD of glo - ry In the ox - en's stall on-
hay, cr From e - ter - nal splen-dour com-ing, To the win - try world be-
dim
- low, cr From the flow' -ry glades of E -den, To the earth en - tombed in
dim

mf Lo! the King of Angels bendeth,
dim Comes and steps below their choirs,
Down the ten degrees the shadow
On the dial-plate retires.*
p Lo! for man condemned to perish
Jonathan puts off his crown;
Lo! he strips himself to furnish
David with his princely gown,
With his robes the doomed one 'scapeth
Safely from the Father's frown.†

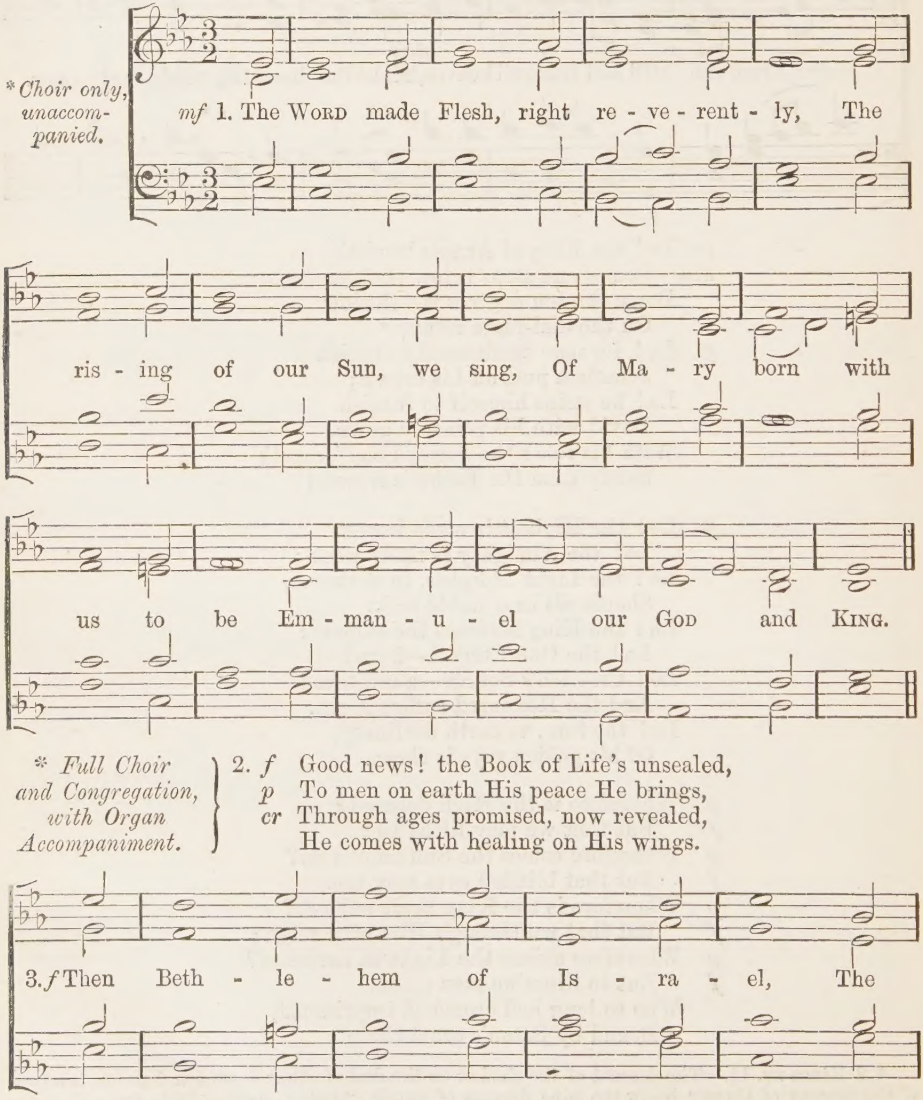
p Lo! the Highest is made lowest,
Lo! the Almighty is made weak:
Lo! the Light of lights, in darkness,
Shepherds in a stable seek.
Lo! the King becomes the subject:
Lo! the One Eternal—born!
Lo! Creation's Source—a creature!
And the Honoured suffers scorn.
Lo! the Sun, to earth declining,
Of his golden rays is shorn.

p Wherefore is the High debased?
f But that we may lifted be;
p Wherefore comes the Sun among us?
f But that blinded eyes may see.
p Wherefore is the King made subject?
f But that we through Him may reign;
p Wherefore shines the Light in darkness?
f But to illumine man again,
Who so long had crouched imprisoned,
Bound by Satan's cruel chain.

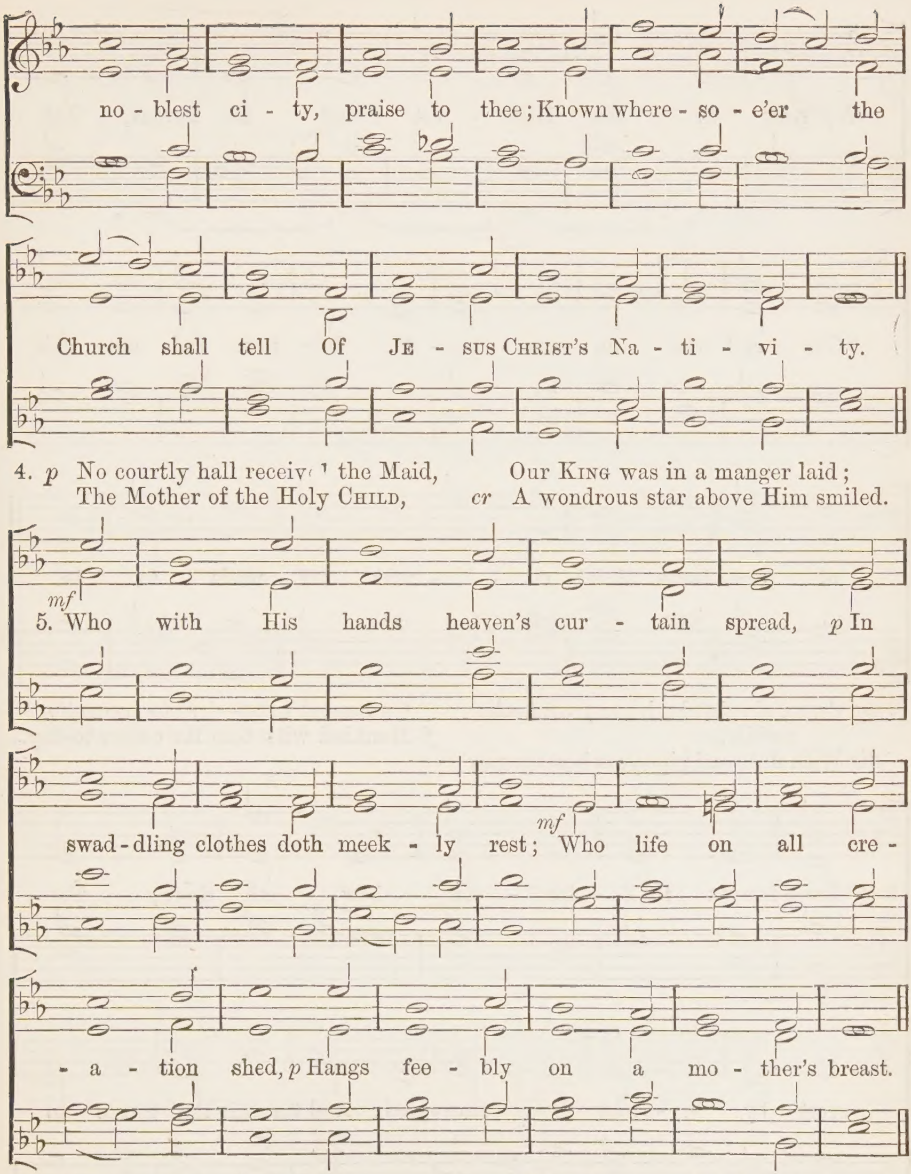
* 2 Kings xx. 11. The descent of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz down ten degrees, is a type of the descent of CHRIST below the nine degrees of angels, "Being made a little lower than the angels."

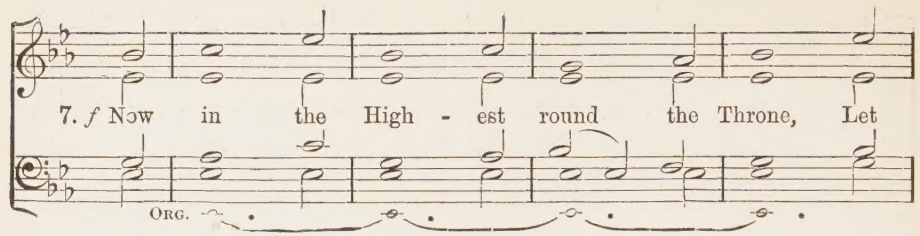
† 1 Sam. xviii. 4. Jonathan another type of CHRIST.

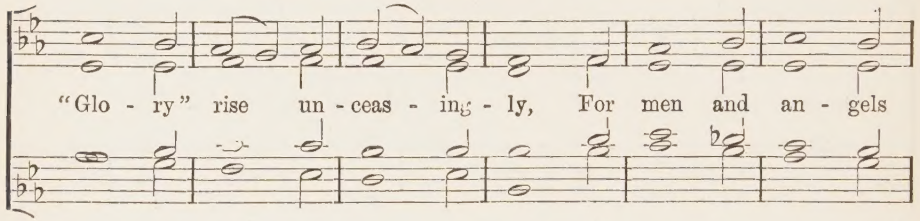
Carol 56.

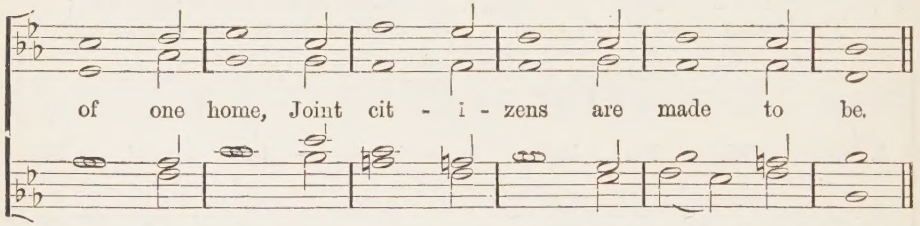

* Choir only, unaccompanied.
mf 1. The WORD made Flesh, right re - ve - rent - ly, The
ris - ing of our Sun, we sing, Of Ma - ry born with
us to be Em - man - u - el our GOD and KING.
* Full Choir and Congregation, with Organ Accompaniment.
2. f Good news! the Book of Life's unsealed,
p To men on earth His peace He brings,
cr Through ages promised, now revealed,
He comes with healing on His wings.
3. f Then Beth - le - hem of Is - ra - el, The

* The *odd* verses are to be sung by the Cantors, Quartett, Semi-Choir, or *unaccompanied* full choir; the *even* verses by the full choir and congregation, with organ accompaniment.

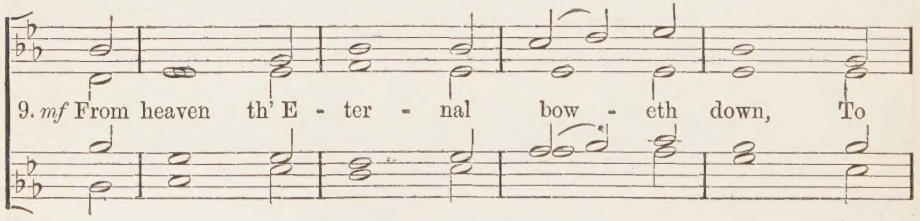

no - blest ci - ty, praise to thee; Known where - so - e'er the
Church shall tell Of JE - SUS CHRIST'S Na - ti - vi - ty.
4. p No courtly hall receiv' the Maid, Our KING was in a manger laid;
The Mother of the Holy CHILD, cr A wondrous star above Him smiled.
mf
5. Who with His hands heaven's cur - tain spread, p In
swad - dling clothes doth meek - ly rest; mf Who life on all cre -
- a - tion shed, p Hangs fee - bly on a mo - ther's breast.
6. p Be present, angel hosts, adore cr Who comes creation to restore,
The world's CREATOR and your KING, f And conquered man to victory bring.

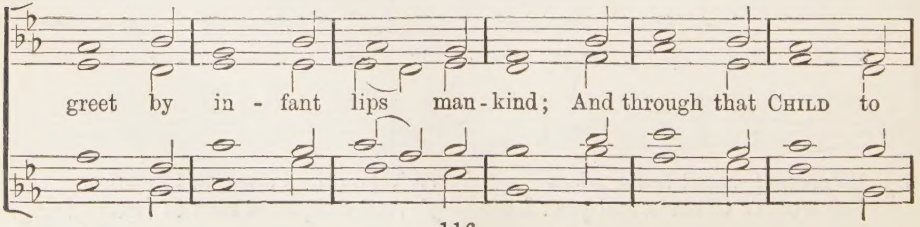


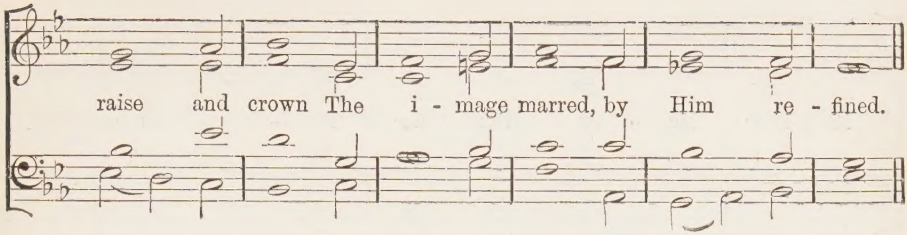




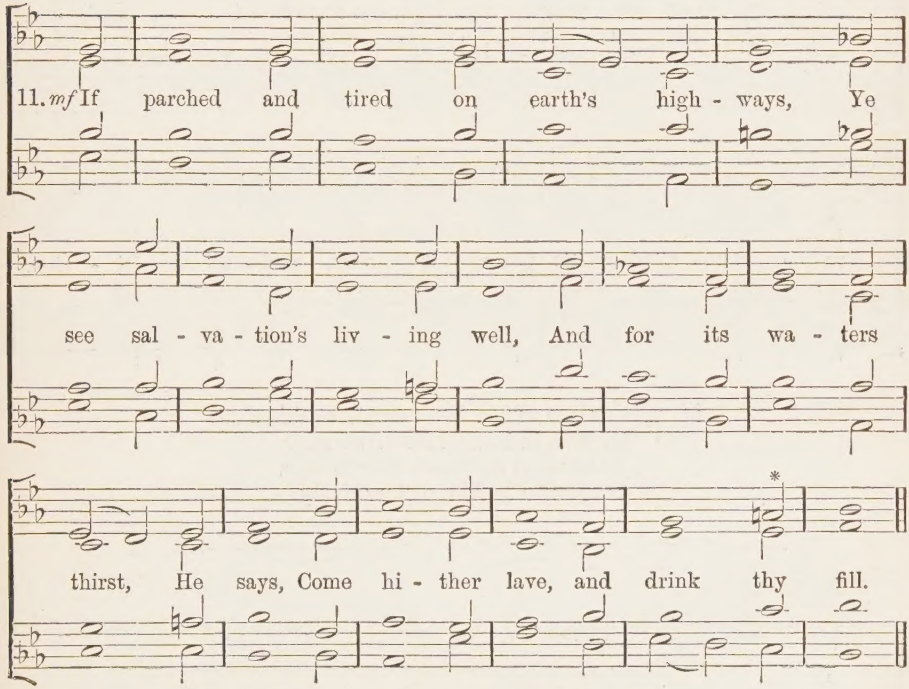
8. *mf* Come, shepherds, leave your flocks awhile,
dim With flute and pipe your homage pay
On bended knee—(*cr*) to reconcile
f Mankind with GOD He comes to-day.





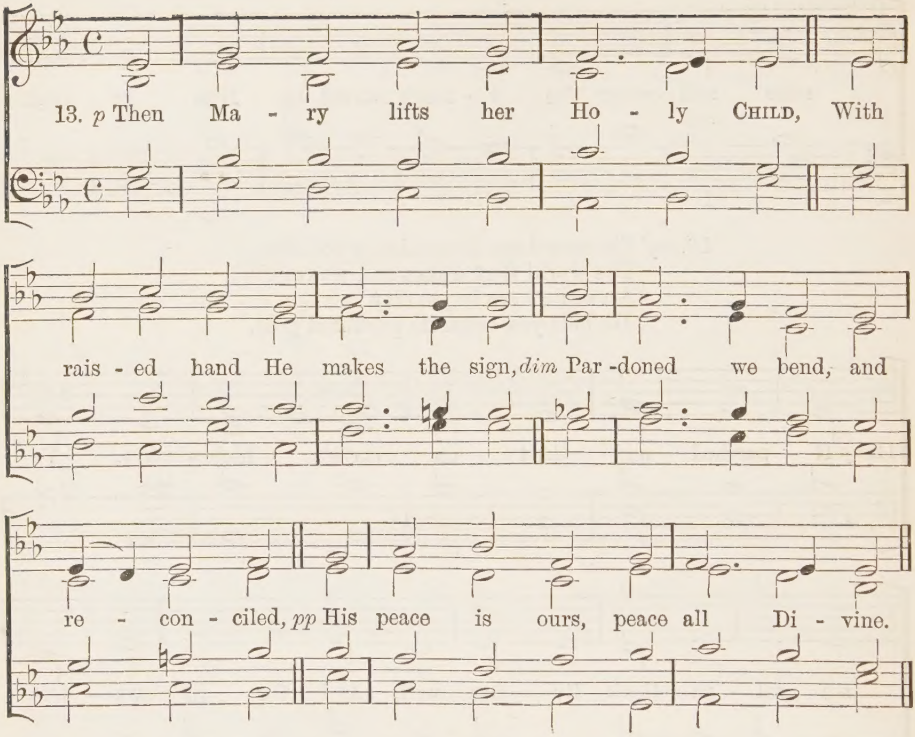


10. *mf* The new-born God exhorts you flee
The world that wanes and waxes old;
An exile here in poverty
He bids you scorn its proffered gold.

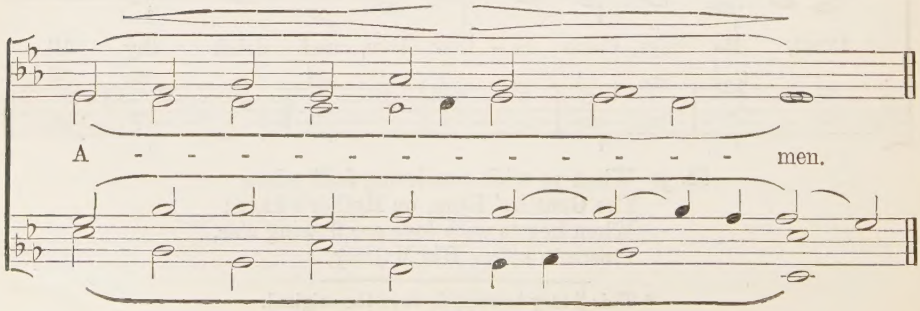
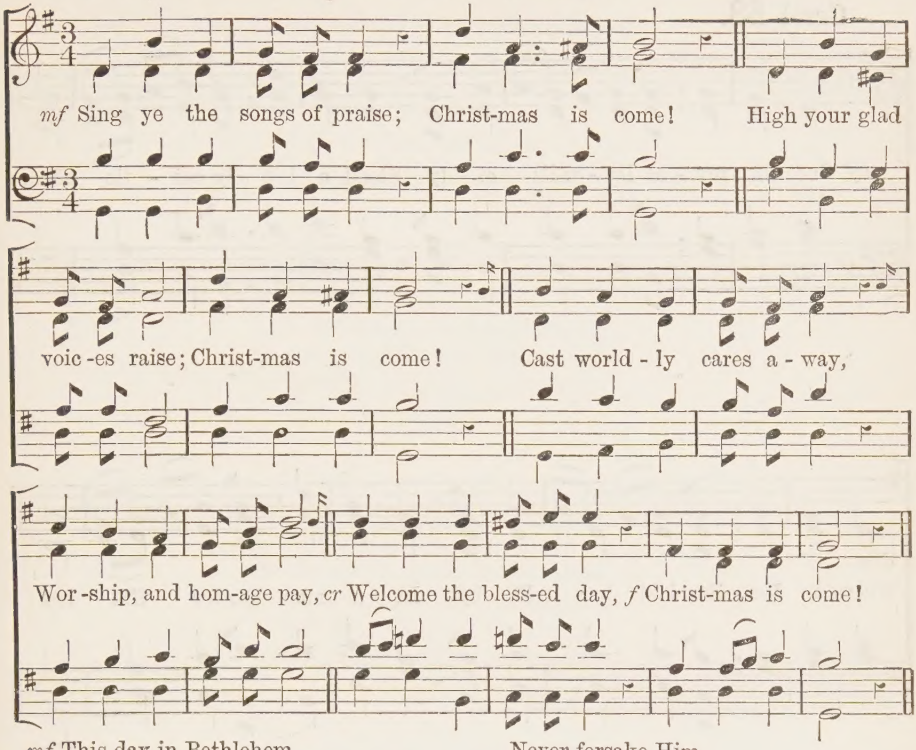

11. *mf* If parched and tired on earth's high - ways, Ye
see sal - va - tion's liv - ing well, And for its wa - ters
thirst, He says, Come hi - ther lave, and drink thy fill.

12. *p* When ye with wondering faith adore
The Gentiles' King, on Mother's knee;
When hearts with love are flowing o'er,
Prostrate before His Majesty,

* This ♮ may be sung ♭, as in the original.


13. p Then Ma - ry lifts her Ho - ly Child, With
rais - ed hand He makes the sign, dim Par - doned we bend, and
re - con - ciled, pp His peace is ours, peace all Di - vine.

14. *mf* Creator, Thou Who sought'st this place
Of woe, in human form, we pray
Make us to see Thee, face to face,
Enthroned in Thine eternal day.



mf Sing ye the songs of praise; Christ-mas is come! High your glad
voic-es raise; Christ-mas is come! Cast world-ly cares a-way,
Wor-ship, and hom-age pay, cr Welcome the bless-ed day, f Christ-mas is come!

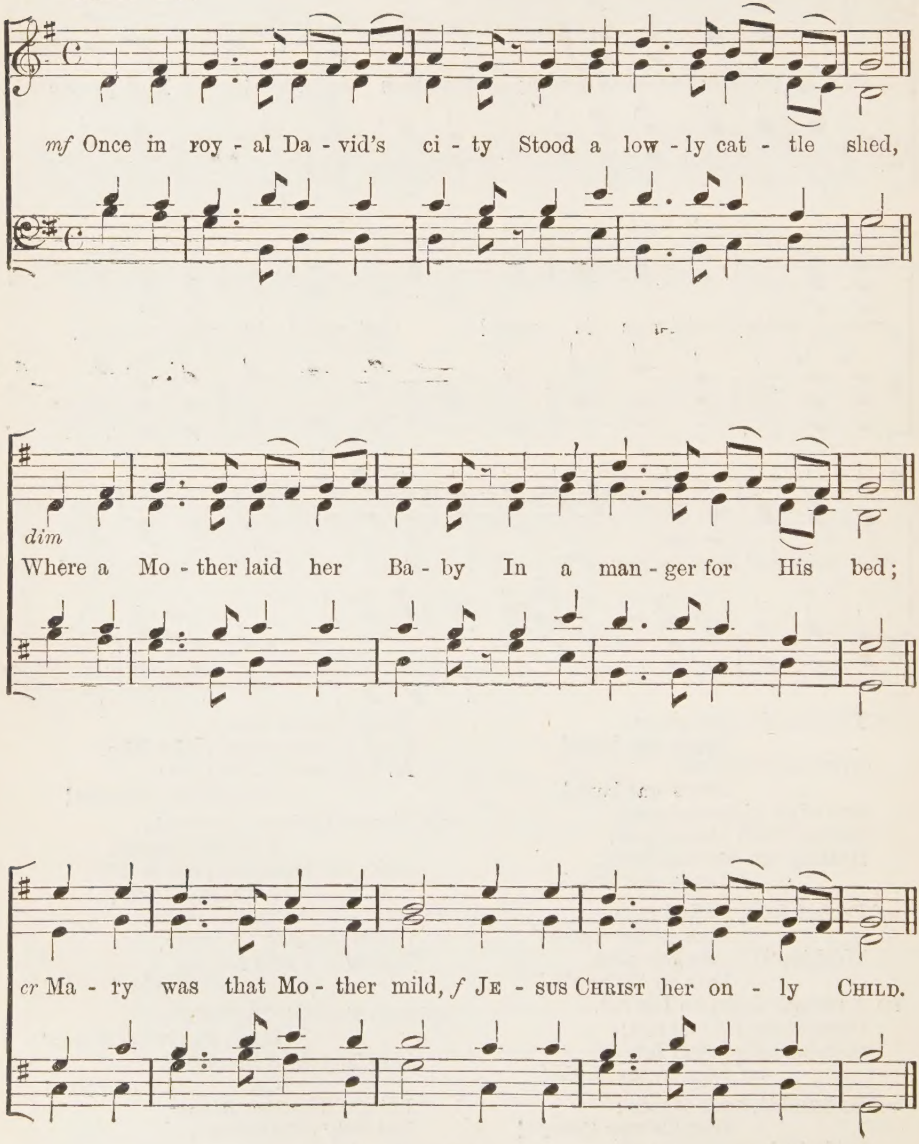
mf This day in Bethlehem
JESUS was born!
KING of Jerusalem,
JESUS was born!
SUN of all righteousness,
Shining with blessedness,
Healing our wretchedness,
f JESUS was born!

mf Perfect GOD, perfect man,
Born in the world!
Working His gracious plan,
Born in the world!
lim A manger must be His cot,
Other room He had not;
Such was His lowly lot,
mf Born in the world!

mf Be humble, sons of men;
Humble was CHRIST!
Pride ill becomes you when
Humble was CHRIST!
Never forsake Him,
Your righteousness make Him,
As best model take Him;
Humble was CHRIST!

mf Cleanse us from all our sin,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Make our thoughts pure within,
SAVIOUR Divine!
cr Lo! now the herald sound
Carols the love profound,
Telling of JESUS found,
f SAVIOUR Divine!

mf Save through Thy merit,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Give Thy good SPIRIT,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Let not Thy love depart,
But holy gifts impart,
Born into every heart,
p Great PRINCE of Peace!

Carol 58.

mf Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
dim
Where a Mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;
cr Ma - ry was that Mo - ther mild, f Je - sus Christ her on - ly Child.

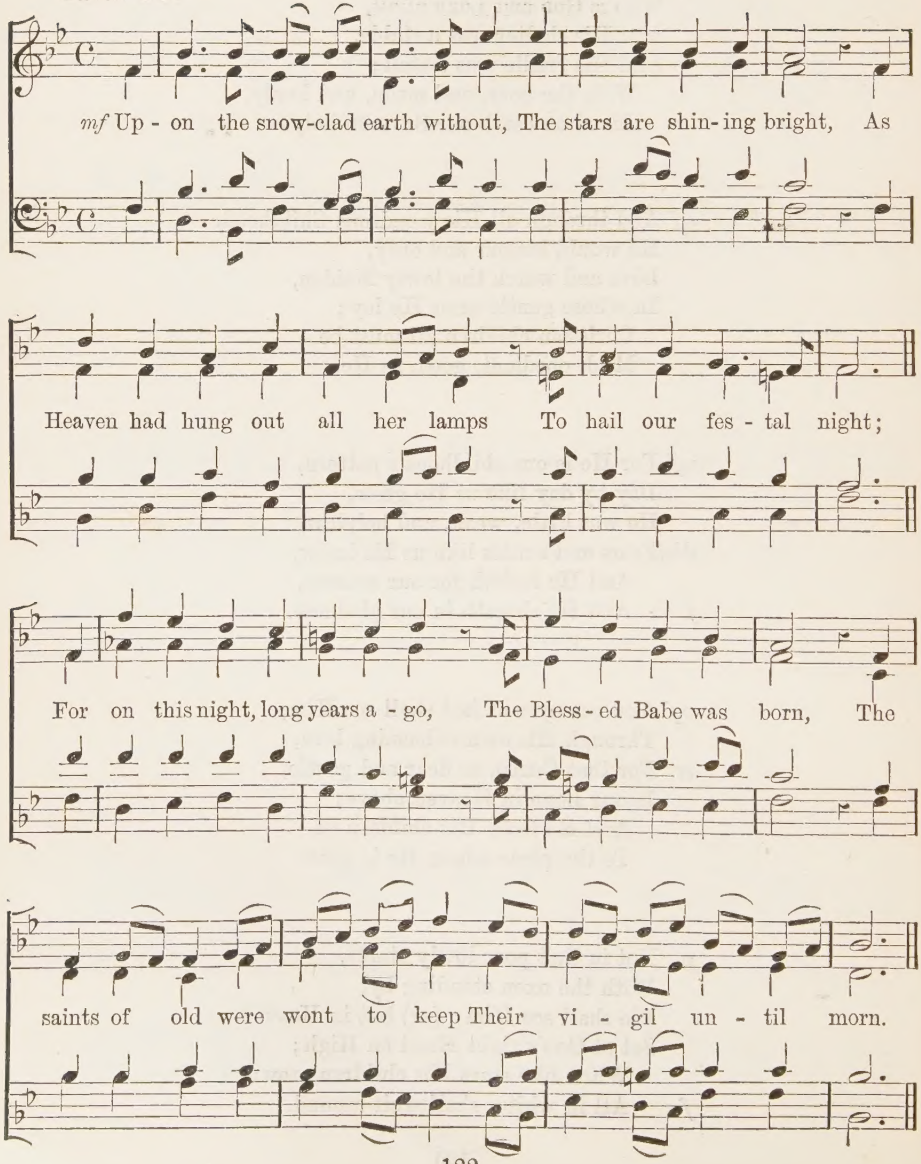
p He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

mf And through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good, as He.

mf For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
dim Fears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
f And He shareth in our gladness.

mf And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
cr For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone

p Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; (*cr*) but in Heaven,
Set at God's right Hand on High;
When like stars His children crowned,
f All in white, shall wait around.

Carol 59.

mf Up - on the snow-clad earth without, The stars are shin- ing bright, As
Heaven had hung out all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night;
For on this night, long years a - go, The Bless - ed Babe was born, The
saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gil un - til morn.

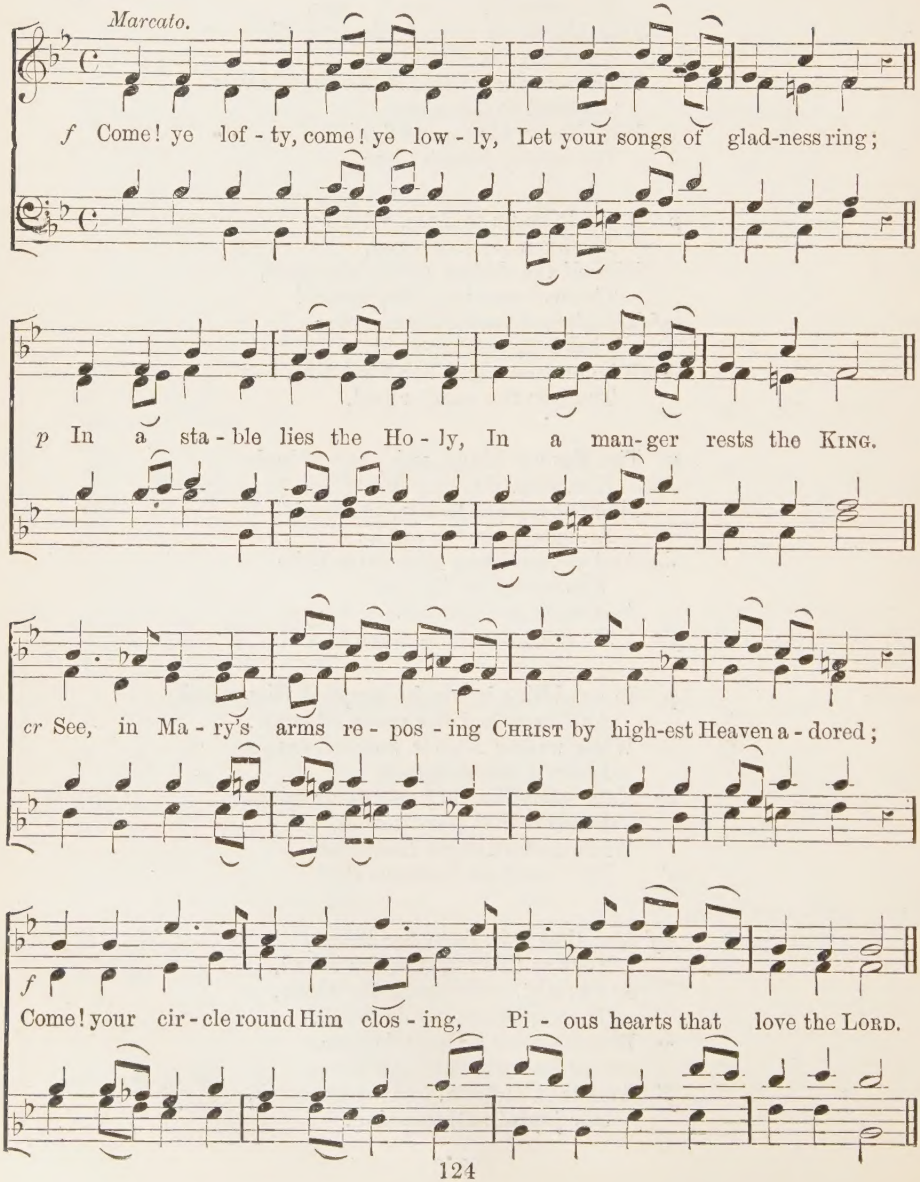
mf 'Twas in the days when far and wide
Men owned the Cæsar's sway,
That his decree went forth, that all
A certain tax should pay.
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale
Obedient to the same,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
The saintly Joseph came.

p A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
mf Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother-maid,
dim Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

p The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very Birth,
Had not a place to lay His Head,
An outcast in the earth:
dim And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
pp He felt the cold as much!

p In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
cr How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern Sages from afar
f The new-born radiance led!

mf And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
cr Because to us a Child is born,
Our Brother, and our King,
ff Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

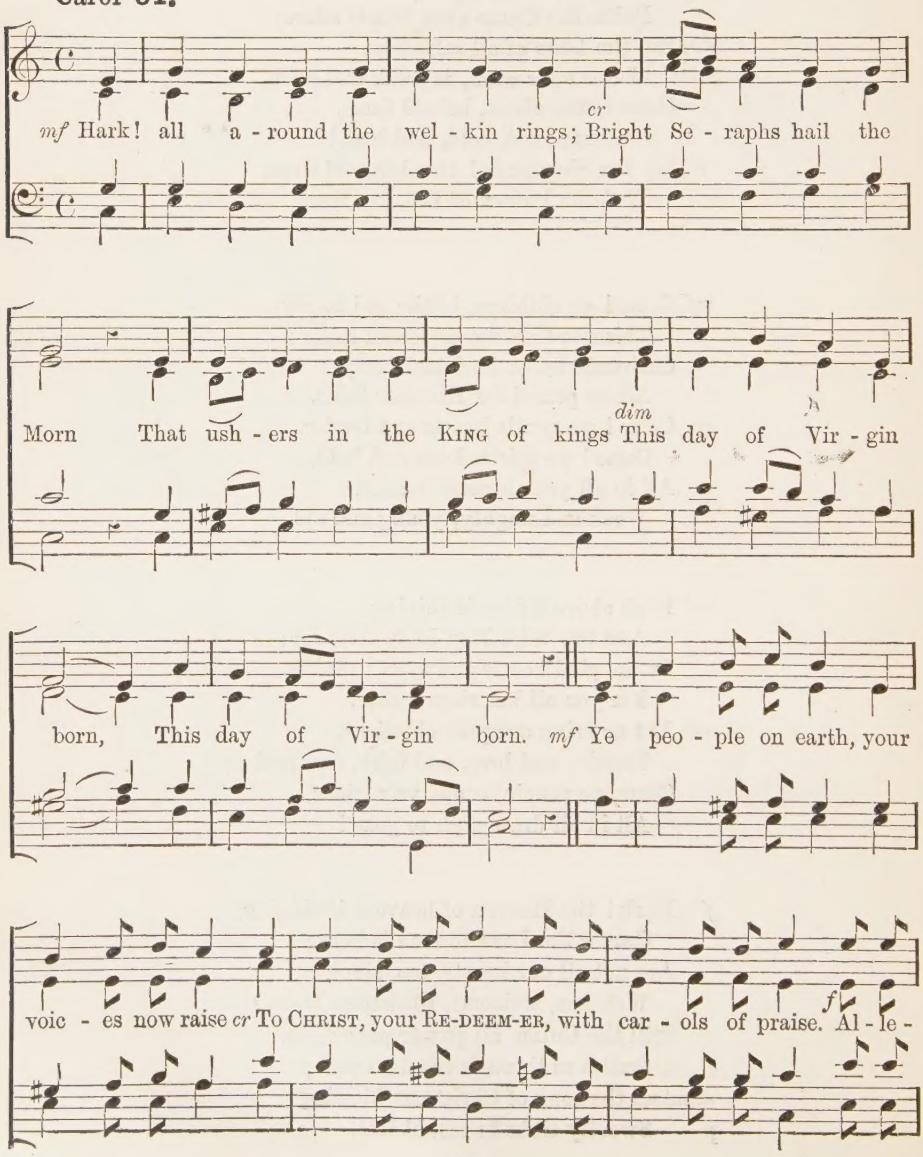
Carol 60.

Marcato.
f Come! ye lof - ty, come! ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring;
p In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man-ger rests the KING.
cr See, in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing CHRIST by high-est Heaven a - dored;
f Come! your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the LORD.

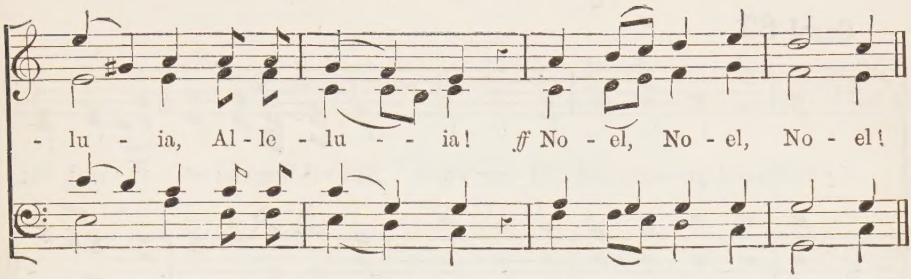
mf Come! ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the CHILD your hearts adore;
dim He, the LORD of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor.
p Oxen round about, behold them,
Rafters naked, cold, and bare!
cr See the Shepherds! GOD has told them
That the PRINCE of Life lies there.

mf Come! ye children, blithe and merry,
This one CHILD your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear Sake.
cr Come! ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come! ye spirits keen and bold,
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

mf High above a Star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts and spirits pining,
For you all has risen a Star.
cr Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze!

f Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
CHRIST the LORD to man is born;
Are not all our hearts, too, singing
Welcome, welcome, Christmas Morn?
Still the CHILD, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
dim And the song of Christmas blessing
p Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

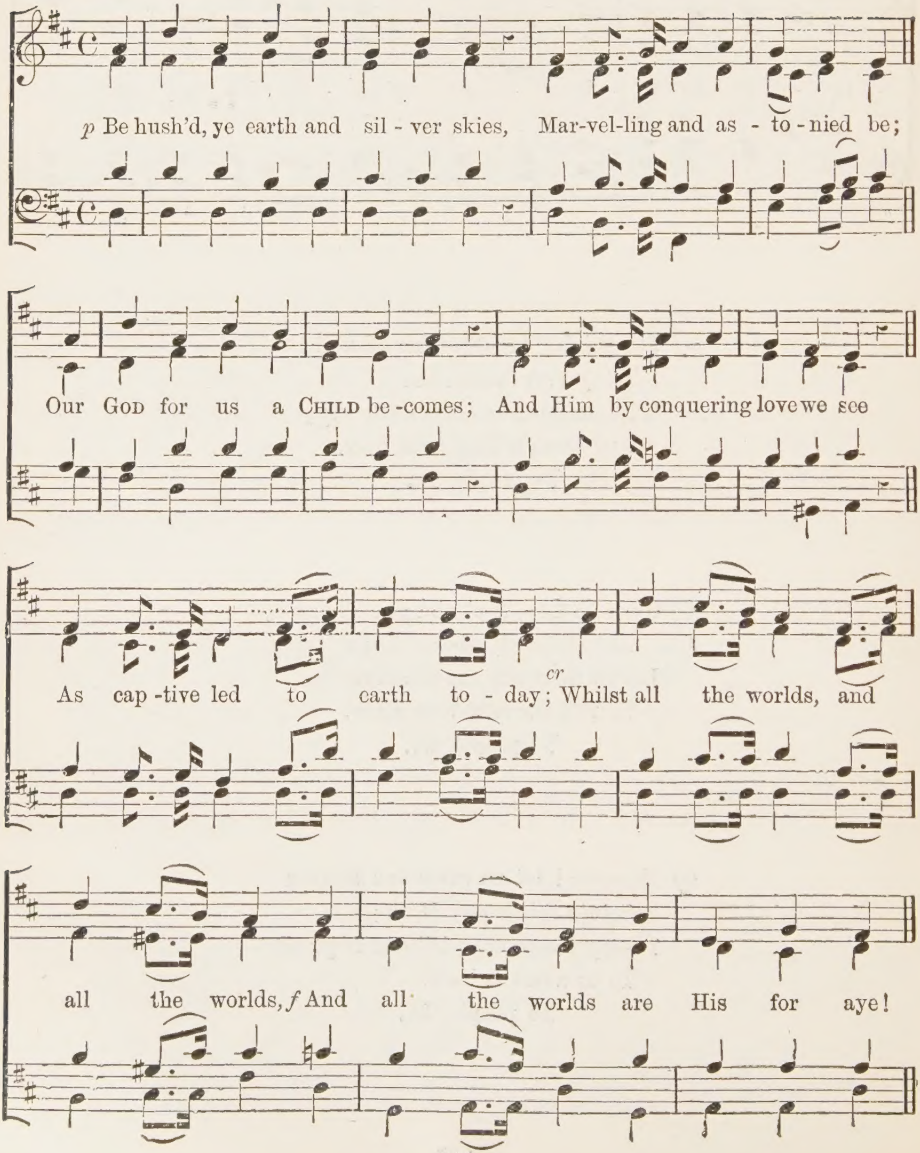
Carol 61.

mf Hark! all a - round the wel - kin rings; cr Bright Se - raphs hail the
Morn That ush - ers in the King of kings dim This day of Vir - gin
born, This day of Vir - gin born. mf Ye peo - ple on earth, your
voic - es now raise cr To Christ, your Re-deem-er, with car - ols of praise. f Al - le -



mf The shining heralds from on high
The joyful tidings bear,
With acclamations down the sky;
And humble shepherds hear.
Ye people, &c.

f Glory to God, (*pp*) and peace to men,
f The Heavenly chorus sing;
Let earth repeat the sound again,
To hail the new-born King.
Ye people, &c.

mf Hosanna! let all earth and Heaven
Salute this happy Morn;
To-day the promised Child is given,
To us a Son is born.
Ye people, &c.

Carol 62.

p Be hush'd, ye earth and sil - ver skies, Mar-vel-ling and as - to - nied be;
Our God for us a Child be-comes; And Him by conquering love we see
cr
As cap-tive led to earth to - day; Whilst all the worlds, and
all the worlds, f And all the worlds are His for aye!

p At midnight, from a Virgin's womb,
JESUS, our BROTHER evermore,
cr Cometh, like bright and Morning Star,
His kindling rays o'er earth to pour.
But who could credit this, to-day,
f That all the worlds, and all the worlds,
And all the worlds are His for aye?

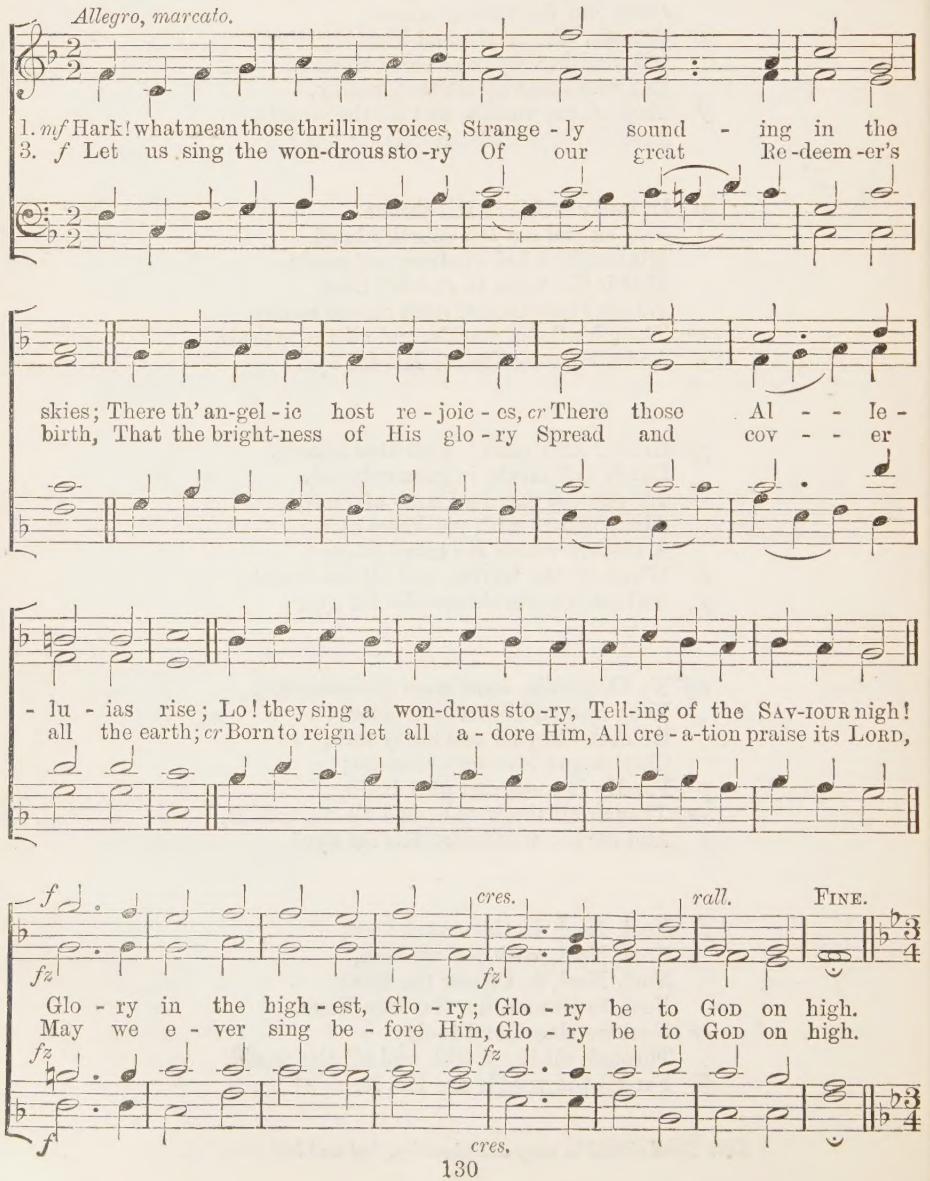
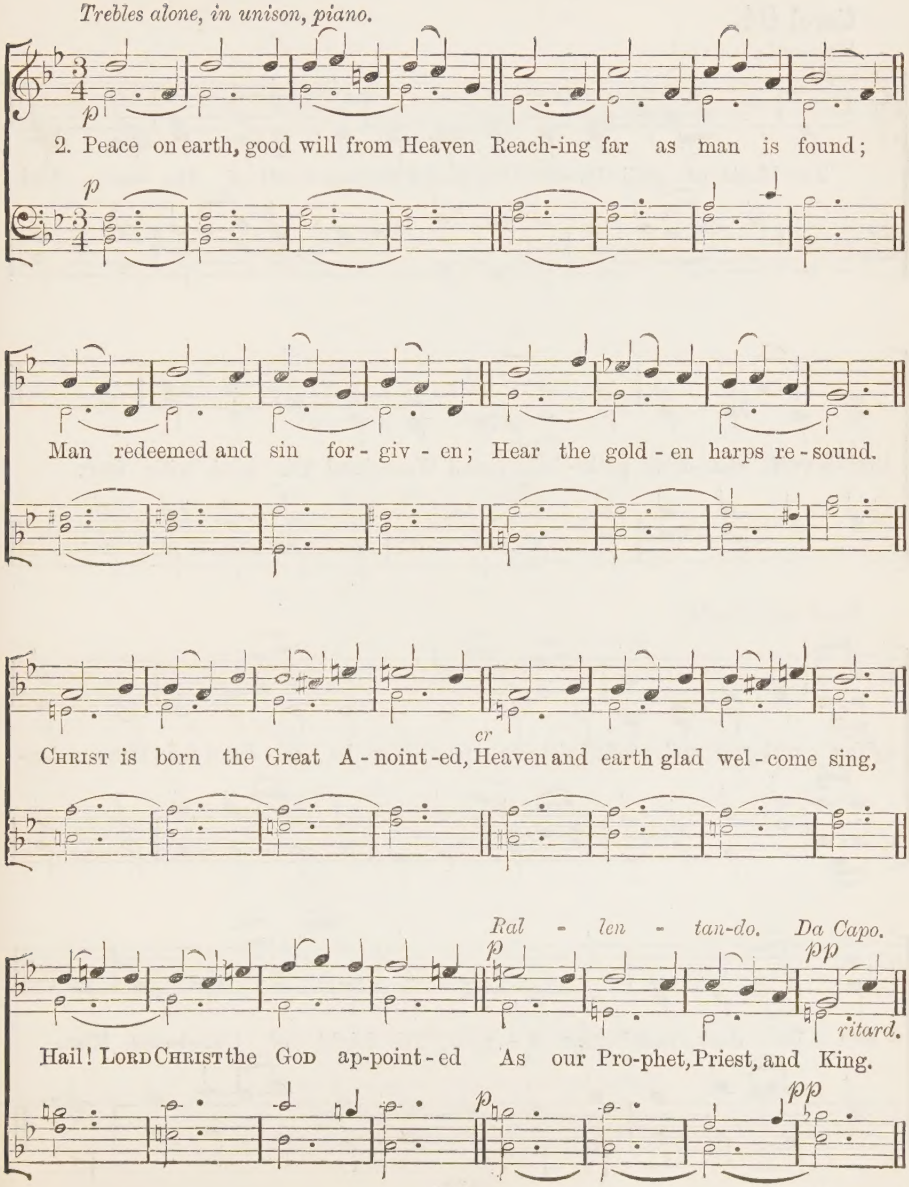
p In lowly stable is His throne,
And ox and ass His courtier band,
His couch, a bed of straw and reed;
This is the home in Judah's land,
Which JESUS CHRIST doth choose to-day,
cr Though all the worlds, and all the worlds
f And all the worlds are His for aye.

pp Hence, lofty pride! your GOD behold,
Lowly and meek, in garments sad,
Th' Eternal made a CHILD of Time,
Almightiness with weakness clad,
A vesture which He takes to-day;
cr While all the worlds, and all the worlds,
f And all the worlds are His for aye.

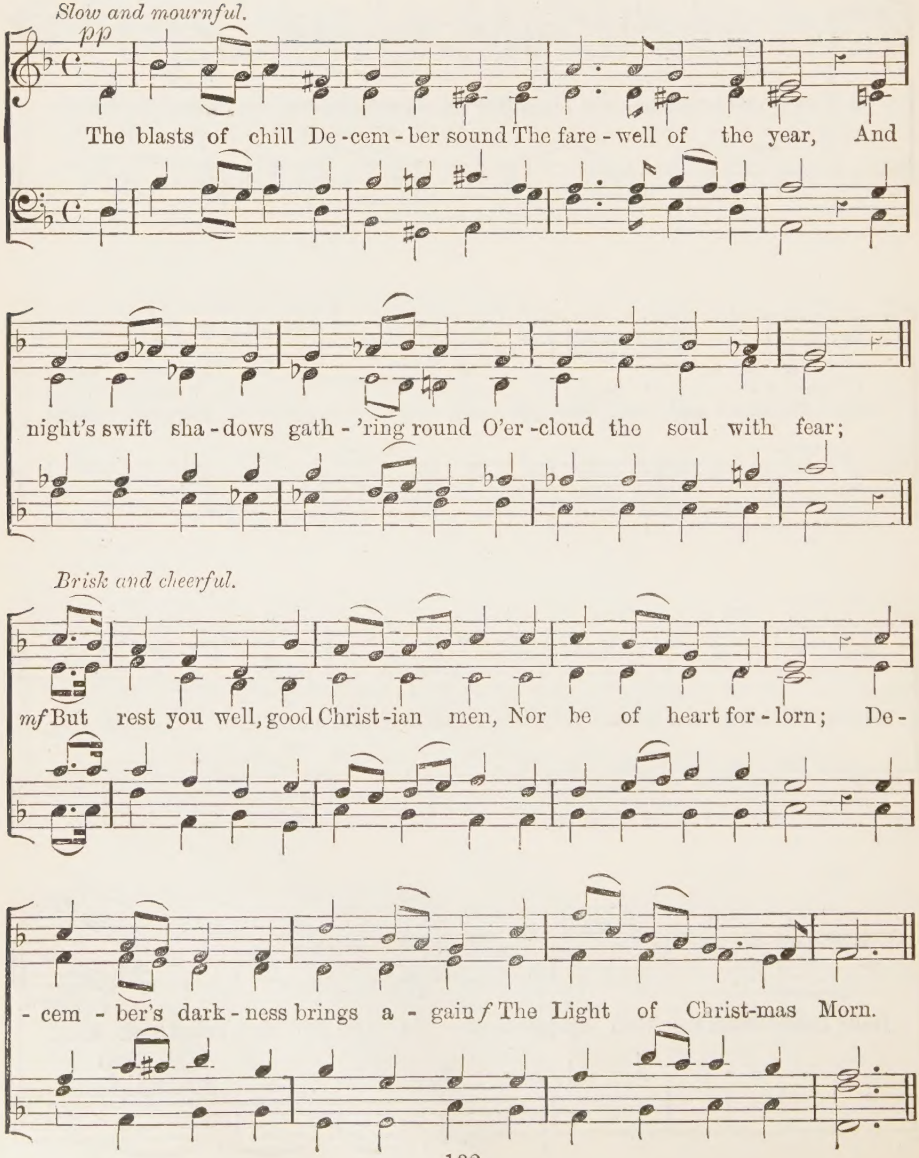
mf Ye Shepherds, come with gladsome step,
Your GOD and SAVIOUR to adore;
He doth the poor and lowly seek,
Cherish and love for evermore;
p For He is weak and poor to-day,
cr Though all the worlds, and all the worlds,
f And all the worlds are His for aye!

f Noel, Noel, in this sweet feast,
Noel, Noel, with joy we sing,
Noel, Noel, to CHRIST the LORD,
Noel, to CHRIST, our SAVIOUR KING.
cr Noel we sing aloud to-day
Through all the world, and all the world,
ff For all the worlds are His for aye!

This Carol should be sung antiphonally, first and last verse full.

Carol 63.

Allegro, marcato.
1. mf Hark! what mean those thrilling voices, Strange - ly sound - ing in the
3. f Let us sing the won-drous sto-ry Of our great Re-deem-er's
skies; There th' an-gel-ic host re-joic-es, cr There those Al - - le-
birth, That the bright-ness of His glo-ry Spread and cov - - er
- lu - ias rise; Lo! they sing a won-drous sto-ry, Tell-ing of the Sav-iour nigh!
all the earth; cr Born to reign let all a - dore Him, All cre-a-tion praise its Lord,
f
cres.
rall.
Fine.
fz
Glo - ry in the high-est, Glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God on high.
May we e - ver sing be - fore Him, Glo - ry be to God on high.
cres.

Trebles alone, in unison, piano.
p
2. Peace on earth, good will from Heaven Reach-ing far as man is found;
p
Man redeemed and sin for-giv-en; Hear the gold-en harps re-sound.
cr
Christ is born the Great A-noint-ed, Heaven and earth glad wel-come sing,
Ral - len - tan-do.
Da Capo.
p
pp
ritard.
Hail! Lord Christ the God ap-point-ed As our Pro-phet, Priest, and King.
p
pp

Carol 64.


Slow and mournful.
pp
The blasts of chill De-cem-ber sound The fare-well of the year, And
night's swift sha-dows gath-'ring round O'er-cloud the soul with fear;
Brisk and cheerful.
mf But rest you well, good Christ-ian men, Nor be of heart for-lorn; De-
-cem-ber's dark-ness brings a-gain f The Light of Christ-mas Morn.

mf The welcome snow at Christmas-tyde
Falls shining from the skies:
On village paths and uplands wide
All holy-white it lies;
cr It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
And glitters on the thorn;
But purer is the Light that shines
f On gladsome Christmas Morn.

p At Christmas-tyde the gracious moon
Keeps vigil while we sleep,
And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon,
On vale and mountain-steep:
O'er all the slumbering land descends
Her radiancy unshorn;
cr But brighter is the Light, good friends,
f That shines on Christmas Morn.

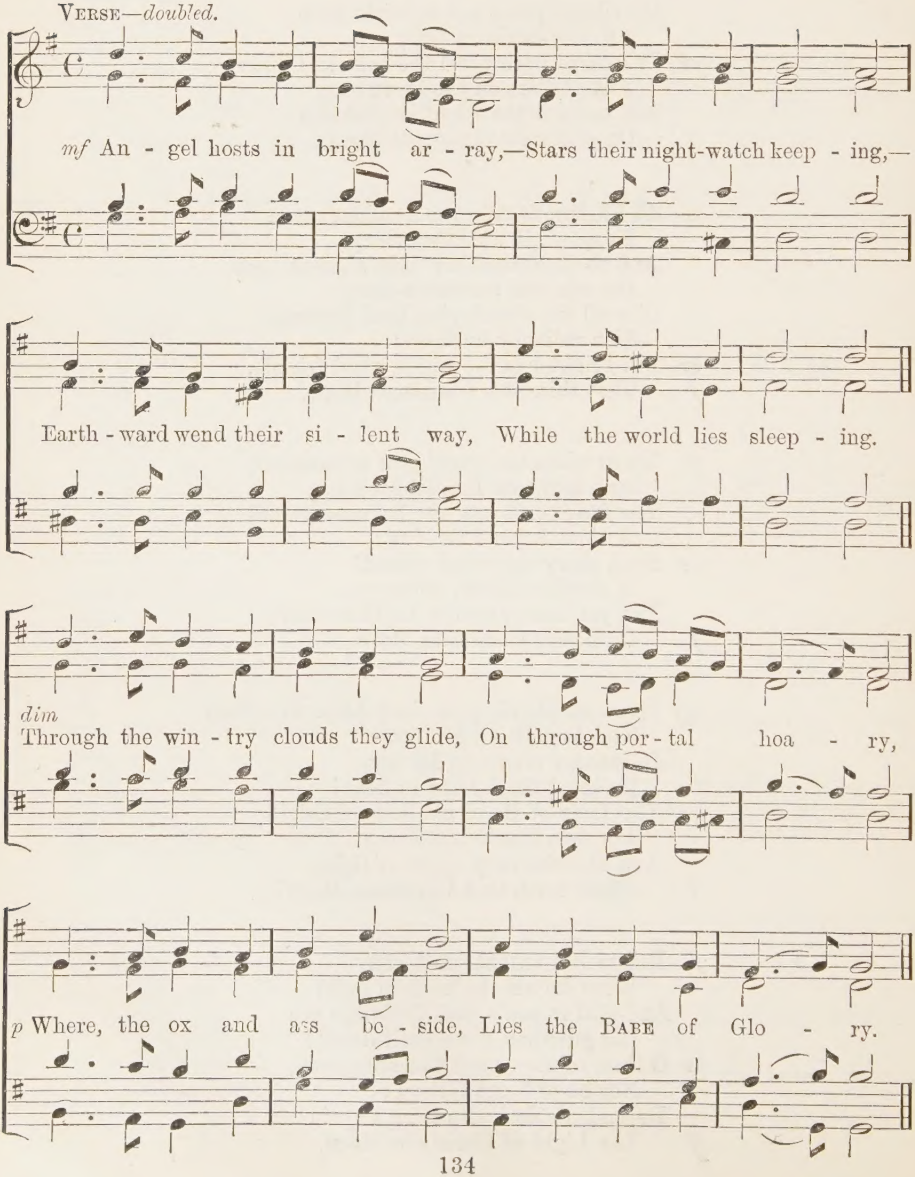
p 'Twas when the world was waxing old,
And night on Bethlehem lay,
The Shepherds saw the heavens unfold
A light beyond the day;
cr Such glory ne'er had visited
A world with sin outworn;
But yet more glorious Light is shed
f On happy Christmas Morn.

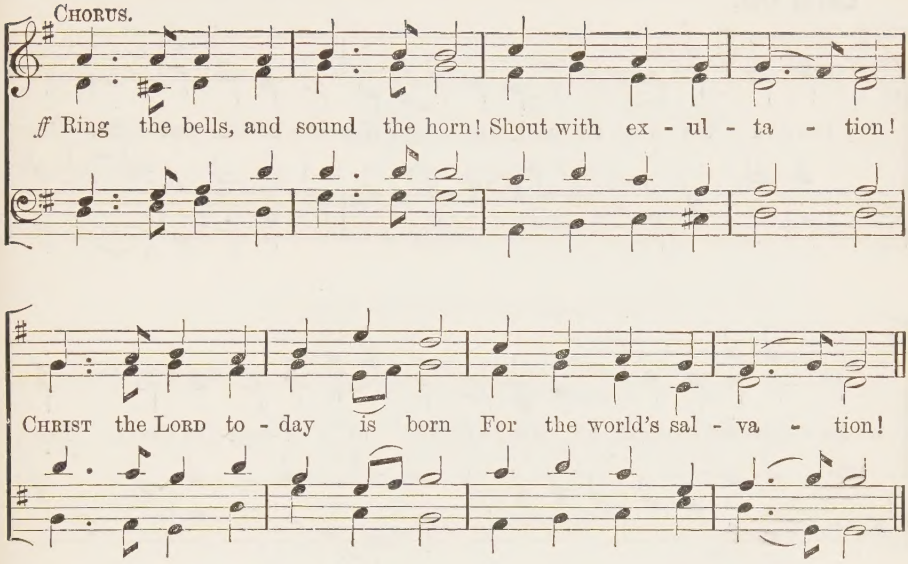
mf Those shepherds poor, how blest were they
The Angels' song to hear!
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their LORD so dear!
cr The LORD of Heaven's Eternal height
For us a CHILD was born;
And He, the very Light of light,
f Shone forth that Christmas Morn!

f Before His Infant smile afar,
Were driven the hosts of hell;
And still in souls that Childlike are
His guardian Love shall dwell:
cr O then rejoice, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn;
December's darkness brings again
ff The Light of Christmas Morn.

Carol 65.

VERSE—*doubled.*


mf An - gel hosts in bright ar - ray,—Stars their night-watch keep - ing,—
Earth - ward wend their si - lent way, While the world lies sleep - ing.
dim
Through the win - try clouds they glide, On through por - tal hoa - ry,
p Where, the ox and ass be - side, Lies the BABE of Glo - ry.

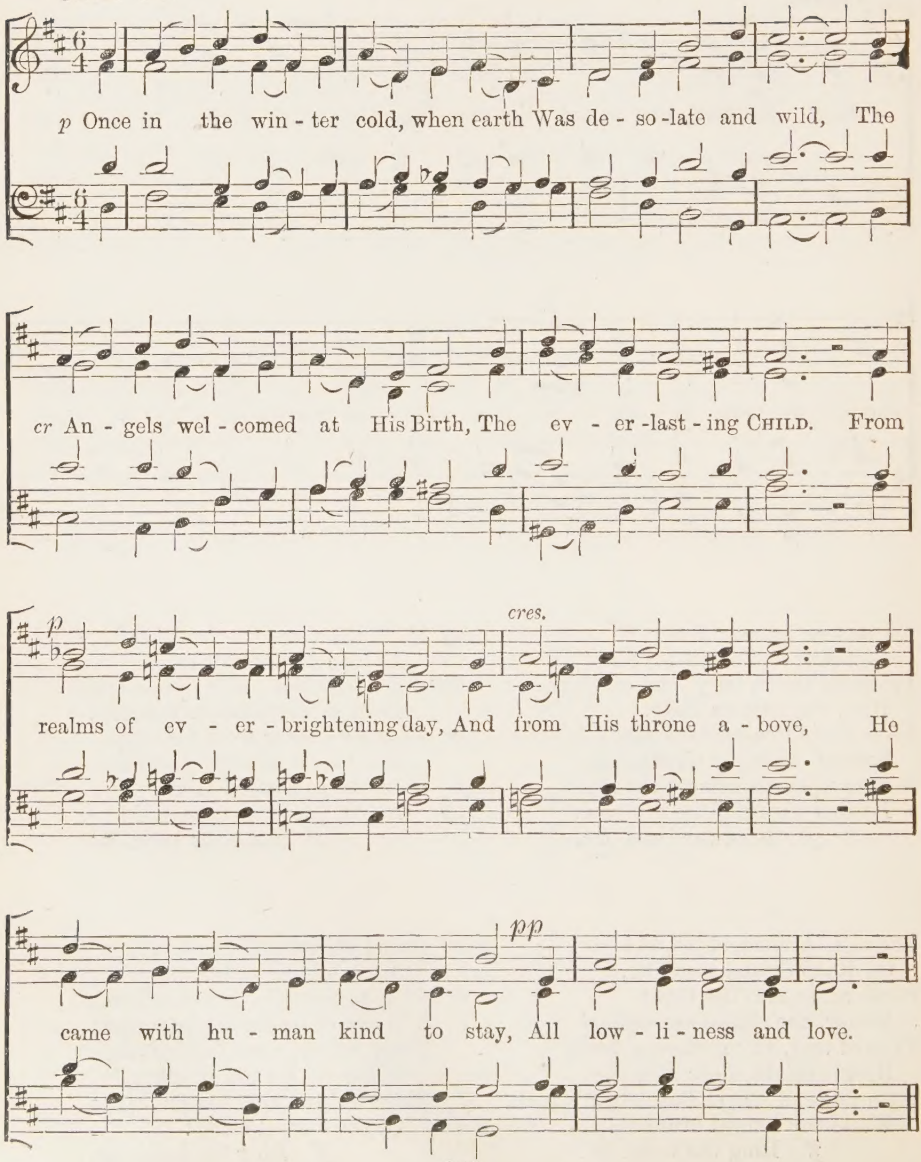


pp All unseen by mortal eye,
Reverent and lowly;
Prostrate there, they laud on High
Him, the Infant Holy.
cr From their lips celestial rise
Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
Strains upborne beyond the skies,
Hymns with rapture glowing.
ff Ring the bells, &c.

mf Hark the news the Angel tells:—
Lo! an Infant Stranger
dim God's dear Son among you dwells,
Born in Bethlehem's manger!
cr Bursts a chorus from the sky,
Loud from Heaven's portal:—
f Glory be to God on High,
pp Peace, goodwill to mortal!
ff Ring the bells, &c.

mf Raphäel, Archangel bright!
On thine errand wending,
Forth again into the night
Mount, the clouds ascending!
Take of that, thy glittering train,
Hosts of light, dear Angel!
dim Then descend where Bethlehem's plain
Waits thy longed evangel!
ff Ring the bells, &c.

mf Angel spirits earthward led,
With a hope endearing,
cr First to worship, first to spread,
News of Christ's Appearing!
Trace we out your footfalls light,
Praise we Christ in glory,
f Then waft on the tidings bright
Of the Gospel story!
ff Ring the bells, &c.

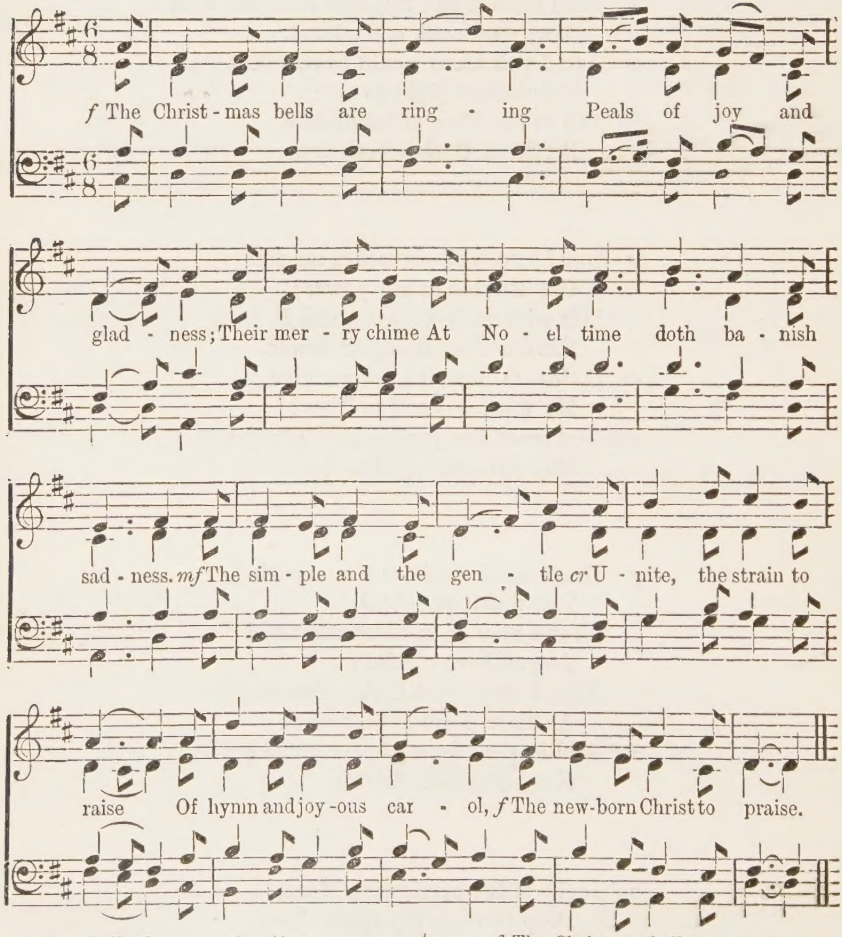
Carol 66.

p Once in the win - ter cold, when earth Was de - so - late and wild, The
cr An - gels wel - comed at His Birth, The ev - er - last - ing CHILD. From
p
cres.
realms of ev - er - brightening day, And from His throne a - bove, He
pp
came with hu - man kind to stay, All low - li - ness and love.

p Then in the manger poor, the beast
Was present with his LORD;
Then Swains and Pilgrims from the East
Saw, wondered, and adored.
cr And I this morn would come with them
This blessed sight to see;
pp And to the BABE of Bethlehem
Bend low the reverent knee.

p But I have not—it makes me sigh—
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
cr O GOD, O BROTHER, let me give
My worthless self to Thee!
dim And grant the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be.

p Grant me Thyself, O SAVIOUR kind,
Thy Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
mf And in the might of prayer and praise,
Keep ever close to GOD.

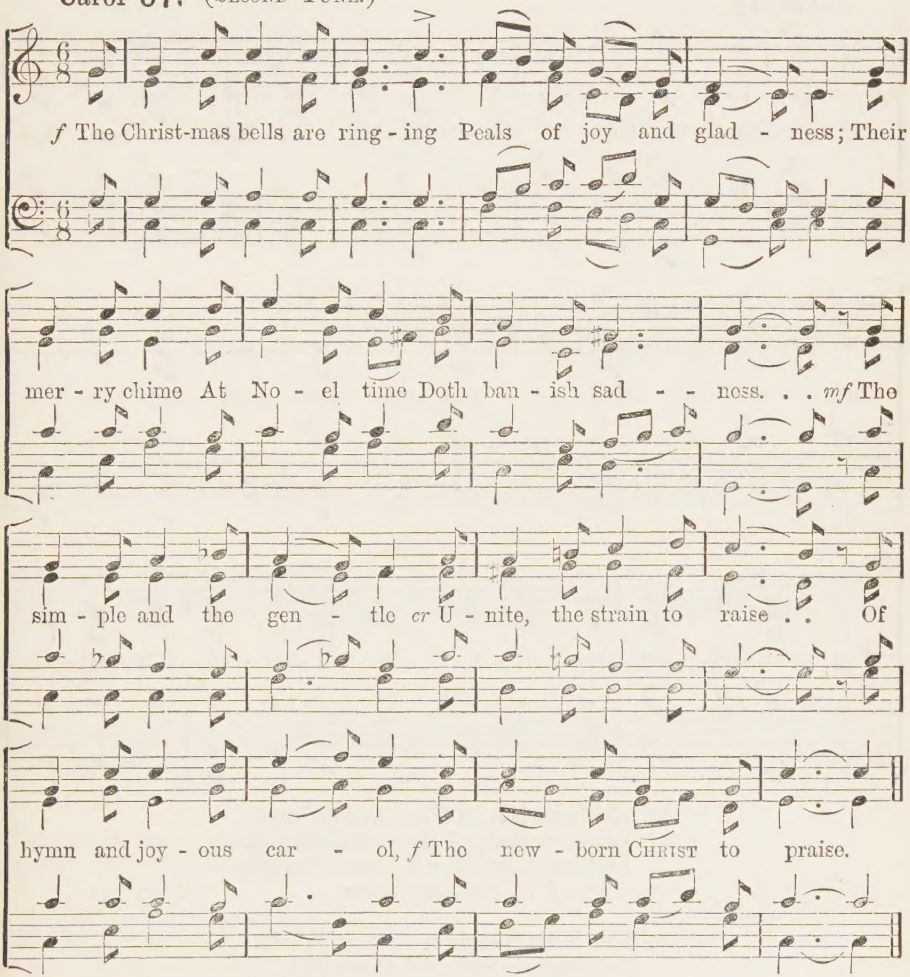
mf Light of the everlasting Morn,
Deep through my spirit shine;
There let Thy Presence newly-born,
Make all my being Thine:
There try me as the silver, try
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless Image there.

Carol 67. (First Tune.)

f The Christ - mas bells are ring - ing Peals of joy and
glad - ness; Their mer - ry chime At No - el time doth ba - nish
sad - ness. mf The sim - ple and the gen - tle cr U - nite, the strain to
raise Of hymn and joy - ous car - ol, f The new-born Christ to praise.

mf The bells they seem to utter,—
Ring away all malice,
And each base part
From every heart
In hut and palace!
cr And love ye all as brethren;
For Christ from Satan's thrall
Was born to-day to save you,
p And breathe good will to all.

f The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple;—
For Christ's dear sake,
To prayer awake,
All Christian people!
cr And joyfully your off'ring
To God's fair altar bring,
And there the Love eternal
ff Of Christ your Saviour sing!

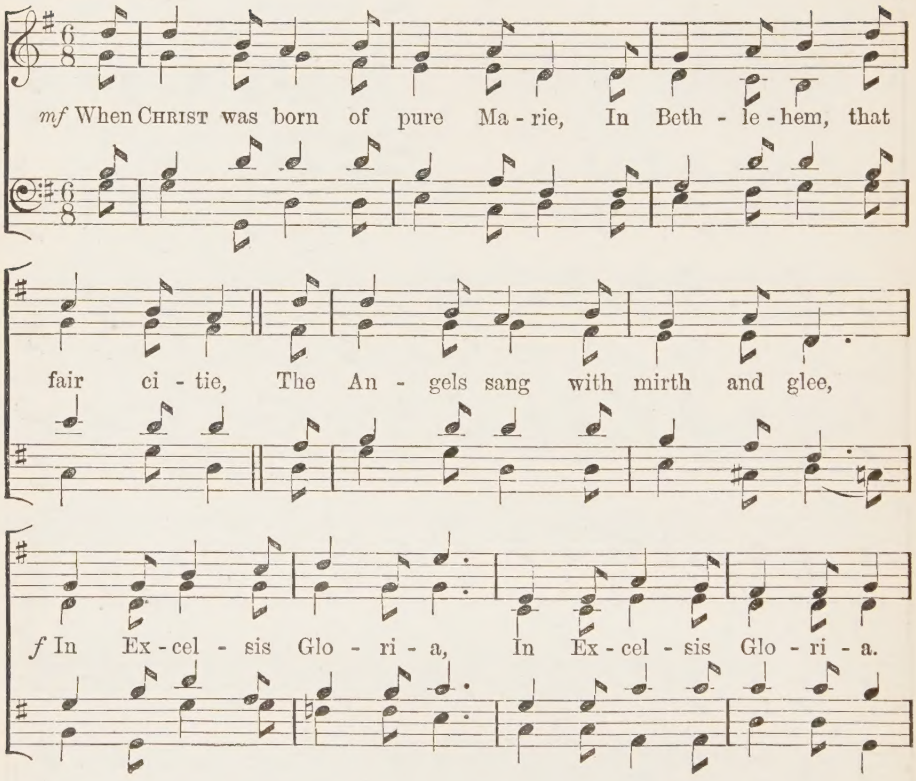
Carol 67. (Second Tune.)


f The Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Peals of joy and glad - ness; Their
mer - ry chime At No - el time Doth ban - ish sad - - ness. . . mf The
sim - ple and the gen - tle cr U - nite, the strain to raise . . Of
hymn and joy - ous car - ol, f The new - born Christ to praise.

mf The bells they seem to utter,—
Ring away all malice,
And each base part
From every heart
In hut or palace!
cr And love ye all as brethren;
For Christ from Satan's thrall
Was born to-day to save you,
p And breathe good-will to all!

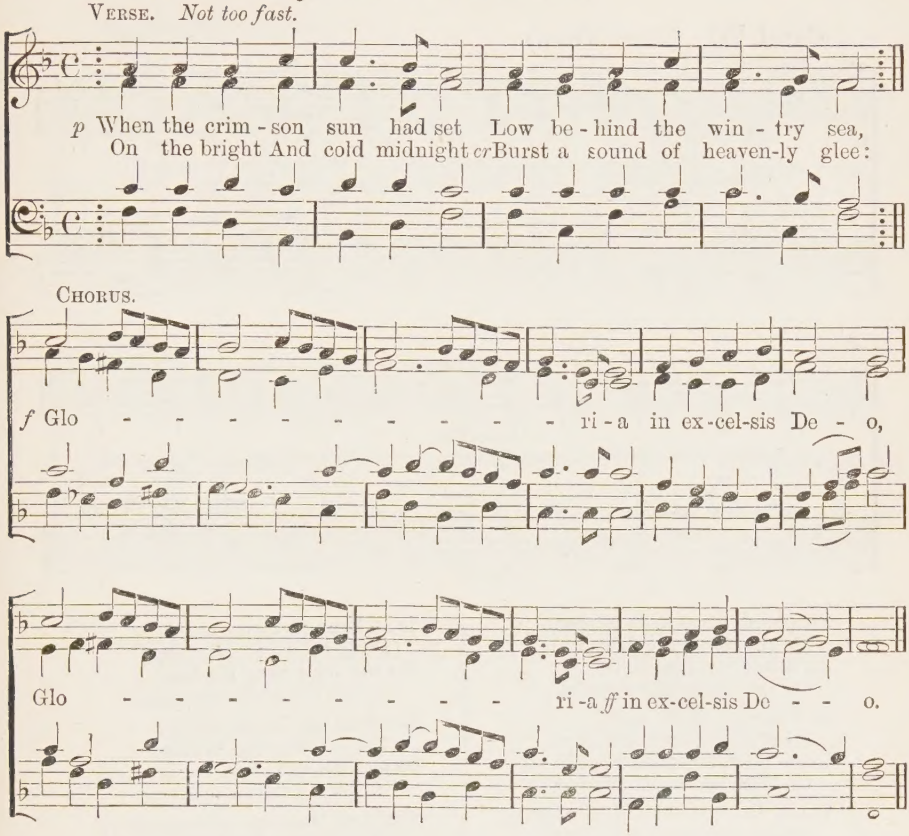
f The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple;—
For Christ's dear sake,
To prayer awake,
All Christian people!
cr And joyfully your off'ring
To God's fair Altar bring,
And there the Love Eternal
ff Of Christ your Saviour sing.

Carol 68.


mf When CHRIST was born of pure Ma - rie, In Beth - le - hem, that
fair ci - tie, The An - gels sang with mirth and glee,
f In Ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In Ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.

mf Herdmen beheld those Angels bright,
To them appeared they with great light,
And said GOD'S SON is born this night,—
f In Excelsis Gloria

mf This KING is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this Song have we in mind,—
f In Excelsis Gloria.

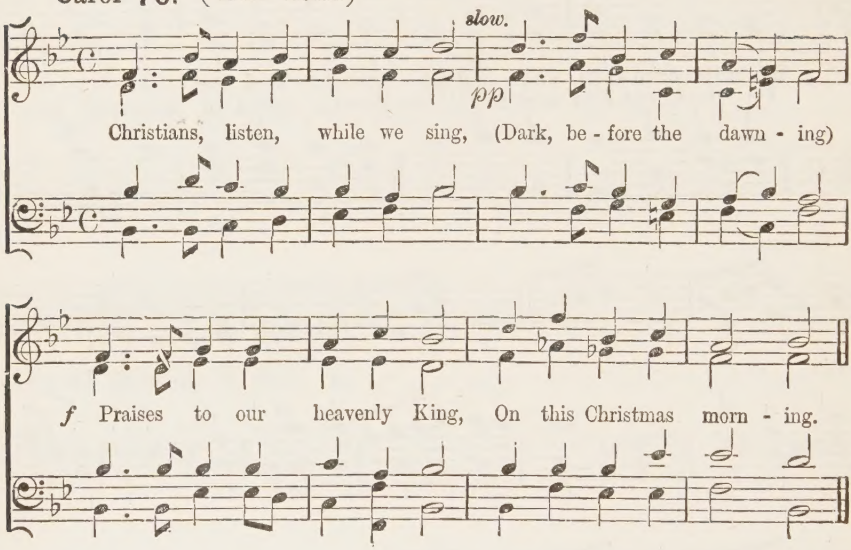
p Grant us, O LORD, for Thy great Grace,
In heaven the bliss to see Thy Face,
cr Where we may sing to Thy solace,—
f In Excelsis Gloria.

VERSE. Not too fast.
p When the crim - son sun had set Low be - hind the win - try sea,
On the bright And cold midnight cr Burst a sound of heaven-ly glee:
CHORUS.
f Glo - - - - - - - - - - ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o,
Glo - - - - - - - - - - ri - a ff in ex-cel-sis De - - o.

p Shepherds watching by their fold,
On the crisp and hoary plain,
In the sky
cr Bright Hosts espy,
Singing in a gladsome strain,
Gloria, &c.

p Where the manger crib is laid,
In the city fair and free,
Hand in hand,
This Shepherd band
pp Worship CHRIST on bended knee.
Gloria, &c.

f Join with us in welcome song,
Ye who in CHRIST'S Home abide,
Sing the Love
Of GOD above,
Shown at happy Christmas-tide.
ff Gloria, &c.

Carol 70. (First Tune.)


slow.
pp
Christians, listen, while we sing, (Dark, be - fore the dawn - ing)
f Praises to our heavenly King, On this Christmas morn - ing.

Shepherds came to Bethlehem,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As it was commanded them,
On this Christmas morning.

In a manger of the stall,
(Dark, before the dawning)
There they found the Lord of all
On this Christmas morning.

There they found the mother mild,
(Dark, before the dawning)
Gazing on her new-born Child,
On this Christmas morning.

Christian, art thou far from ill?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will make thee happier still,
On this Christmas morning.

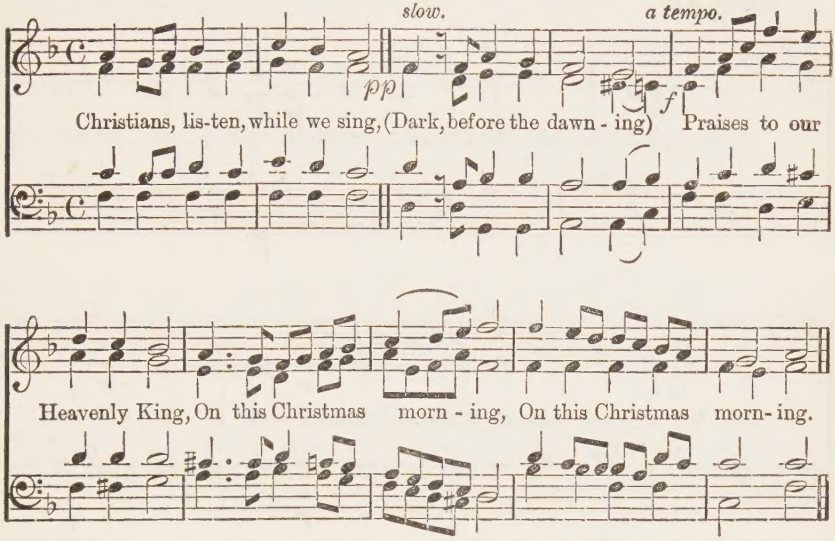
Is an hour of sorrow near?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will wipe away the tear
On this Christmas morning.

Blessings rest on all within!
(Dark, before the dawning)
Newer life, and hopes begin
On this Christmas morning.

Praise we then our Saviour King;
(Dark, before the dawning)
As the angels once did sing
On this Christmas morning:—

"Glory be to God on high,"
(Dark, before the dawning)
"Peace on earth and Charity"
On this Christmas morning.

Carol 70. (Second Tune.)


slow.
a tempo.
pp
f
Christians, lis-ten, while we sing, (Dark, before the dawn - ing) Praises to our
Heavenly King, On this Christmas morn - ing, On this Christmas morn- ing.

Shepherds came to Bethlehem,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As it was commanded them,
On this Christmas morning.

In a manger of the stall,
(Dark, before the dawning)
There they found the Lord of all
On this Christmas morning.

There they found the mother mild,
(Dark, before the dawning)
Gazing on her new-born Child,
On this Christmas morning.

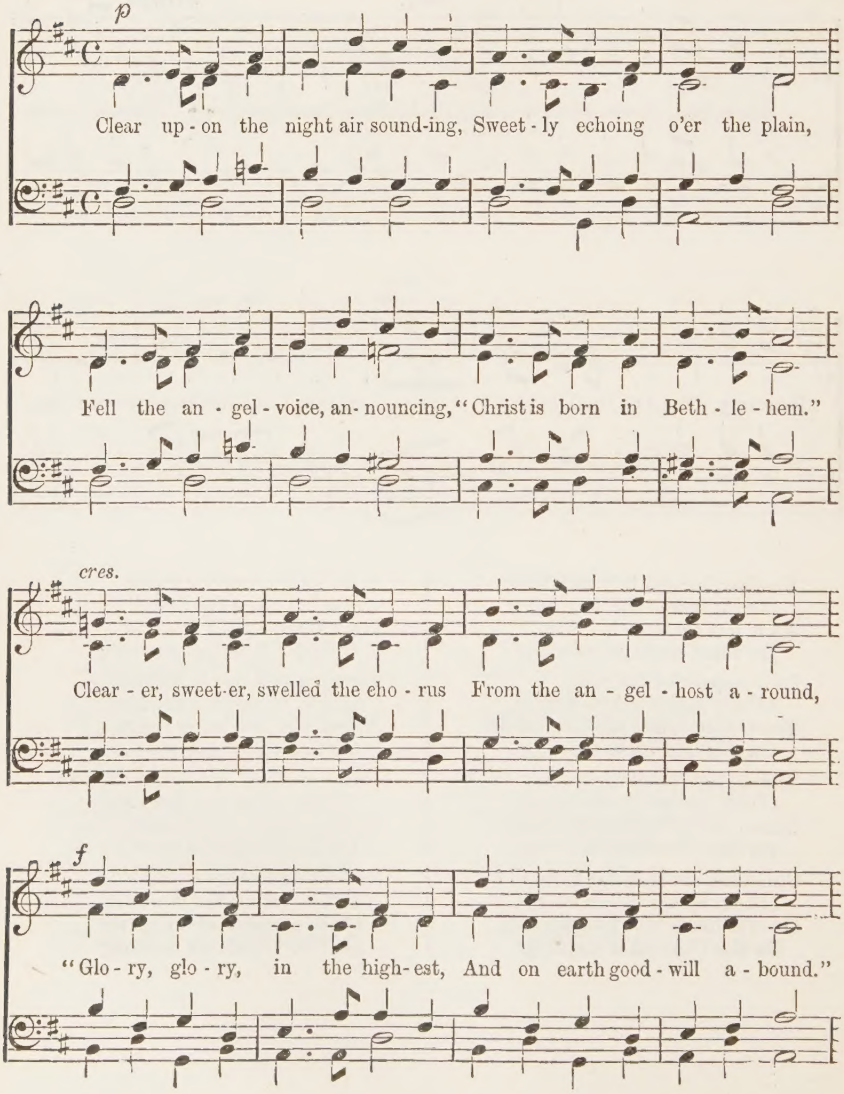
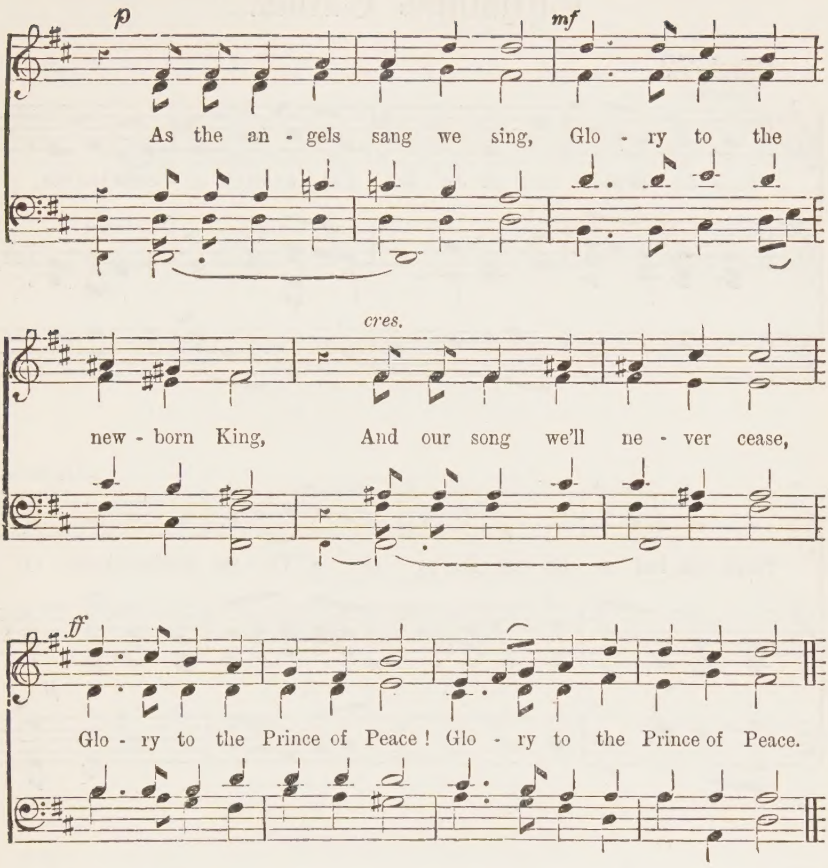
Christian, art thou far from ill?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will make thee happier still,
On this Christmas morning.

Is an hour of sorrow near?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will wipe away the tear
On this Christmas morning.

Blessings rest on all within!
(Dark, before the dawning)
Newer life, and hopes begin
On this Christmas morning.

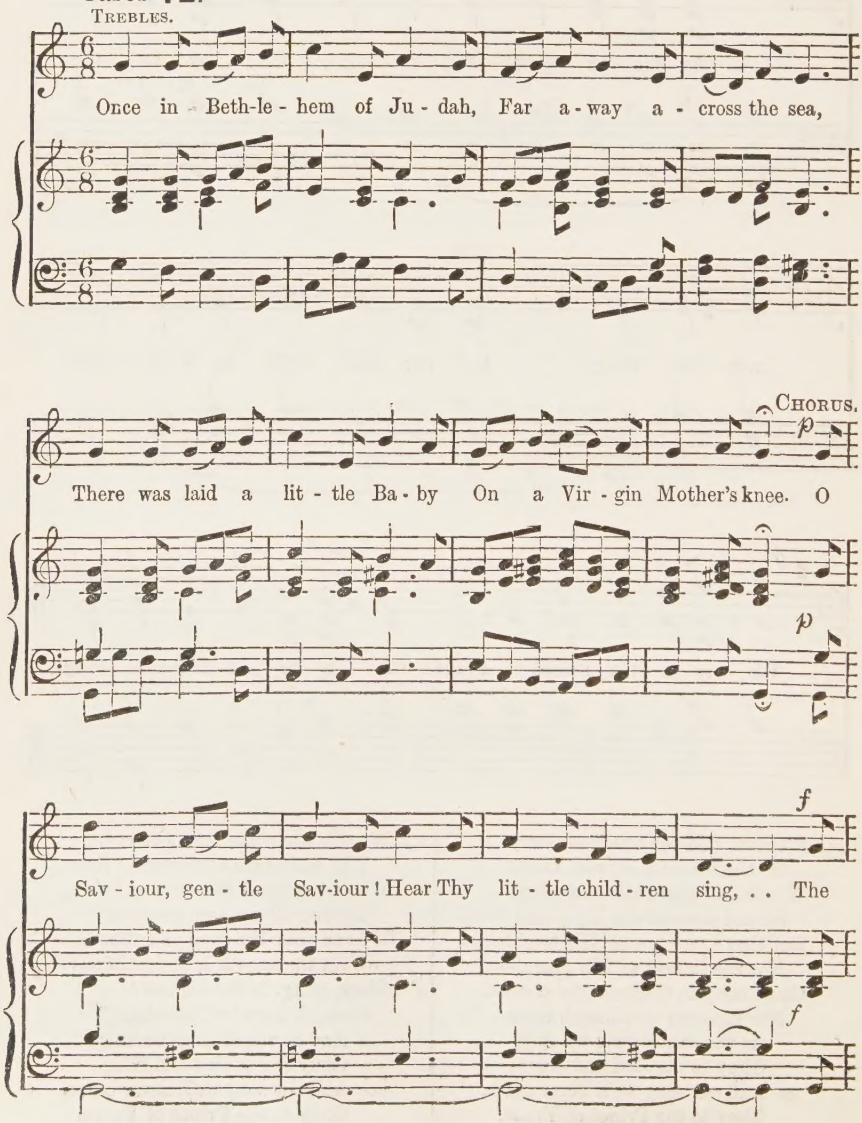
Praise we then our Saviour King;
(Dark, before the dawning)
As the angels once did sing
On this Christmas morning:—

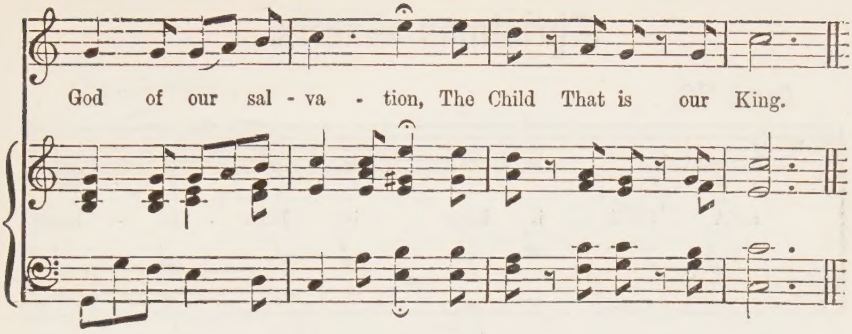
"Glory be to God on high,"
(Dark, before the dawning)
"Peace on earth and Charity"
On this Christmas morning.

Carol 71.

p
Clear up - on the night air sound-ing, Sweet - ly echoing o'er the plain,
Fell the an - gel - voice, an- nouncing, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
cres.
Clear - er, sweet-er, swelled the cho - rus From the an - gel - host a - round,
f
"Glo - ry, glo - ry, in the high-est, And on earth good - will a - bound."

p
mf
As the an - gels sang we sing, Glo - ry to the
cres.
new - born King, And our song we'll ne - ver cease,
ff
Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo - ry to the Prince of Peace.

mf Prophets told the wondrous story
Of the future King and Lord;
Who from upper realms of glory,
Should descend our Light and Word.
But they knew not all His brightness,
Nor the fulness of His grace,—
Could not join the heavenly chorus,
Nor the song of triumph raise.
As the angels sang we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
cr And our song we'll never cease,
Glory to the Prince of Peace.

mf We who know the loving Saviour,
Who have found the lasting peace;
Who have heard His voice celestial,
Bidding all our sorrows cease;
We can raise the song of triumph,
With the angelic host proclaim,—
f "Glory, glory, in the highest!
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
And as angels sang we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
cr And our song we'll never cease,
Glory to the Prince of Peace.

Carol 72.

TREBLES.
Once in Beth-le-hem of Ju-dah, Far a-way a-cross the sea,
CHORUS.
p
There was laid a lit-tle Ba-by On a Vir-gin Mother's knee. O
p
f
Sav-iour, gen-tle Sav-iour! Hear Thy lit-tle child-ren sing, . . The
f



It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With His servants to attend Him
And with guards to keep the way.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

But the oxen stood around Him
In a stable, low and dim:
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him!
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

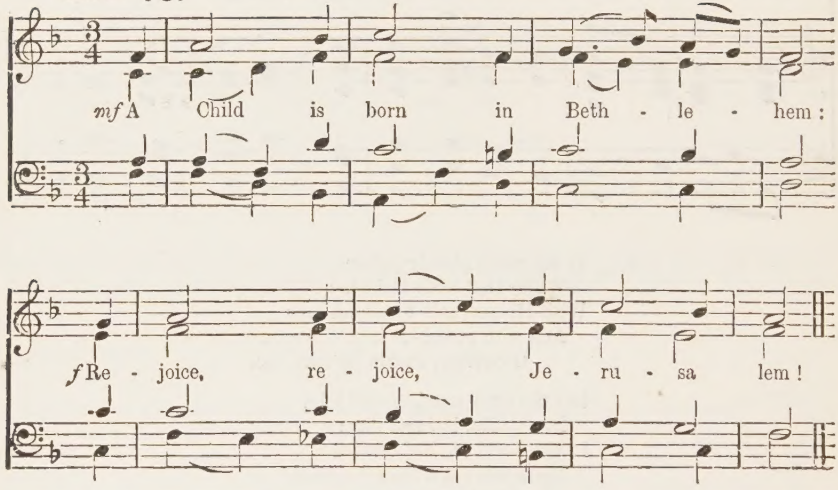
For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature
In the greatness of His love.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe;
For He suffered, He was tempted,
When He lived our life below.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

Still His childhood's bright example
Gives a light to our poor homes;
From the blood of His atoning
Still our hope of pardon comes.
O Saviour, gentle Saviour, &c.

Still He stands and pleads in heaven
For us, weak and sin-defiled;—
God, Who is a Man for ever,
Jesus, Who was once a Child!
O Saviour, gentle Saviour
Hear Thy little children sing:
The God of our salvation
The Child That is our King!

Carol 73.



He Who for ever rules on high,
p In this poor manger deigns to lie.

In that dear Child, here laid so low,
The ox and ass their Master know.

mf The Eastern monarchs to the King
Their gold, and myrrh, and incense bring.

Into the lowly shed they press,
That each the new-born Prince may bless.

Born of a Virgin Mother, He
Child of no earthly sire might be.

He Who ne'er felt the serpent's sting
Vouchsafed from our lost race to spring.

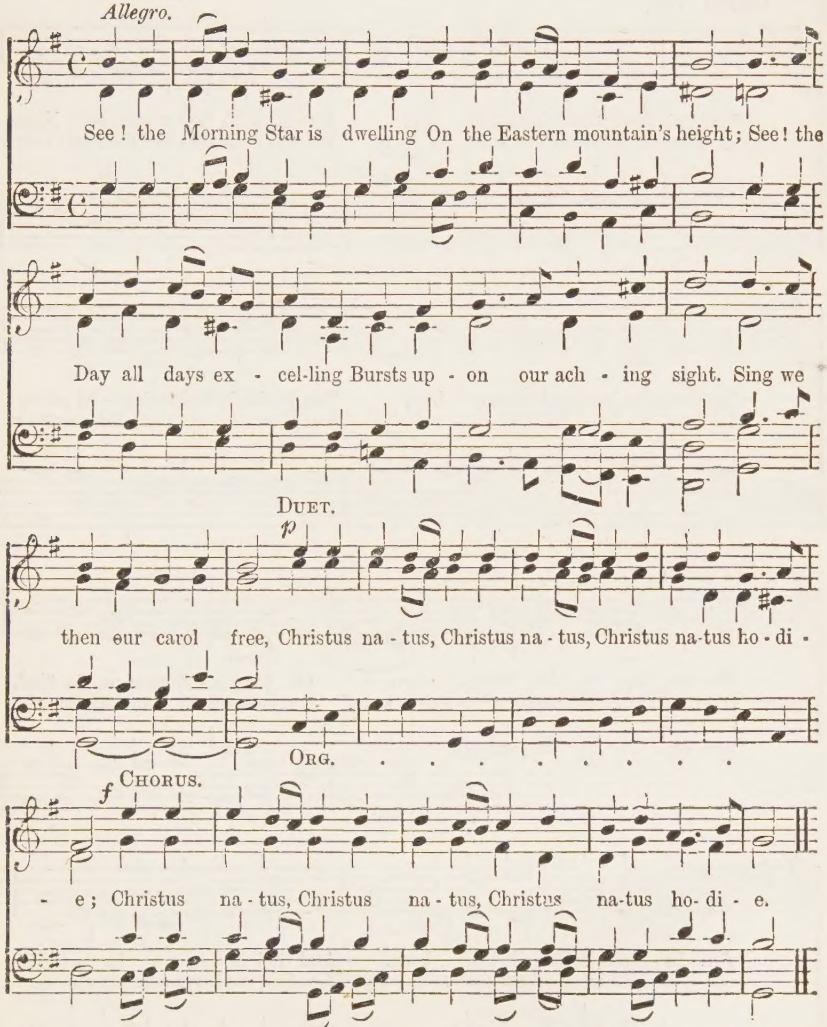
p Made flesh, He here man's likeness bare,
Although man's guilt He could not share ;

cr That man through Him might be restored
To the lost image of his Lord.

f To Him, on this His Natal Day,
Let all their joyful homage pay.

ff O God the Holy Trinity,
All praise to Thee eternally !

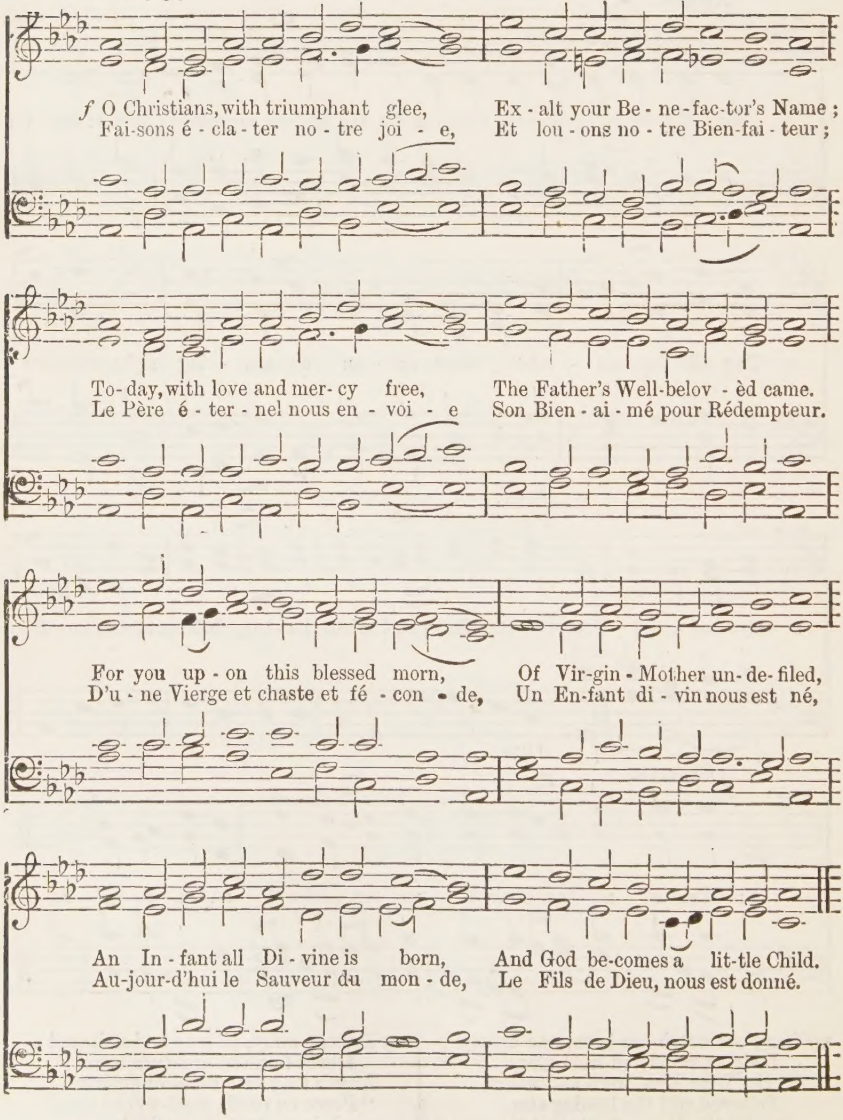
Carol 74.


Allegro.
See! the Morning Star is dwelling On the Eastern mountain's height; See! the
Day all days ex - cel-ling Bursts up - on our ach - ing sight. Sing we
DUET.
p
then our carol free, Christus na - tus, Christus na - tus, Christus na-tus ho - di -
ORG.
f CHORUS.
- e; Christus na - tus, Christus na - tus, Christus na-tus ho- di - e.

mf Long our watch has been, and dreary,
Long we wandered from afar;
So the Wise Men, worn and weary,
Followed still the leading star,
cr Till the Day-spring's Self they see,
f Christus natus hodie.

mf Hence! away, all care and sadness!
Hence! and ne'er return again;
Angels sing with notes of gladness,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."
cr Join we then in carol free,
f Christus natus hodie.

Carol 75.


f O Christians, with triumphant glee, Ex - alt your Be - ne - fac - tor's Name;
Fai - sons é - cla - ter no - tre joi - e, Et lou - ons no - tre Bien - fai - teur;
To - day, with love and mer - cy free, The Father's Well - belov - èd came.
Le Père é - ter - nel nous en - voi - e Son Bien - ai - mé pour Rédempteur.
For you up - on this blessed morn, Of Vir - gin - Mother un - de - filed,
D'u - ne Vierge et chaste et fé - con - de, Un En - fant di - vin nous est né,
An In - fant all Di - vine is born, And God be - comes a lit - tle Child.
Au - jour - d'hui le Sauveur du mon - de, Le Fils de Dieu, nous est donné.

mf In Him eternal power and might
To human weakness hath inclined,
And brightened with transcendent light
The low estate of lost mankind ;
p Appearing in such humble guise,
A servant's form the Master wears,—
cr Yet see what beams of glory rise,
E'en from His poverty and tears !

mf No palace hath He but a shed,
No cradle but a manger mean :
Yet o'er that peerless Infant's Head
A new and wondrous star is seen.
The precious tidings of His Birth
By angels unto man are given,
f To Him they chant with holy mirth,
" Glory to God in highest heaven ! "

mf From fallen man, the Lord above
His anger sore hath turned away :
p Henceforth His blessed peace and love
Shall rule the earth with gentle sway.
Then, Christian men, with one accord,
In that angelic strain unite,
f And welcome your Incarnate Lord,
Made manifest to mortal sight.

f With monarchs from the East draw near,
And glorify the Infant King ;
To Him a fitting tribute bear,
True hearts, above all, offering.
For more He loveth to behold
Hearts filled with Faith and Charity,
Than gifts of frankincense and gold
From distant shores of Araby.

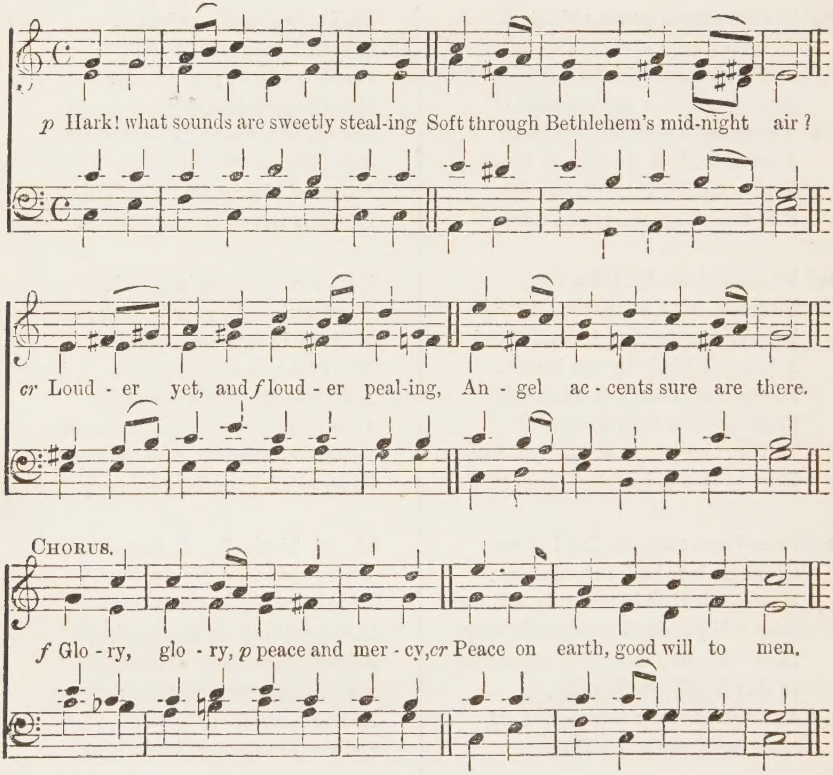
En Lui la suprême puissance
Se trouve avec l'infirmité ;
Une éternelle et pure essence
S'unit à notre humanité ;
Dans la bassesse on Le voit naître,
Sous la forme d'un serviteur,—
Mais c'est alors qu'Il fait paraître
Plusieurs rayons de Sa grandeur.

Il n'a pour palais qu'une étable,
Et qu'une crèche pour berceau ;
Mais cet Enfant incomparable
Fait briller un astre nouveau.
À Sa naissance les saints anges
Font ouïr leurs voix dans ces lieux ;
Ils disent, chantant Ses louanges,
" Gloire soit à Dieu dans les cieux ! "

Mortels ! le Maître du tonnerre
Contre vous n'est plus irrité ;
La paix va régner sur la terre,
Dieu pour vous est plein de bonté
Joignons notre sainte harmonie
À leurs concerts mélodieux ;
Louons le Prince de la vie,
Qui vient se montrer à nos yeux.

Approchons-nous, avec les Mages,
Du berceau de notre Sauveur ;
Rendons-Lui nos justes hommages,
Et présentons-Lui notre cœur.
L'or et l'encens de l'Arabie
Plaisent bien moins à notre Roi,
Que la sainteté de la vie,
Qu'un cœur plein d'amour et de foi.

Carol 76.

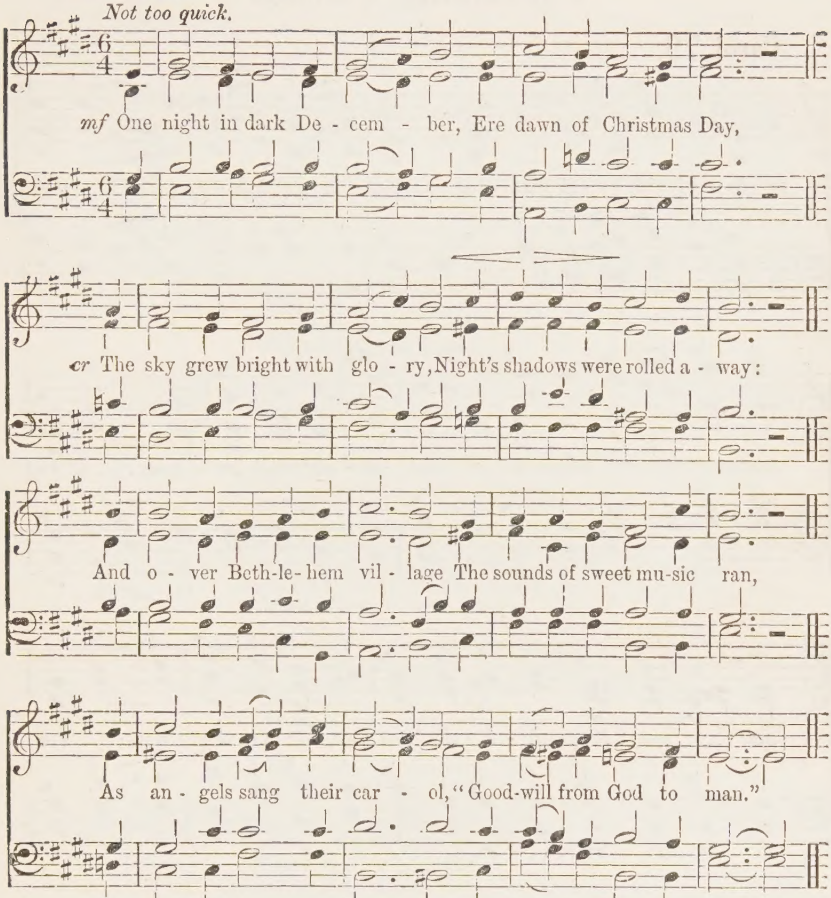

p Hark! what sounds are sweetly steal-ing Soft through Bethlehem's mid-night air?
cr Loud - er yet, and f loud - er peal-ing, An - gel ac - cents sure are there.
Chorus.
f Glo - ry, glo - ry, p peace and mer - cy, cr Peace on earth, good will to men.

mf See! a light from heaven is streaming,
Night and darkness quit the plain;
See! an angel brightly beaming,
Followed by a radiant train.
f Glory, glory, *p* peace and mercy.

mf Fear not, shepherds! glad my story,
Tidings of the greatest joy:
Christ is born, the Lord of Glory!
cr I proclaim a Saviour nigh.
f Glory, glory, *p* peace and mercy

mf Thus the angel, then ascending,
Seeks again the realms of light;
dim Now the chorus faintly ending,
pp All is silence, all is night.
f Glory, glory, *p* peace and mercy.

Carol 77.

Not too quick.

mf One night in dark De - cem - ber, Ere dawn of Christmas Day,
cr The sky grew bright with glo - ry, Night's shadows were rolled a - way:
And o - ver Beth-le-hem vil - lage The sounds of sweet mu-sic ran,
As an - gels sang their car - ol, "Good-will from God to man."

(*Shepherd.*)
"What mean you, angels, come tell me:
Why through the sky thus sing?"

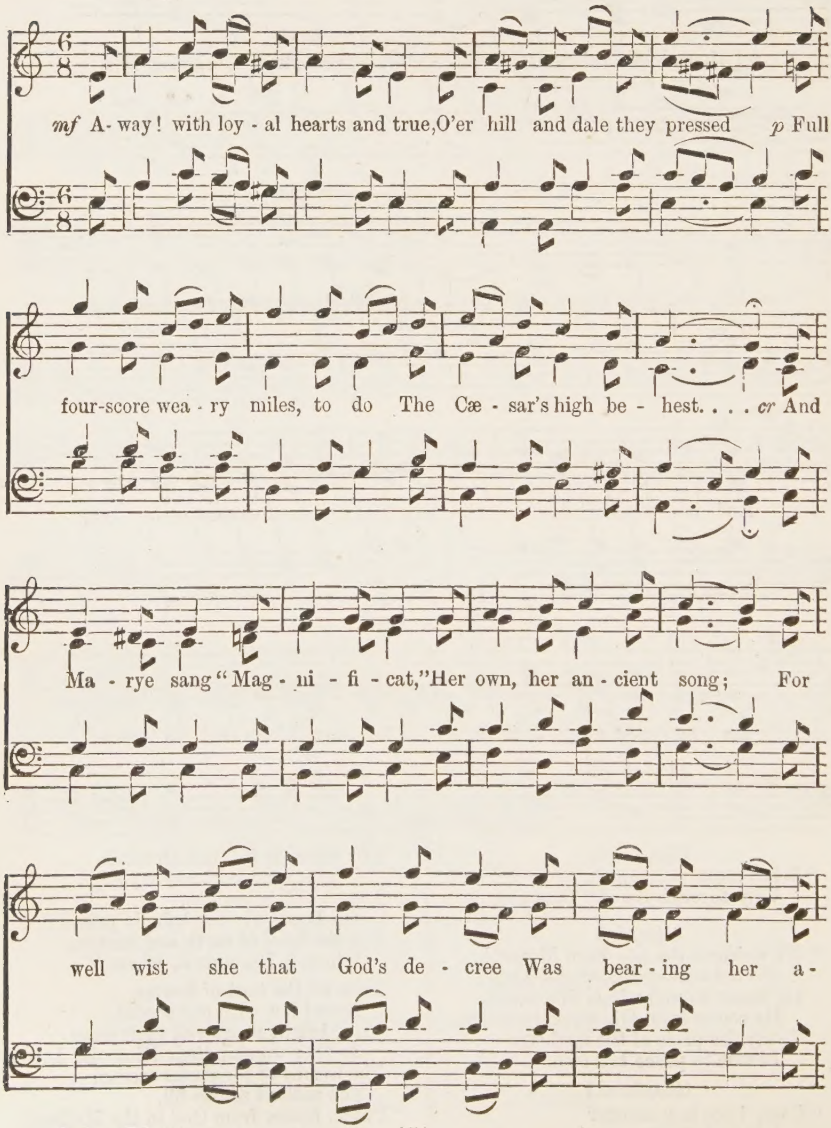
(*Angels.*)
"We welcome the new-born Monarch,
We welcome our Lord and King:
He comes to-night from His palace,
He comes from His sapphire throne,
To lay the pride of the mighty,
To rule in peace His own."

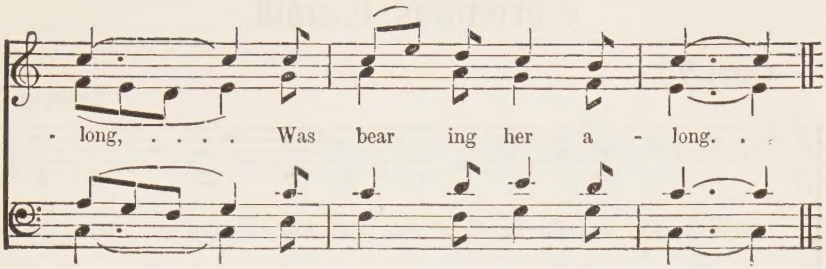
(*Shepherd.*)
"I see, I see in a manger
A little baby lie,
But where is He, the Monarch,
Who is sung in the starry sky?
I see a village maiden,
She bends o'er the babe in prayer;
But the Lord of earth and heaven,
Where is He, angels, where?"

Then all the host of heaven
Bowed low with one accord,
Their bright wings veil their faces
As they worship their King and Lord;
The hymns of the choirs eternal
The radiant zenith fill,
"Peace, peace, from God in the Highest,
On earth goodwill, goodwill."

NOTE.—Occasionally two crotchets must be sung for one minim of the tune, and two quavers for one crotchet at the beginning of a line.

Carol 78.


mf A-way! with loy-al hearts and true, O'er hill and dale they pressed p Full
four-score wea-ry miles, to do The Cæ-sar's high be-hest. . . . cr And
Ma-rye sang "Mag-ni-fi-cat," Her own, her an-cient song; For
well wist she that God's de-cree Was bear-ing her a-



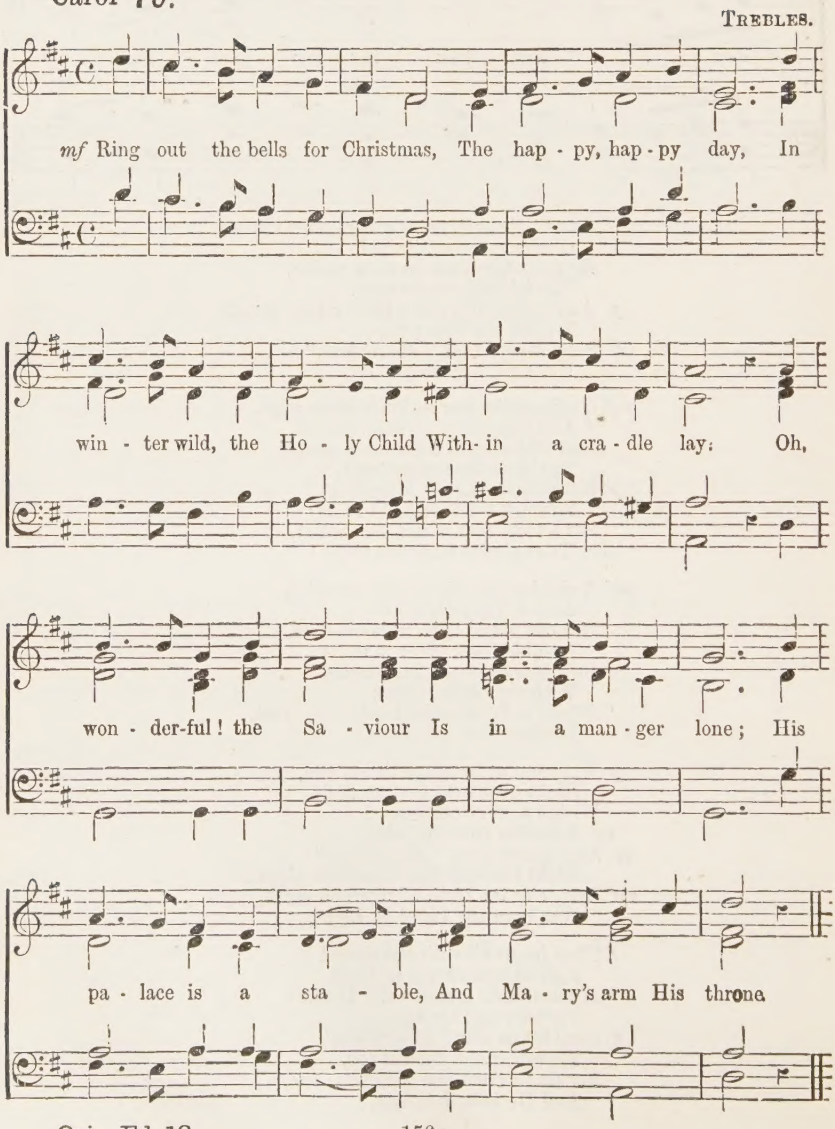
mf Away! through fields and meadows green,
O'er purple heather-bed,
By mountain pass, or dark ravine,
The faithful couple sped.
p And soft and sweet, where'er they went,
To glad the weary way,
cr Sang Marye that "Magnificat,"
Her own, her ancient lay.

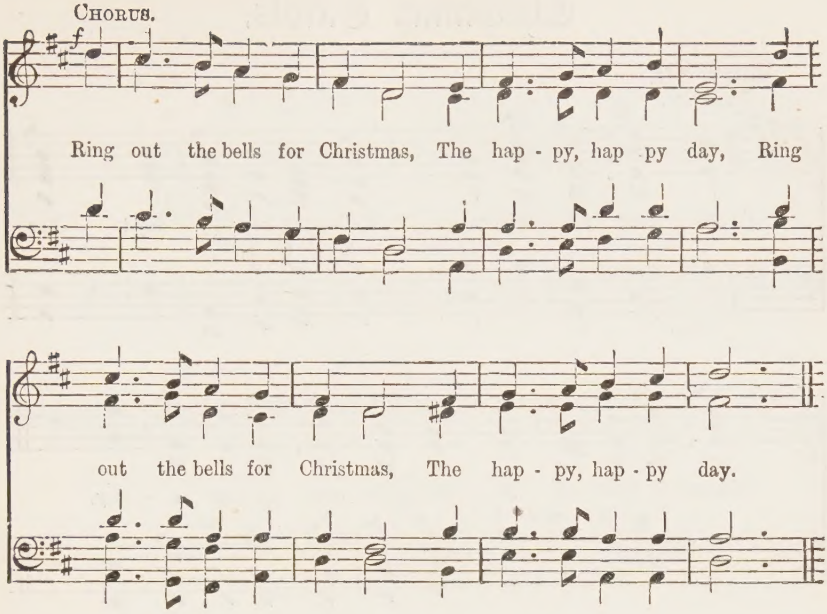
mf O'erhead the storm-clouds often wept,
f And tempests o'er them passed,
And cold around them often swept
The bleak December blast.
p But still she sang "Magnificat"
Through weather foul or fair;
For all was rest within her breast,
cr 'Twas always sunshine there!

mf And when the pilgrimage was o'er,
And of their royal kin
Not one would open wide his door,
And bid them enter in;
cr Still Marye sang "Magnificat"
With ever joyful tone;
"Whate'er betide, the Lord," she cried,
"Is mindful of His Own."

p Worn out at last, and ill-bestead,
Right glad were they to find
Within a sorry cattle-shed
pp A shelter from the wind.
cr And Marye sang "Magnificat"
Right through that wondrous night;
mf And, e'er the birth of morn on earth,
Was born the Light of Light.

f Then let us all with one accord
Join Marye's song, and say,
"My soul doth magnify the Lord,"
For ever and for aye.
ff Loud let us sing "Magnificat,"
That dear and ancient lay,
For God's Own Son with us is one,
And He is born to-day.

Carol 79.

TREBLES.
mf Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap - py, hap - py day, In
win - ter wild, the Ho - ly Child With- in a cra - dle lay: Oh,
won - der-ful! the Sa - viour Is in a man - ger lone; His
pa - lace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne

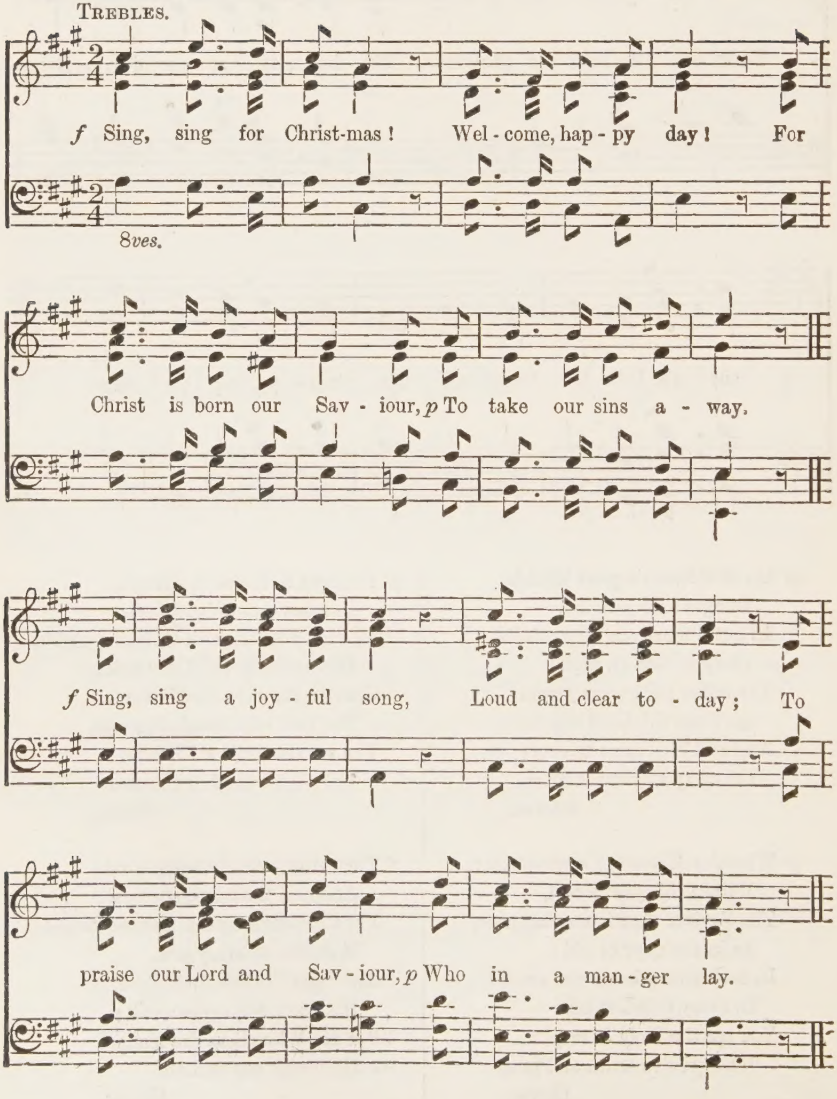
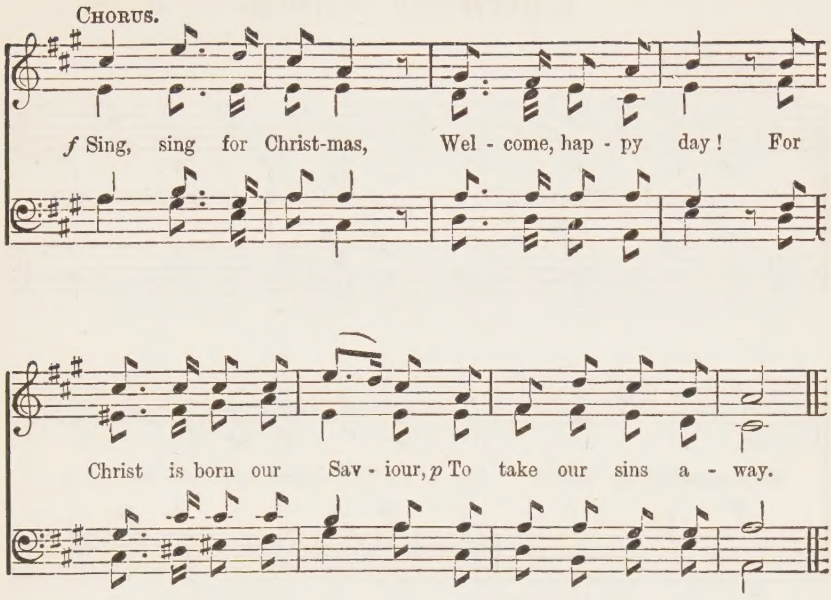


mf On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
cr Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.
Chorus.

p Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,—
In every guileless face
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
Chorus.

p In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-child at the door.
Chorus.

f Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He Who chose the manger,—
cr He loveth one and all.
Chorus.

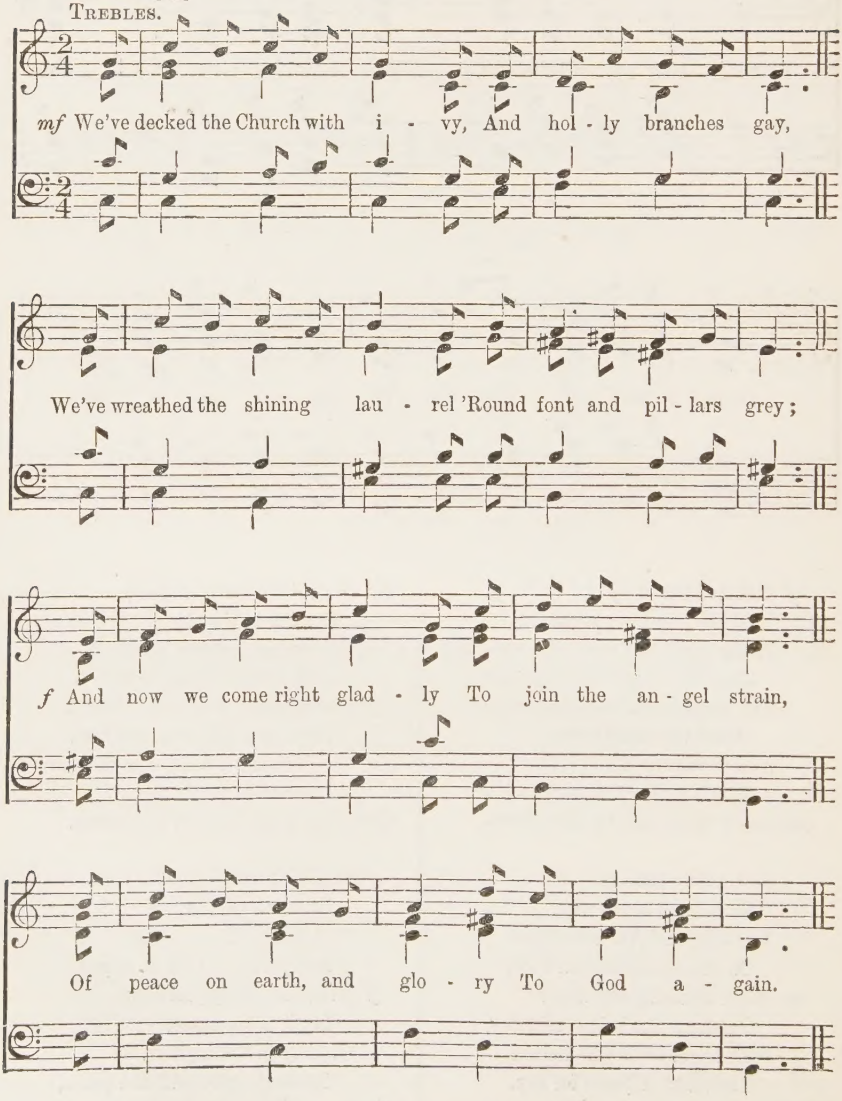
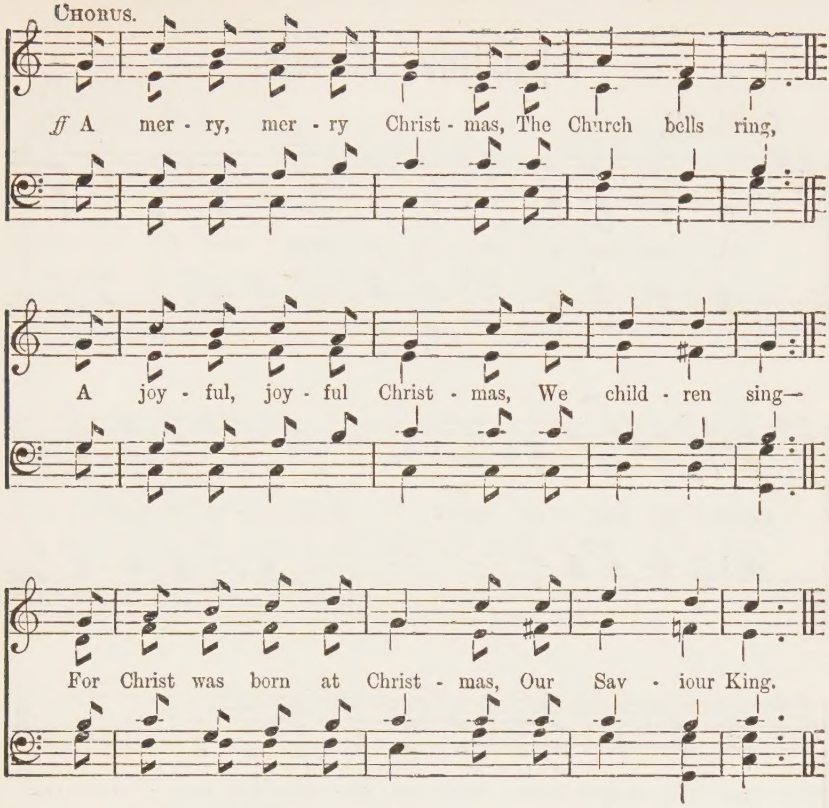
Carol 80.

TREBLES.
f Sing, sing for Christ-mas! Wel-come, hap-py day! For
8ves.
Christ is born our Sav-iour, p To take our sins a-way.
f Sing, sing a joy-ful song, Loud and clear to-day; To
praise our Lord and Sav-iour, p Who in a man-ger lay.

f Tell, tell the story
Of the wondrous night,
When shepherds who were watching
Their flocks till morning light,
Saw angel hosts from heaven,
Heard the angel voice,
And so were told the tidings
Which makes the world rejoice.
Chorus—f Sing, sing for Christmas.

p Soft, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
cr When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid-day,
With angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.
Chorus—f Sing, sing for Christmas.

mf Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
Be worship, honour, glory,
And praise to God on high!
p Peace, peace, good-will to men!
Born the Child from heaven!
cr The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour
The Son to you is given!
Chorus—f Sing, sing for Christmas.

f Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honour, glory,
And praise to God on high!
ff Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace.
Chorus—f Sing, sing for Christmas.

Carol 81.

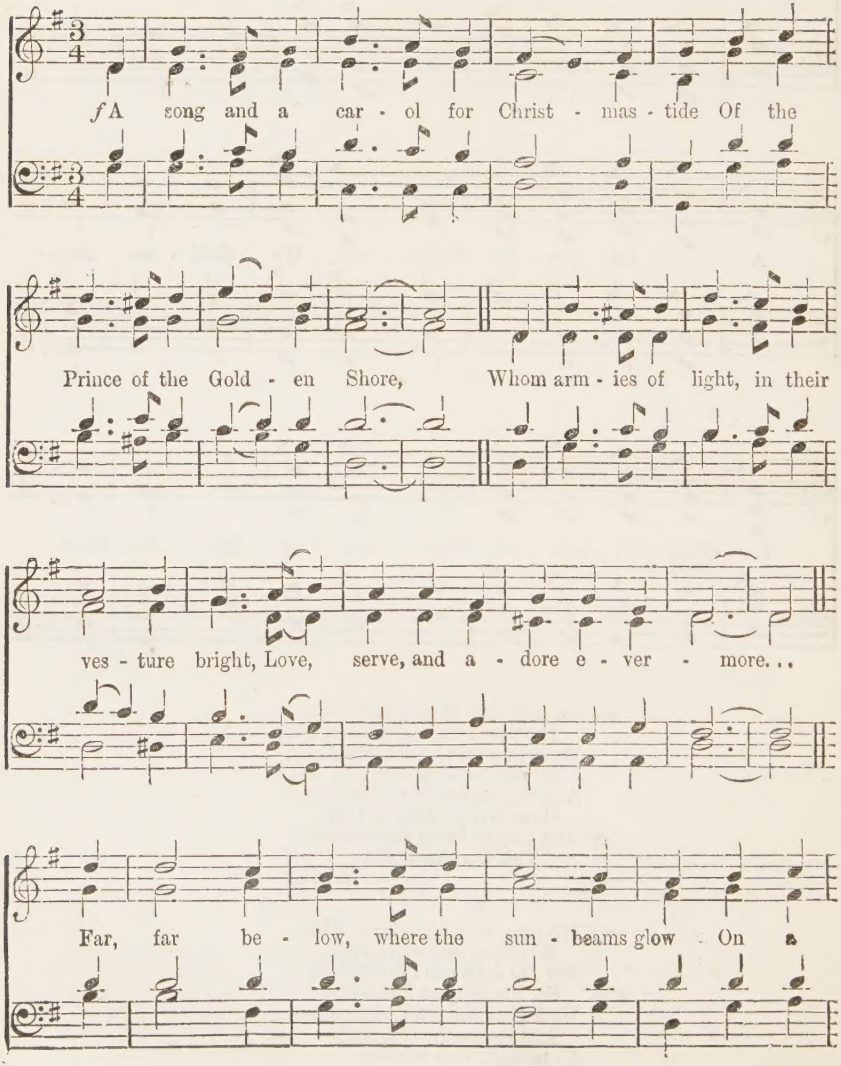
TREBLES.

mf We've decked the Church with i - vy, And hol - ly branches gay,
We've wreathed the shining lau - rel 'Round font and pil - lars grey;
f And now we come right glad - ly To join the an - gel strain,
Of peace on earth, and glo - ry To God a - gain.

Chorus.
ff A mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas, The Church bells ring,
A joy - ful, joy - ful Christ - mas, We child - ren sing—
For Christ was born at Christ - mas, Our Sav - iour King.

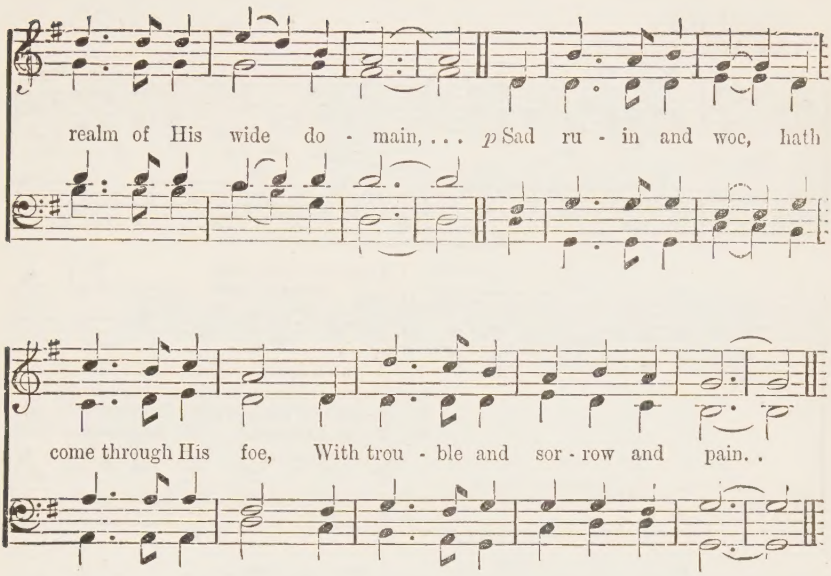
mf On that first blessed Christmas
The wise men, we've been told,
Brought gifts to the Child Jesus,
Myrrh, frankincense and gold;
And we, though little children,
Have love as deep as they,
cr And long to bring some offering,
This Christmas day.

Chorus.

mf We have no gold to bring Him,
No spices rare and sweet,
But He doth call the children,
dim So, kneeling at His feet,—
We'll give ourselves, dear Jesus,
And earnestly we'll pray
To be kept very faithful
E'en from to-day.

Chorus.

Carol 82.

f A song and a car - ol for Christ - mas - tide Of the
Prince of the Gold - en Shore, Whom arm - ies of light, in their
ves - ture bright, Love, serve, and a - dore e - ver - more...
Far, far be - low, where the sun - beams glow On a

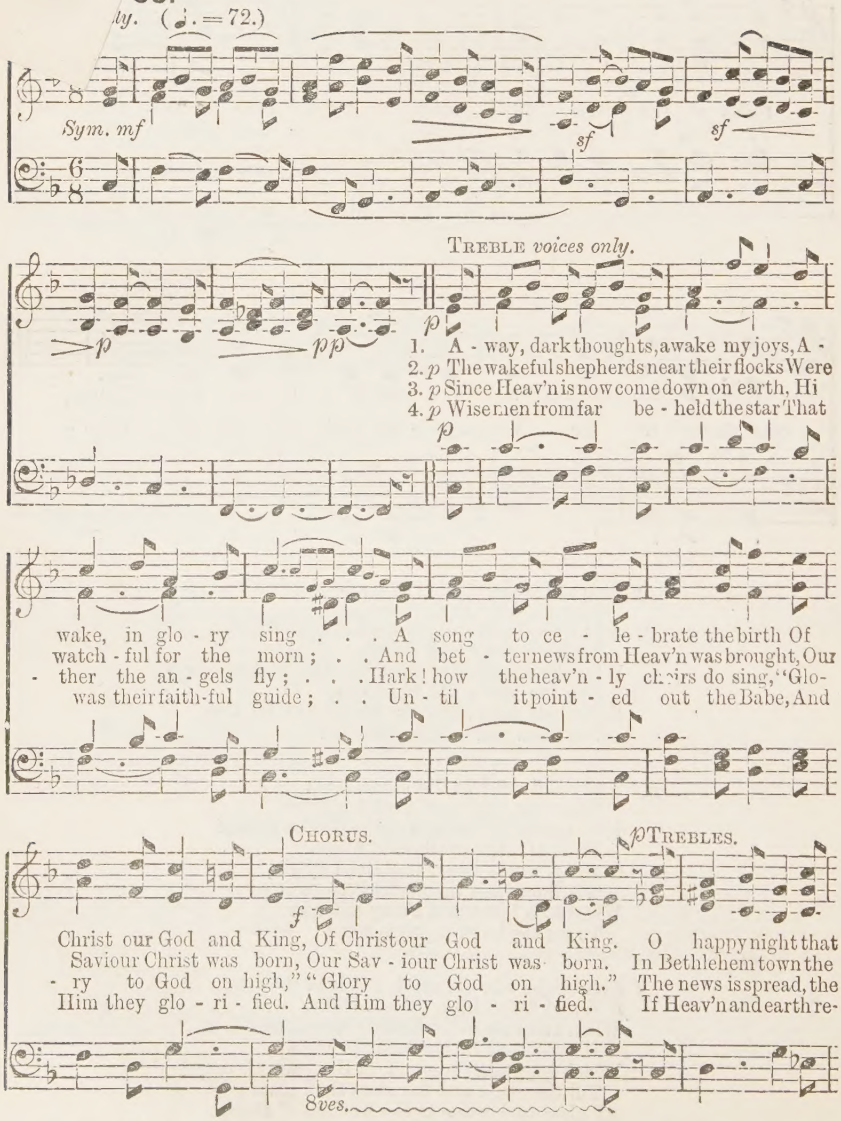


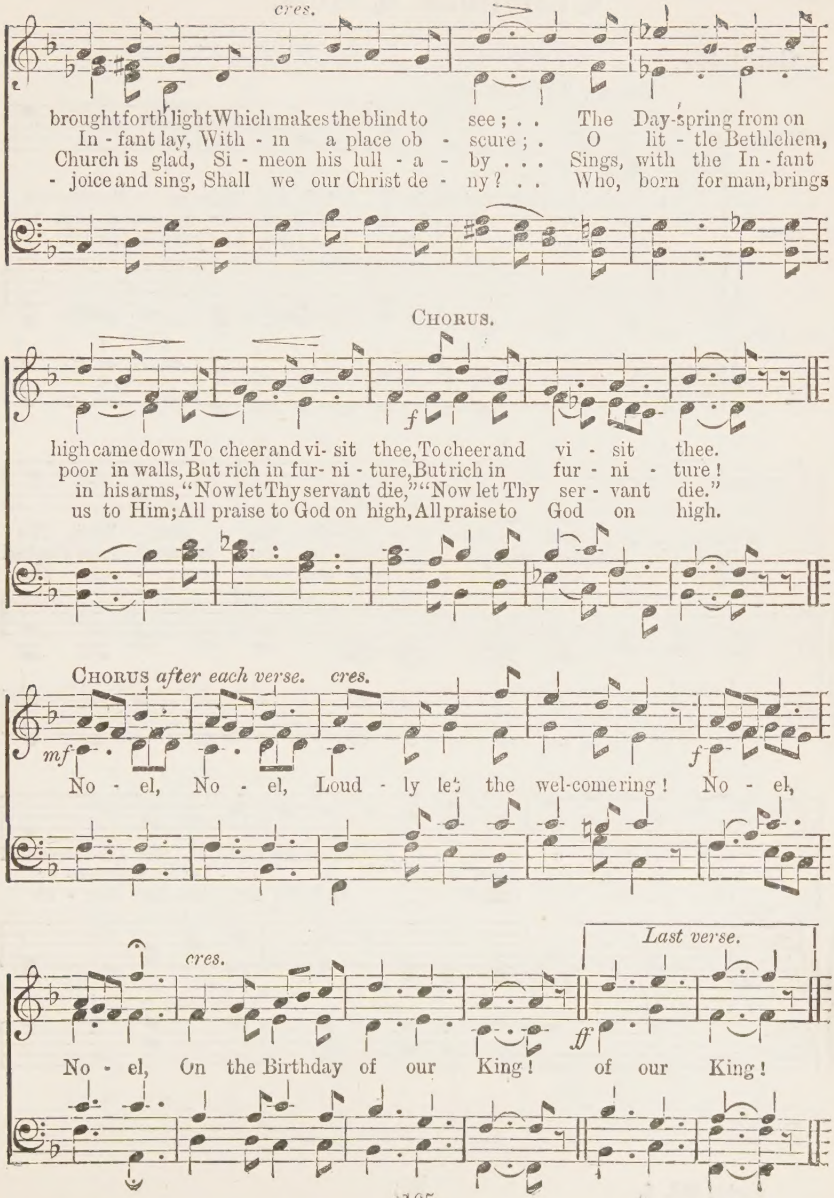
p And sad is the sighing when death's black wings
Over Paradise darkly loom,
And deep the despair of the lost ones there,
Awaiting their fatal doom ;
When thus spake the Prince to His Father dear—
cr Now life with a life will I buy,
Bring help from above for the sons of My love,
For them will I suffer and die !

mf Away and away to the far-off land,
When the fulness of time was come,
Now speedeth the Lord of the Golden Strand
From His fair everlasting home.
O Mary, sweet Lady, unstained by sin,
'Tis thou shalt the portal be,
Whereby a lost world I may enter in
To set the loved captives free !

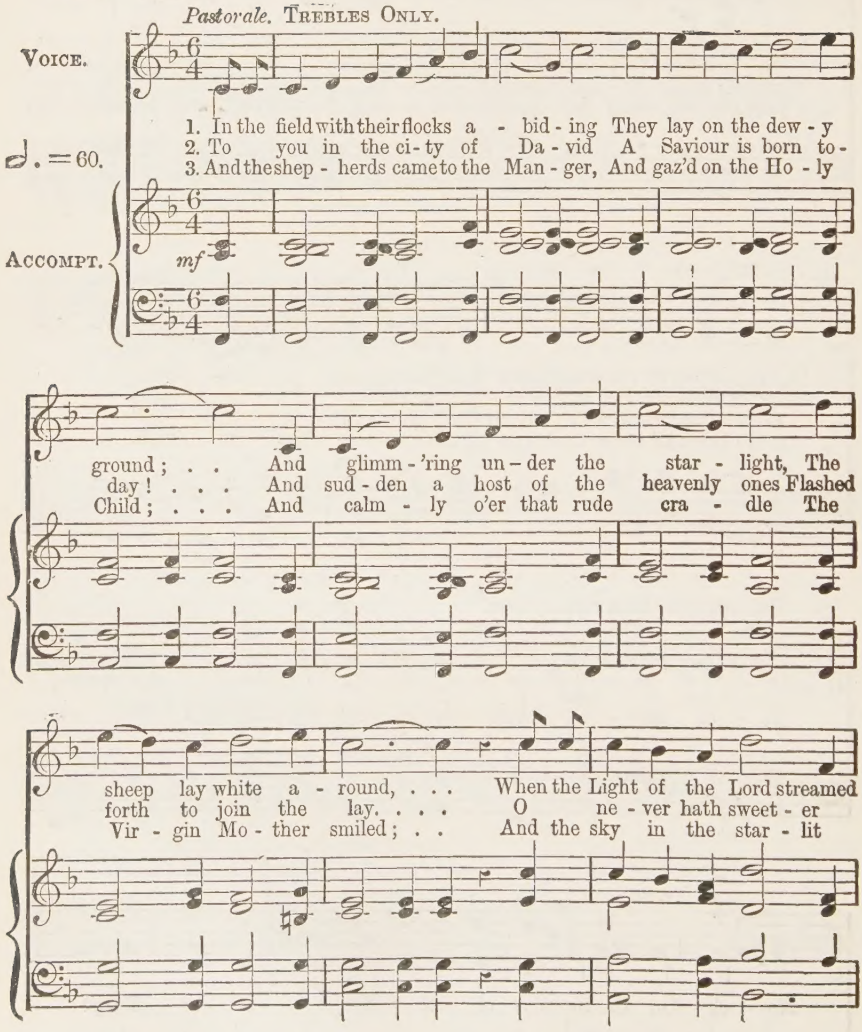
f And bright was the carol, and loud the song
ff Which burst from the silver sky,
When entering lowly Earth's sons among
He was seen by the hosts on high.
Which song shall resound, as the years go round,
Till the moon and the stars shall cease ;
All glory and praise to the Ancient of Days,
And to men of good will be peace !

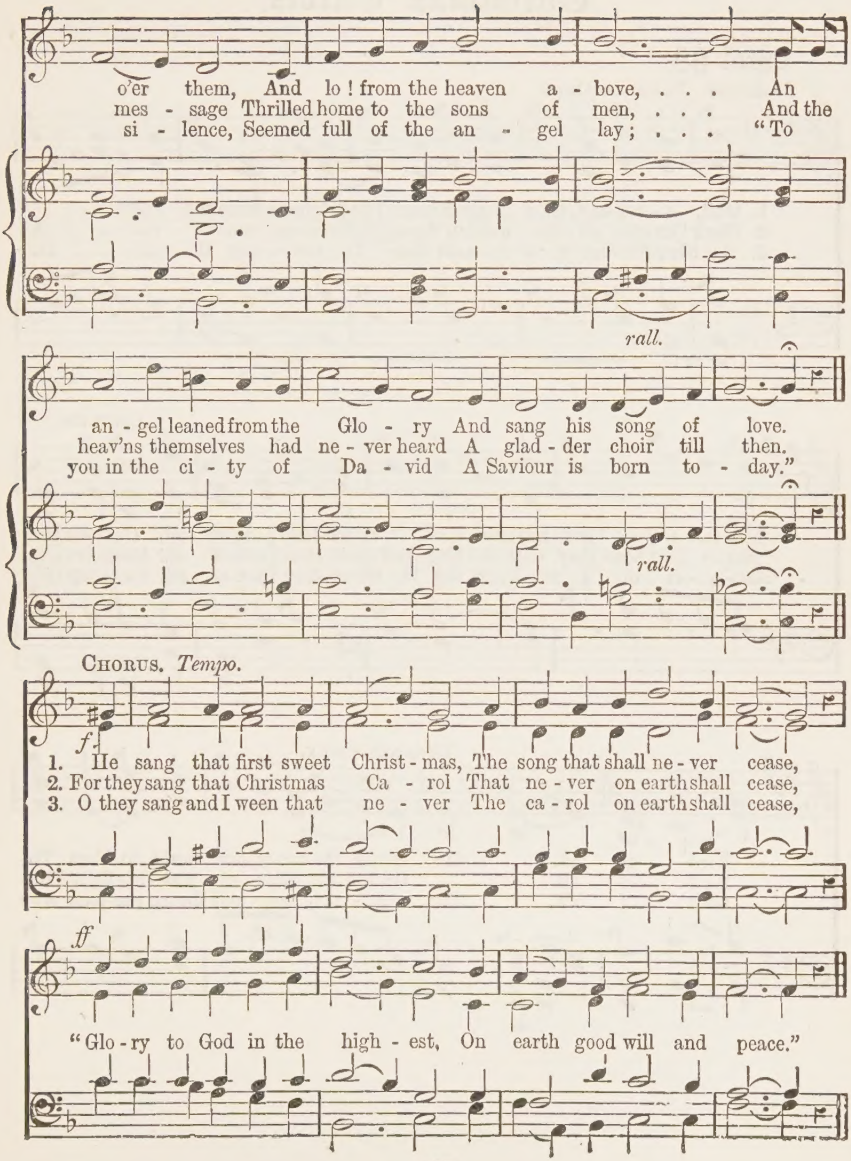
83.


ly. (♩. = 72.)
Sym. mf
sf
sf
p
pp
Treble voices only.
1. A - way, dark thoughts, awake my joys, A -
2. p The wakeful shepherds near their flocks Were
3. p Since Heav'n is now come down on earth, Hi
4. p Wise men from far be - held the star That
p
wake, in glo - ry sing . . . A song to ce - le - brate the birth Of
watch - ful for the morn; . . And bet - ter news from Heav'n was brought, Our
- ther the an - gels fly; . . . Hark! how the heav'n - ly choirs do sing, "Glo-
was their faith-ful guide; . . Un - til it point - ed out the Babe, And
Chorus.
p Trebles.
f
Christ our God and King, Of Christ our God and King. O happy night that
Saviour Christ was born, Our Sav - iour Christ was born. In Bethlehem town the
- ry to God on high," "Glory to God on high." The news is spread, the
Him they glo - ri - fied. And Him they glo - ri - fied. If Heav'n and earth re-
8ves.


cres.
brought forth light Which makes the blind to see; . . The Day-spring from on
In - fant lay, With - in a place ob - scure; . O lit - tle Bethlehem,
Church is glad, Si - meon his lull - a - by . . . Sings, with the In - fant
- joice and sing, Shall we our Christ de - ny? . . Who, born for man, brings
Chorus.
f
high came down To cheer and vi- sit thee, To cheer and vi - sit thee.
poor in walls, But rich in fur- ni - ture, But rich in fur - ni - ture!
in his arms, "Now let Thy servant die," "Now let Thy ser - vant die."
us to Him; All praise to God on high, All praise to God on high.
Chorus after each verse. cres.
mf
f
No - el, No - el, Loud - ly let the wel-come ring! No - el,
Last verse.
cres.
ff
No - el, On the Birthday of our King! of our King!

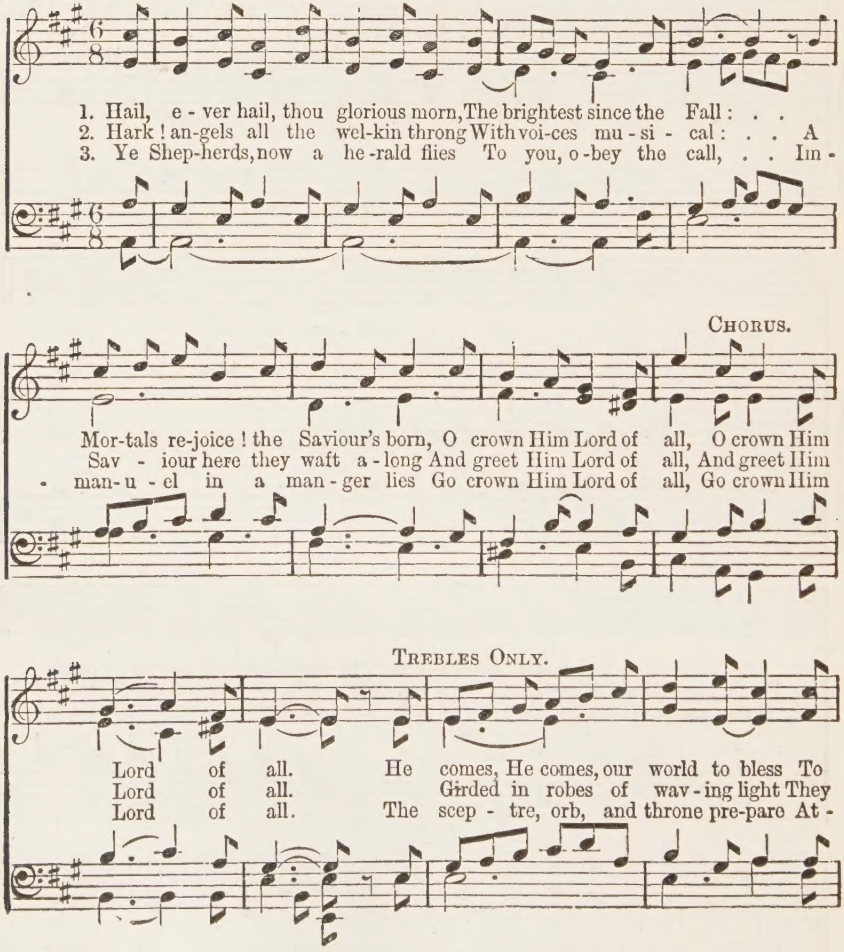
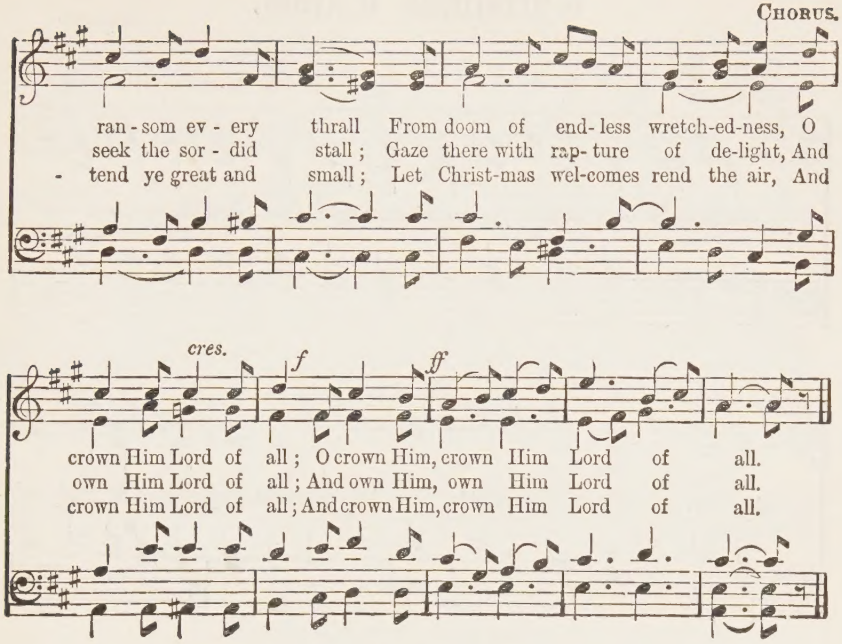
Carol 84.


Pastorale. TREBLES ONLY.
VOICE.
ACCOMPT.
mf
1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing They lay on the dew - y
2. To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Saviour is born to -
3. And the shep - herds came to the Man - ger, And gaz'd on the Ho - ly
ground; . . . And glimm - 'ring un - der the star - light, The
day! . . . And sud - den a host of the heavenly ones Flashed
Child; . . . And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The
sheep lay white a - round, . . . When the Light of the Lord streamed
forth to join the lay. . . . O ne - ver hath sweet - er
Vir - gin Mo - ther smiled; . . And the sky in the star - lit

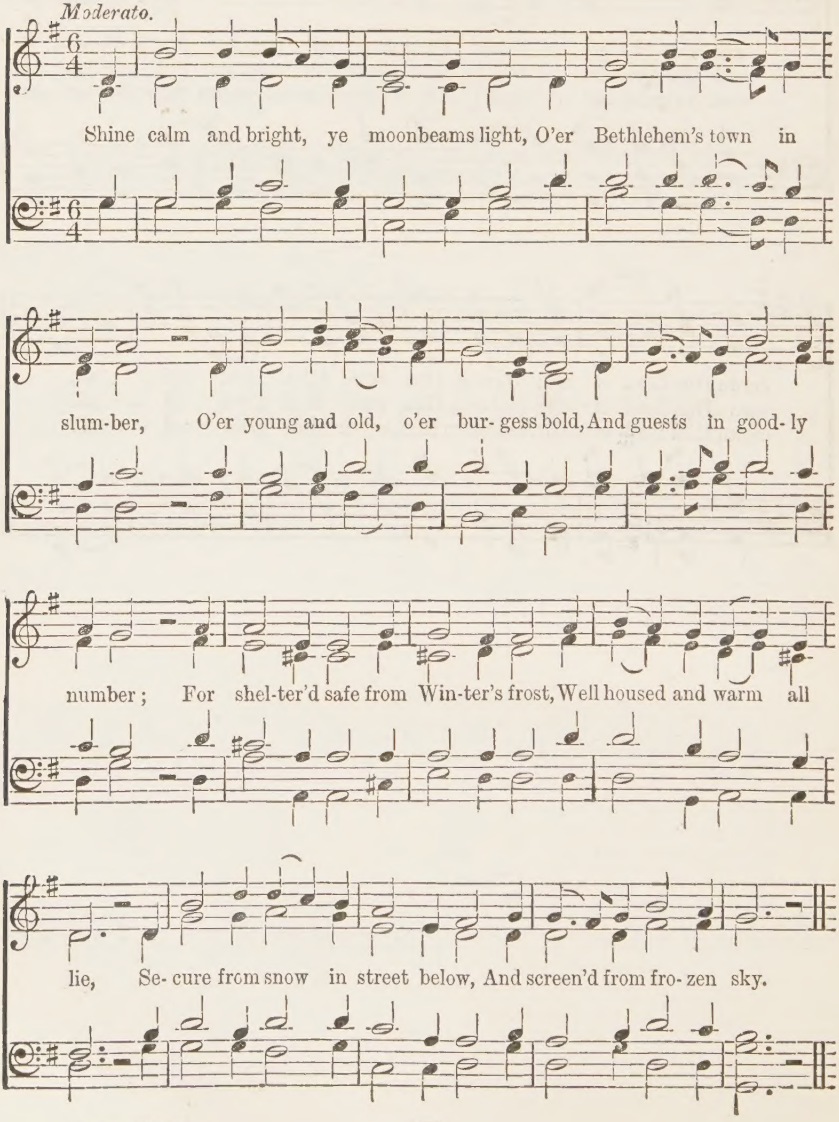

o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a - bove, . . . An
mes - sage Thrilled home to the sons of men, . . . And the
si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay; . . . "To
rall.
an - gel leaned from the Glo - ry And sang his song of love.
heav'ns themselves had ne - ver heard A glad - der choir till then.
you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Saviour is born to - day."
rall.
Chorus. Tempo.
f.
1. He sang that first sweet Christ - mas, The song that shall ne - ver cease,
2. For they sang that Christmas Ca - rol That ne - ver on earth shall cease,
3. O they sang and I ween that ne - ver The ca - rol on earth shall cease,
ff
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will and peace."

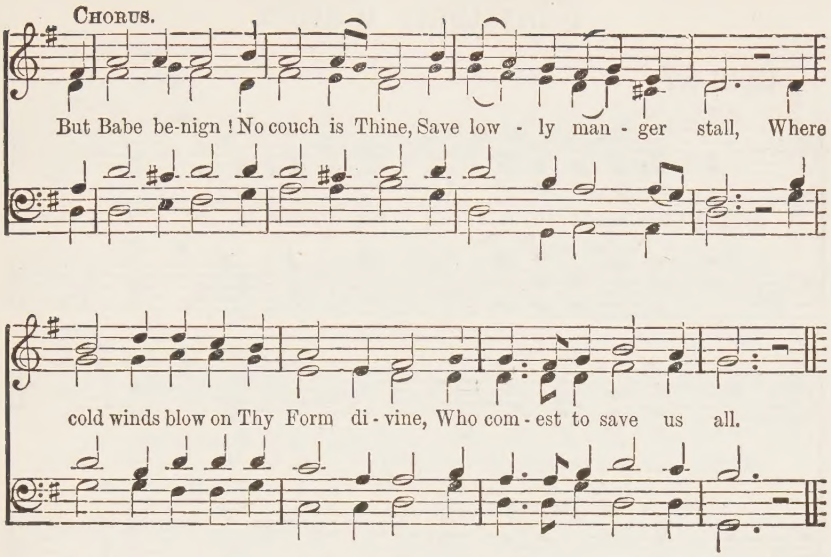
Carol 85.

Moderato. TREBLES ONLY.


1. Hail, e - ver hail, thou glorious morn, The brightest since the Fall : . .
2. Hark ! an-gels all the wel-kin throng With voi-ces mu - si - cal : . . A
3. Ye Shep-herds, now a he-rald flies To you, o-bey the call, . . Im -
CHORUS.
Mor-tals re-joice ! the Saviour's born, O crown Him Lord of all, O crown Him
Sav - iour here they waft a-long And greet Him Lord of all, And greet Him
man-u - el in a man - ger lies Go crown Him Lord of all, Go crown Him
TREBLES ONLY.
Lord of all. He comes, He comes, our world to bless To
Lord of all. Girded in robes of wav - ing light They
Lord of all. The scep - tre, orb, and throne pre-pare At -

Chorus.
ran - som ev - ery thrall From doom of end - less wretch-ed-ness, O
seek the sor - did stall; Gaze there with rap - ture of de-light, And
- tend ye great and small; Let Christ-mas wel-comes rend the air, And
cres.
f
ff
crown Him Lord of all; O crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
own Him Lord of all; And own Him, own Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

Carol 86.

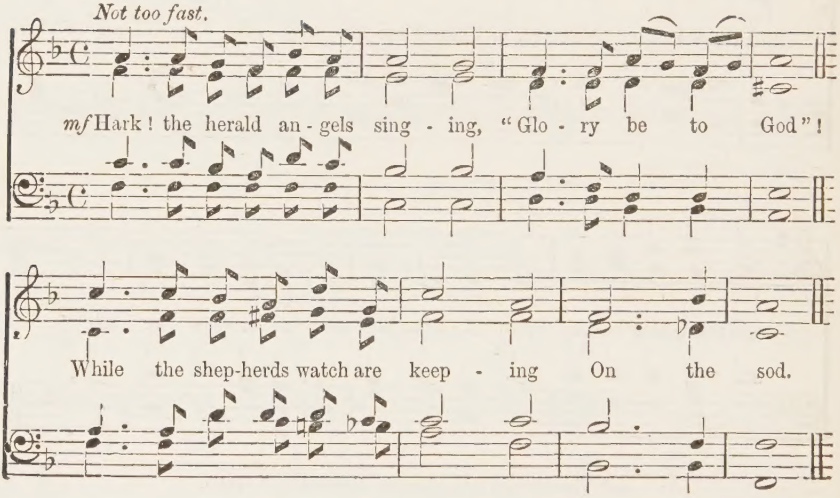
Moderato.

Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams light, O'er Bethlehem's town in
slum-ber, O'er young and old, o'er bur- gess bold, And guests in good- ly
number; For shel-ter'd safe from Win-ter's frost, Well housed and warm all
lie, Se- cure from snow in street below, And screen'd from fro- zen sky.


Chorus.
But Babe be-nign ! No couch is Thine, Save low - ly man - ger stall, Where
cold winds blow on Thy Form di - vine, Who com - est to save us all.

mf The crowds who sleep in Bethlehem's walls,
Both citizen and stranger,
From Royal blood alike have sprung,
And spurn the humble manger.
p But all one day must wend their way,
Heaving their latest sigh,
To mortal doom in lonesome tomb,
And in corruption lie.
mf But Babe benign ! No power malign
Shall over Thee bear sway ;
cr Thy life of light in the heavens bright
Shall glow in eternal day !

mf To us, sweet Babe ! Thy lowly crib
Than costly couch is dearer,
It seems to make Thee more our own,
To bring the Godhead nearer !
p It seems to shew Thy sympathy
For human grief and pain,
f And makes us long to raise the song
Of Noel o'er again !
O Babe benign ! Thy love divine
Shed round us, day by day ;
Sweet Child of light ! Be Thou our might,
p Our gentle King for aye !

Carol 87.

Not too fast.

p "Peace on earth," to man proclaiming
Joyous news to all:
Tidings great to mortals bringing,
Saved from thrall.

mf Lo, in Bethlehem, in a manger,
God Incarnate lies;
Come, to save a world in danger,
From the skies.

Hasten, shepherds, to adore Him!
Hail the Saviour-King!
Wise men, lay your gifts before Him—
Offerings bring.

p Though an Infant mean and lowly,
He shall ever reign,
Prince of Peace, and Judge Most Holy,
Right maintain.

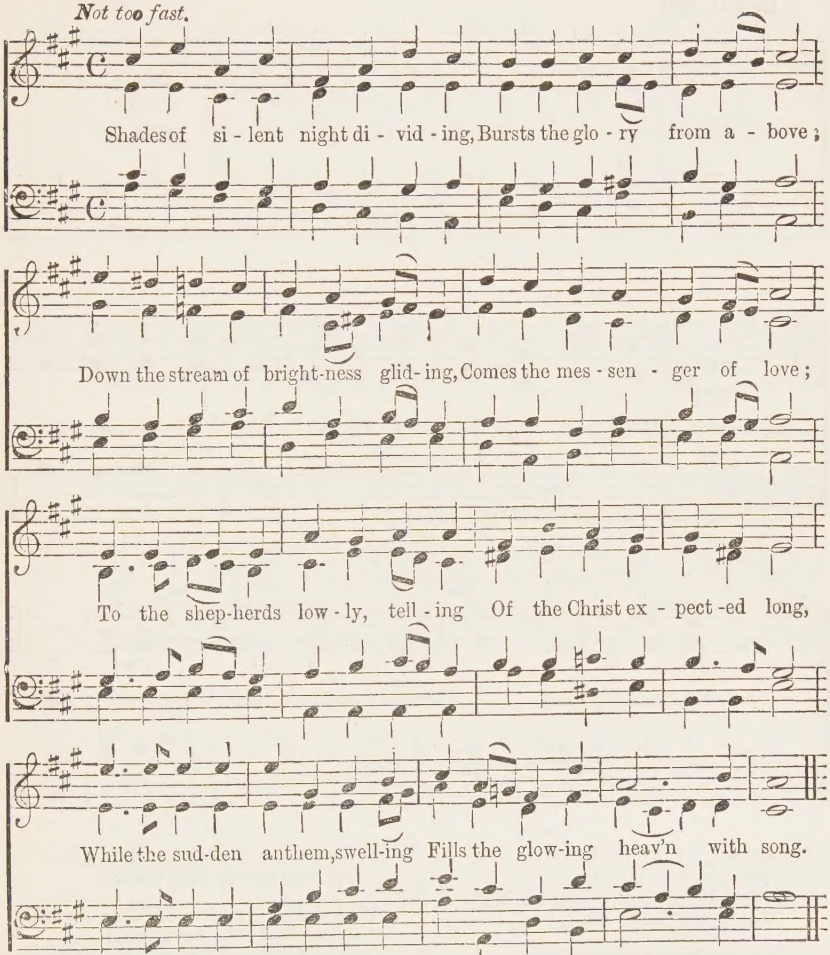
f Let the earth be filled with gladness,
On this happy morn;
Banish sorrow, fear, and sadness,
Christ is born!

f Mortals own your God and Saviour!
Join the angel lays;
Shout aloud His Name, and ever
Sing His praise.

ff Hail! Emmanuel! King of Glory!
Great Deliverer, hail!
May Thy birth, in Bethlehem's story,
Never fail.

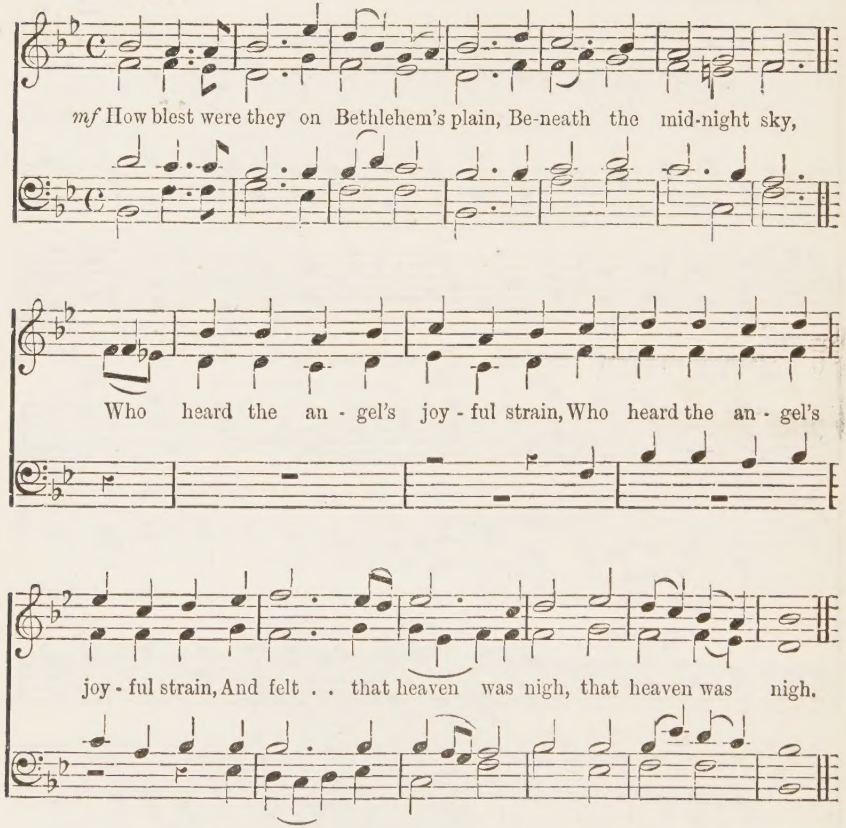
Carol 88.

Not too fast.


Shades of si - lent night di - vid - ing, Bursts the glo - ry from a - bove;
Down the stream of bright-ness glid - ing, Comes the mes - sen - ger of love;
To the shep-herds low - ly, tell - ing Of the Christ ex - pect - ed long,
While the sud-den anthem, swell-ing Fills the glow-ing heav'n with song.

Heaven will guard their flocks from danger,
Scattered o'er the moist green sward,
While the swains to Bethlehem's manger,
Hie to greet their new-born Lord.
Awe and love maternal blending,
Fill the Blessed Virgin's heart:
While with reverent gesture bending,
Kneel these humble men apart.

Not alone do men unlearnèd,
Bow the Holy Child before
Sages who for truth long yearnèd,
Heaven's true Sun at length adore.
So our songs proclaim a story,
Kings of old have longed to know;
Tell of Christ, the Prince of Glory,
Born this night, for high and low.

Carol 89.

mf How blest were they on Bethlehem's plain, Be-neath the mid-night sky,
Who heard the an - gel's joy - ful strain, Who heard the an - gel's
joy - ful strain, And felt . . that heaven was nigh, that heaven was nigh.

"Fear not, for on this holy morn
Good news to all I bring,
In Bethlehem's lowly shrine is born
Jesus, the infant King.

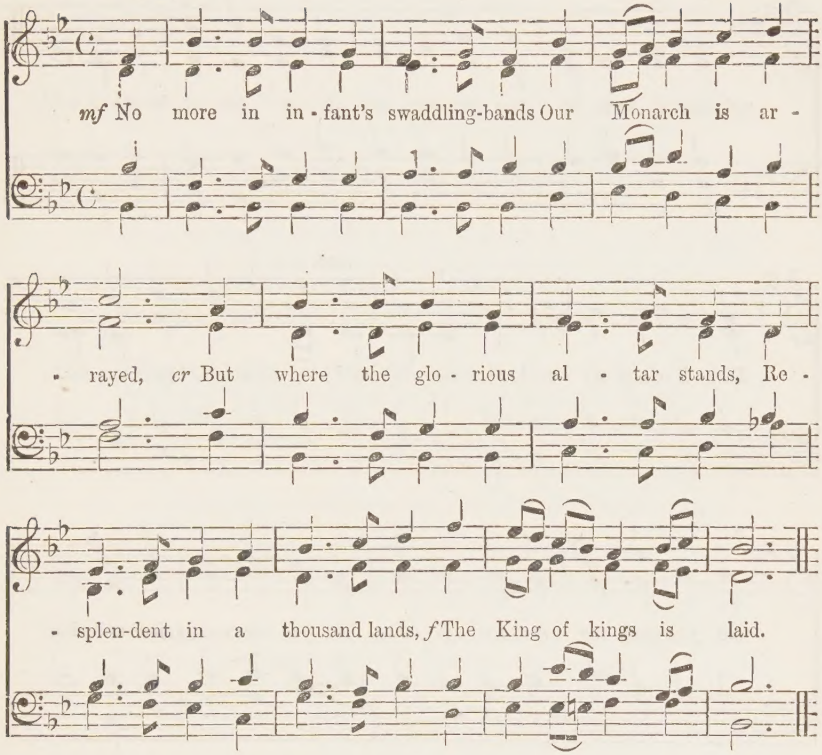
Then suddenly a heavenly band
Join in the angel's song,
While rock and hill through Judah's land
The notes of praise prolong.

And thus the joyful chorus ran—
"Glory to God be given!
For peace on earth, goodwill to man,"
Descend to him from heaven.

Glad tidings! nor on Bethlehem's plain
Alone that song was sweet;
Lo! millions hail with joy the strain,
And seek the Saviour's feet.

And still to millions yet unborn
Shall sound from shore to shore
The song, which waked that holy morn,
Till time shall be no more!

Carol 90.


mf No more in in - fant's swaddling-bands Our Monarch is ar -
- rayed, cr But where the glo - rious al - tar stands, Re -
- splen-dent in a thousand lands, f The King of kings is laid.

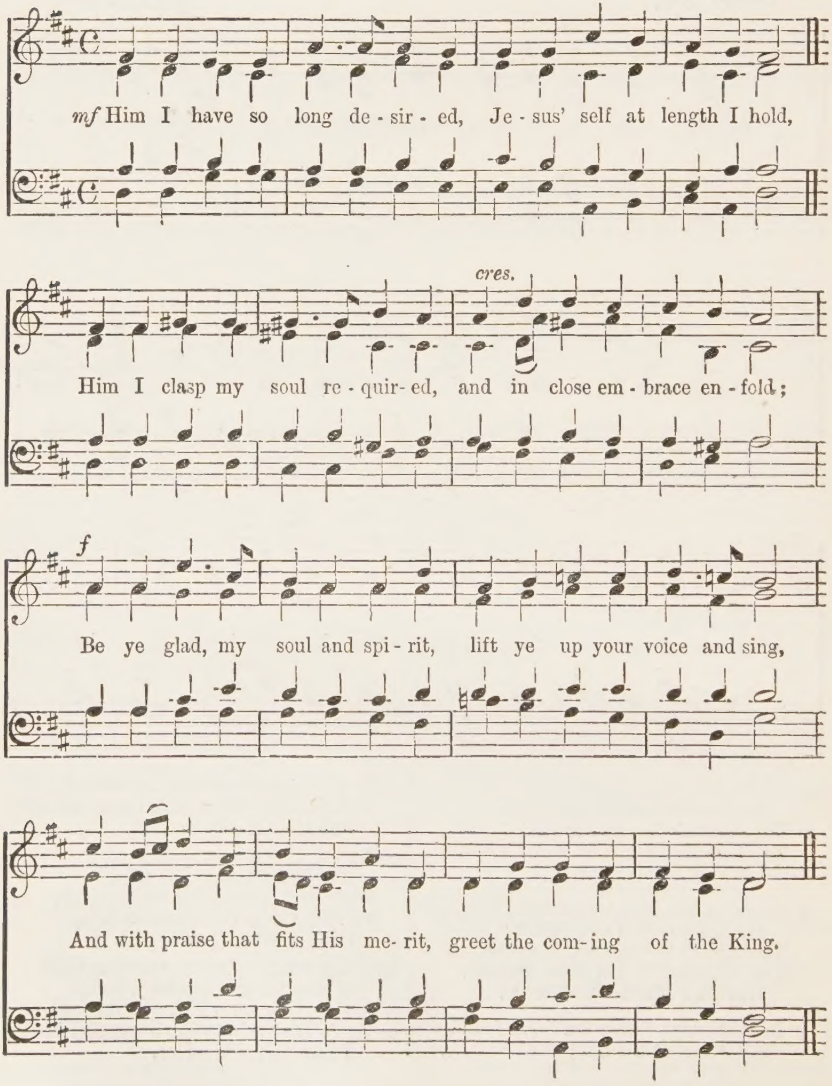
mf No longer on a manger bed
Reclines the God of Heaven,
cr But souls adoring now are led
To where His Christmas Feast is spread,
His very Self is given.

f There, on His high Communion Throne,
We hail our God and Christ;
The Marvel to the world is shewn,
The Miracle to earth made known:
Heaven's Blessèd Eucharist!

p In Bethlehem "no room" was found
For Jesus at the inn;
So now, the heedless world around,
Though signs and wonders more abound,
Still loves itself—and sin.

mf And Eucharistic bells may ring,
And Christmas joy be told,
And God's dear angels sweetly sing,
Yet will the world refuse its King,
His brightness not behold.

mf But pardoned sinners, kneeling bend
Where Saints have knelt before,
And seraphs from their sky descend,
cr While Heaven and earth together blend,
To worship and adore.

Carol 91.

mf Him I have so long de - sir - ed, Je - sus' self at length I hold,
cres.
Him I clasp my soul re - quir - ed, and in close em - brace en - fold;
f
Be ye glad, my soul and spi - rit, lift ye up your voice and sing,
And with praise that fits His me - rit, greet the com - ing of the King.

p Sad was I and weary-hearted, nought had I to bring me cheer,
Far from my Belovéd parted, far from Him I count most dear;
But He stooped unto the lowly dwelling of my grieving soul;
cr And, when came the Lord most Holy, I was glad and I was whole.

mf Not the sun such brightness poureth on the earth in darkness laid,
Not the rain-cloud so restoreth flowerets that in summer fade,
cr As the Lord the soul sustaineth when it faint and languid grows,
And new vigour, as it waneth, of His graciousness bestows.

f Bright the day, and bright the hour, when Thou, Jesu, drawest near,
Full the time of light and power when Thou hastest to me here;
He who holds Thee, all possessing, every need hath so obtained,
For the fount of truest blessing, winning Thee, his soul hath gained.

f Who would not be lost in wonder at Thy goodness, O my King,
Would he but Thy doings ponder, in deep thought considering?
I seek Thee, and Thou me seekest, and Thou grantest, in Thy grace,
And Thy lovingkindness meekest, me to share in Thine embrace.

p I was not, and Thou hast made me, out of darkness and of nought,
And Thou hast in love arrayed me with the godlike gift of thought;
For my sake Thou condescendedst in a manger to be born,
pp And Thy life in pain Thou endedst on the bitter Cross of scorn.

mf To the gifts wherewith Thou greetest me in bounty day by day,
Thou hast added dainties sweetest, newer graces to display,
Thou, my heart's most precious treasure, Jesu, my one sole delight,
Reign Thou in me at Thy pleasure, Son of God, *f* and reign in might.

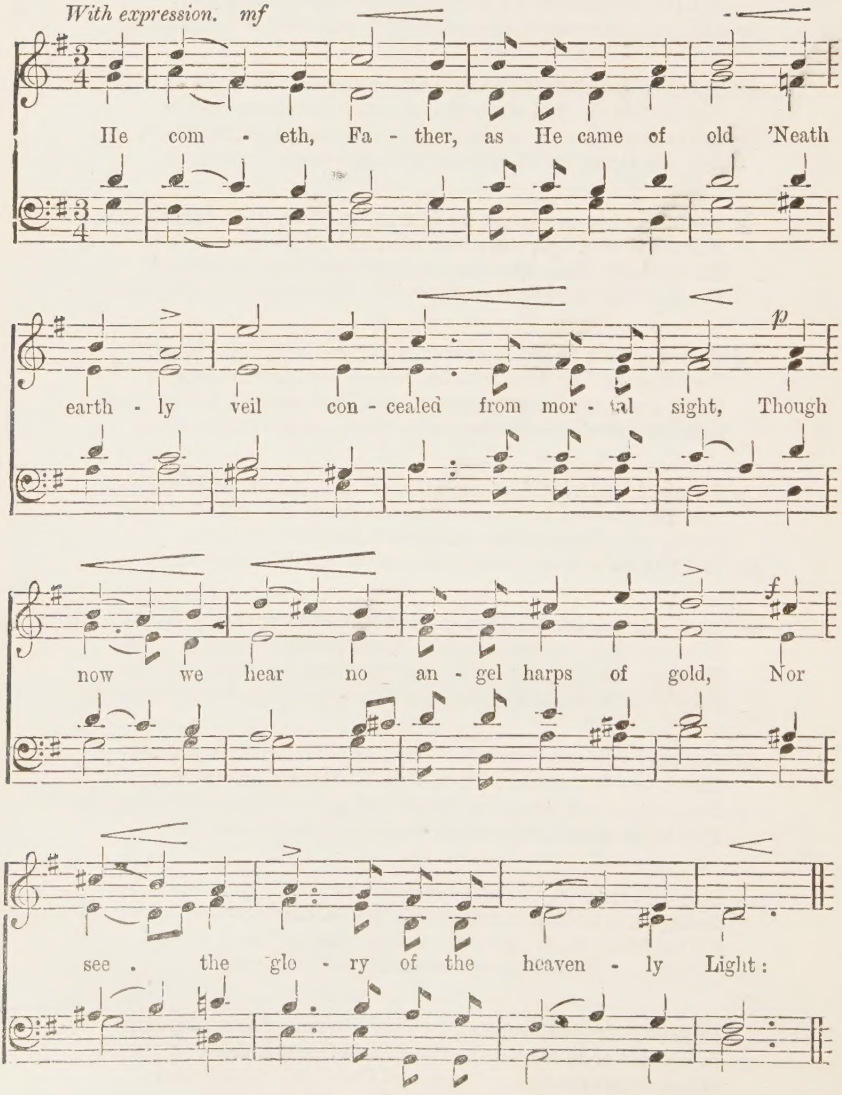
mf Smite my self-love down before Thee, and so slay it in my heart,
That I may in love adore Thee, Thee Who only worthy art;
p Take from me all that offendeth, all that grieves Thine eyes most pure,
That in life which never endeth I may dwell in Thee secure.

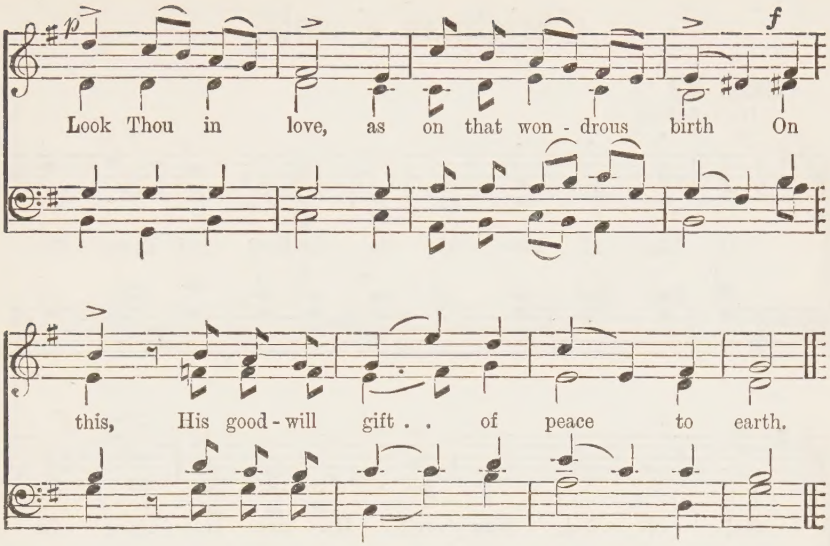
mf Rest with me when dawns the morning; rest with me at eventide,
Loving Jesu, think no scorning with Thy servant to abide;
Let not life or death e'er sever me from Thee, my Lord, I pray,
cr Let our union hold for ever, broken by no force for aye.

f I will sing my glad thanksgiving while I breathe this earthly air,
cr In the land of all the living, thousandfold repeat it there,
Where at last the veil is rended, and I see Thee as Thou art;
And to Angel choirs ascended, love Thee with a perfect heart.

Carol 92.

With expression. *mf*


He com - eth, Fa - ther, as He came of old 'Neath
earth - ly veil con - cealed from mor - tal sight, Though
p
now we hear no an - gel harps of gold, Nor
f
see . the glo - ry of the heaven - ly Light:

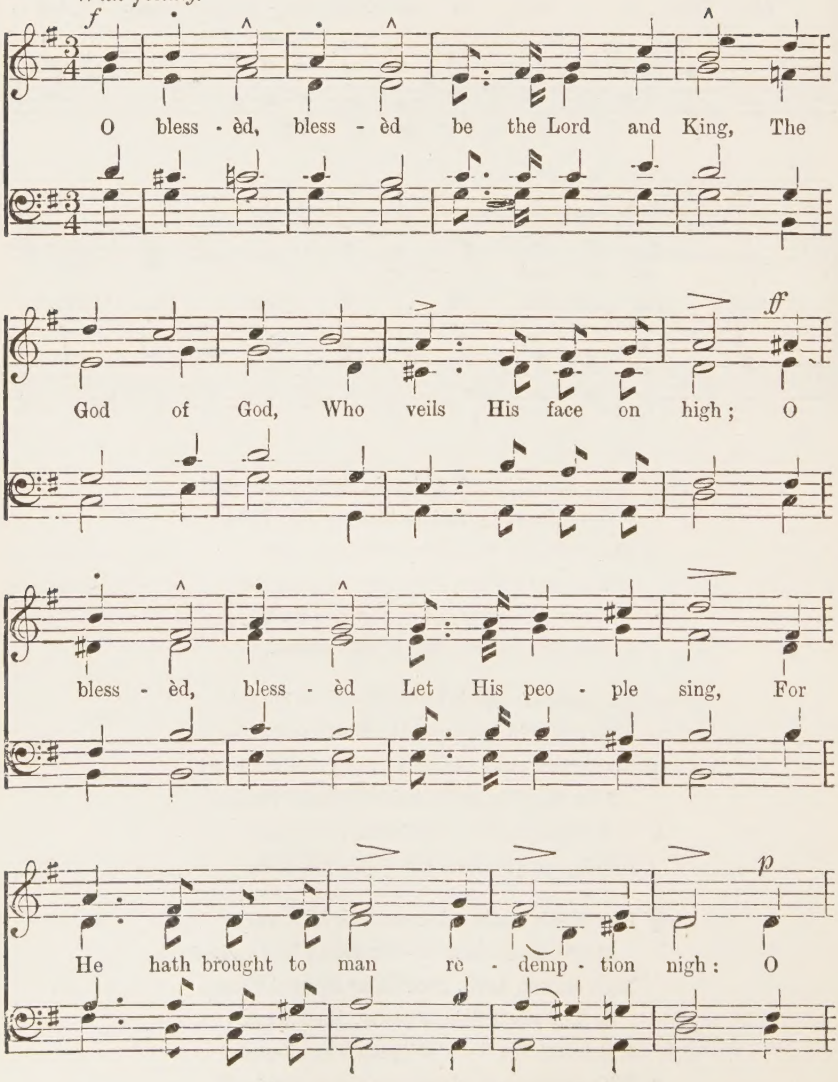
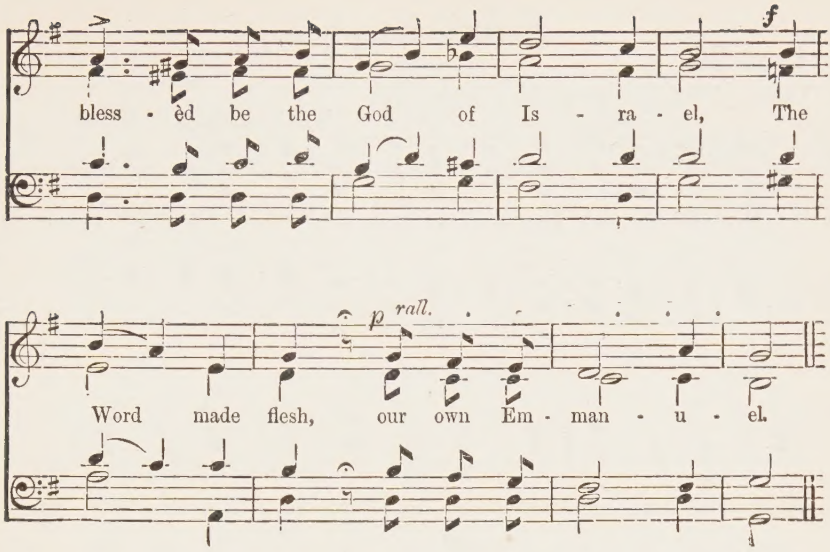


mf Thou comest, Lord, and as in Bethlehem's stall
cr Our gifts and greetings here we offer Thee.
p Here spread a veil, then low adoring fall,
Where as in Mary's arms by faith we see
cr God's highest glory, graciously enshrin'd
f In this Thy gift of peace to all mankind.

mf He cometh! Spirit blest, Thy grace impart,
Brooding in love upon the Bread and Wine,
p Make them, we pray, make every faithful heart
Like Mary's meet to hold the Guest Divine,
cr God's highest glory veiled from mortal ken
f In this, His promised gift of peace to men.

mf He cometh, Father, here to seek His own,
Thy Word made flesh—He deigns 'mid us to dwell.
Thou comest, Lord, from Thine Eternal Throne
By Thy sweet Spirit's power, Emmanuel,
And round Thy feet, we hymn Thy glory still
ff With angel-songs of peace and great good-will.

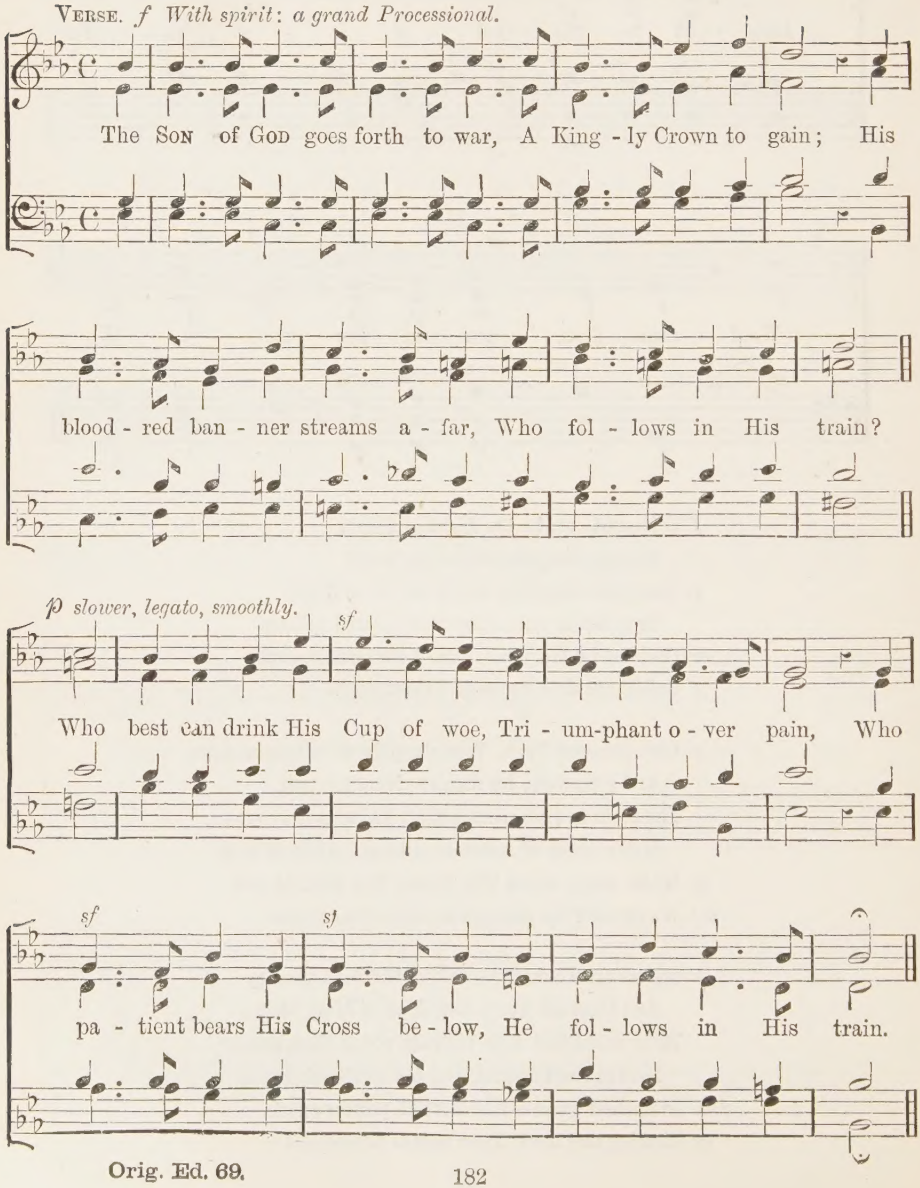
Carol 93.

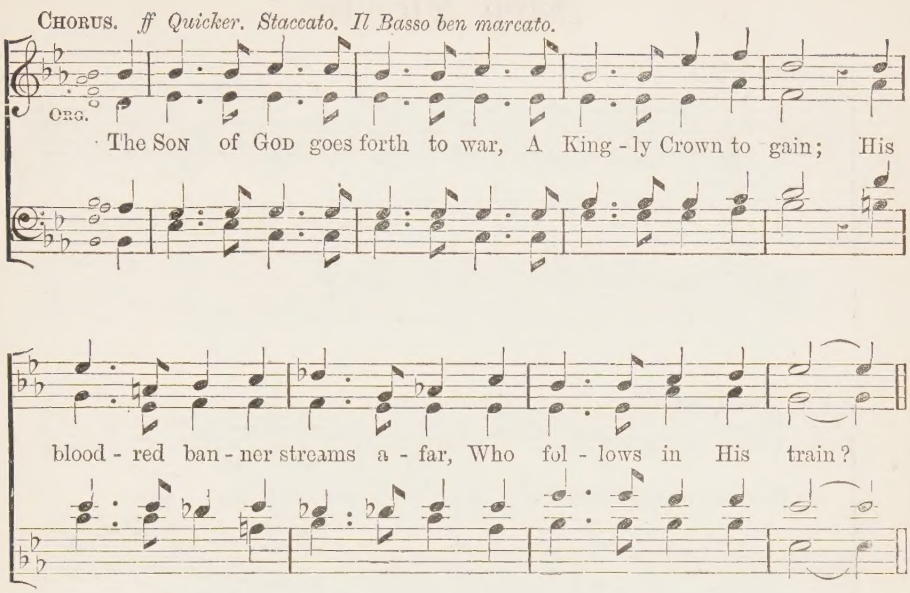
With feeling.

f
O bless - èd, bless - èd be the Lord and King, The
ff
God of God, Who veils His face on high; O
bless - èd, bless - èd Let His peo - ple sing, For
p
He hath brought to man re - demp - tion nigh: O

f O blessèd ever be the Light of Light,
Begotten ere the everlasting years,
p Ere angel-wing first fann'd the air in flight,
Or rolled in tune along unnumbered spheres.
cr Oh blest be He Who deigns with man to dwell,
f God in our flesh enveiled—Emmanuel.

p Oh! blest art Thou, Who stoop'dst from heaven down
And sorrowing, for man's redemption trod
The earth in pain, then twined Thine earthly crown,
Man's crown of sorrows—with the crown of God.
cr While angels round Thy throne Thy triumph tell,
mf We hymn Thee throned in Love—Emmanuel.

f O blest art Thou, True God of Godhead sprung,
And blest art Thou, true Man of Mary blest;
Thou veilèd God, this veil hath round Thee flung,
Lord of the Banquet, and the soul's sole Guest,
dim In lowliest guise—Who dost all powers excel,
cr Blessing and blest, Thou com'st Emmanuel.

Saint Stephen.

Carol 94.

VERSE. f With spirit: a grand Processional.
The SON of GOD goes forth to war, A King - ly Crown to gain; His
blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
p slower, legato, smoothly.
sf
Who best can drink His Cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
sf
sf
pa - tient bears His Cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.


CHORUS. ff Quicker. Staccato. Il Basso ben marcato.
ORG.
The SON of GOD goes forth to war, A King - ly Crown to gain; His
blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?

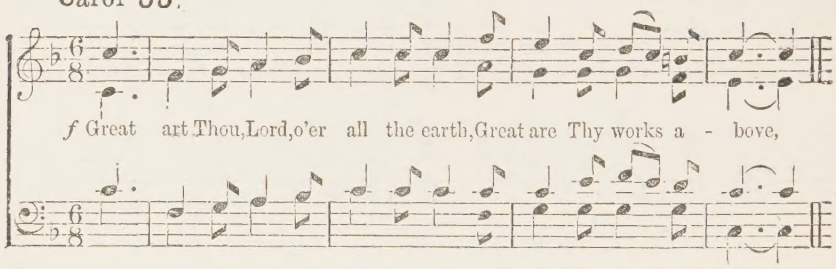
mf The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
p Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?
ff The SON of GOD, &c.

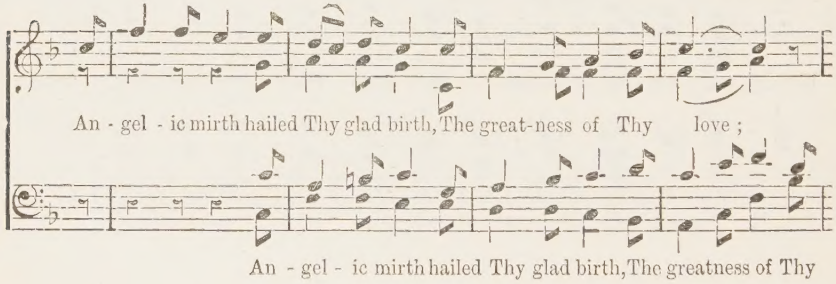
f A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the SPIRIT came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the Cross and flame.
dim They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane, [feel:
They bowed their necks, the death to
cr Who follows in their train?
ff The SON of GOD, &c.

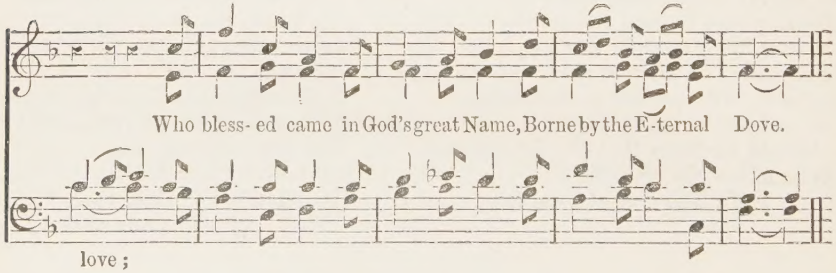
mf A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!
ff The SON of GOD, &c.

Saint Stephen.

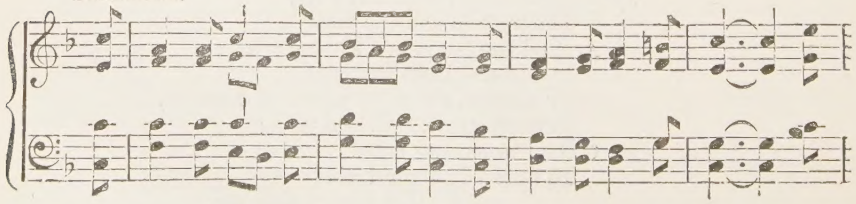
Carol 95.

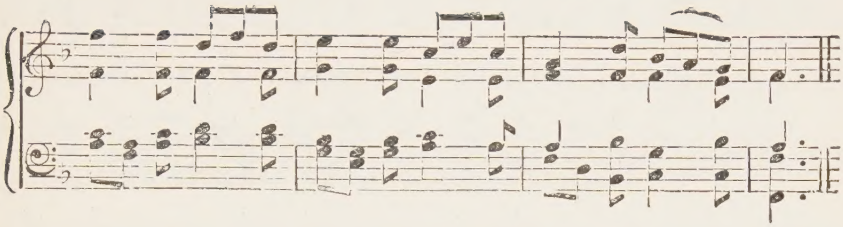






SYMPHONY.





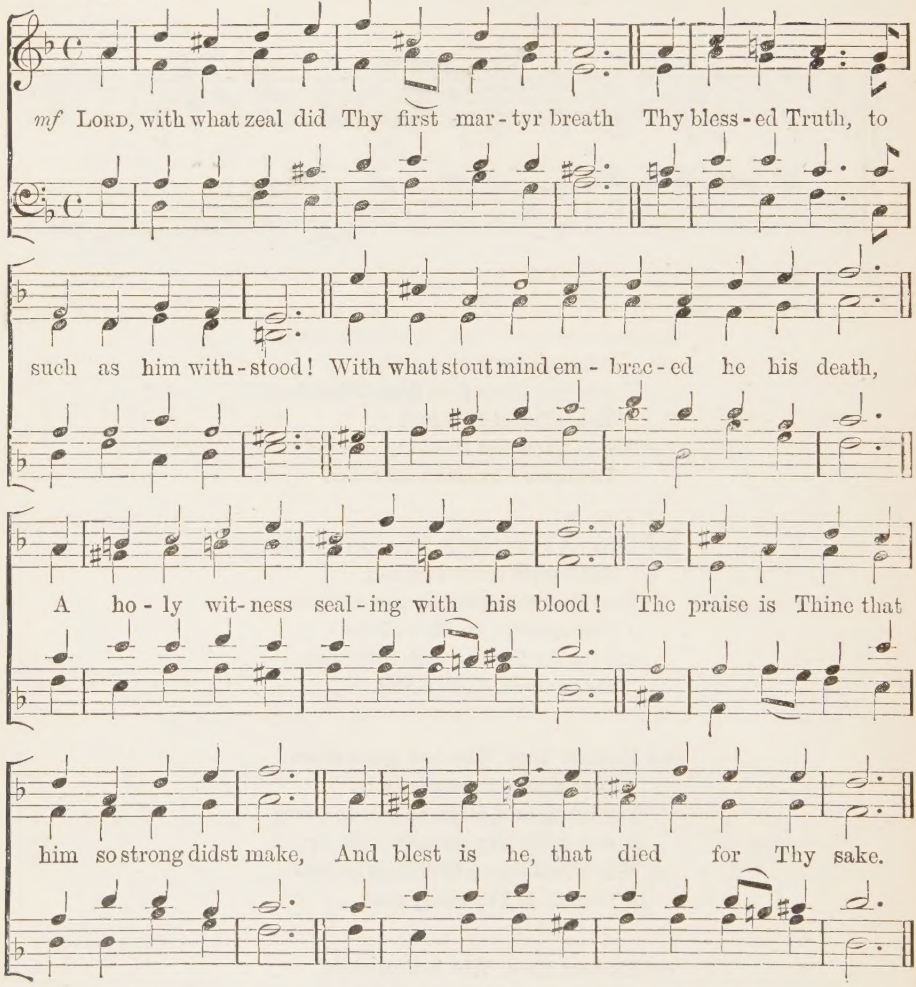
mf Blest art Thou, blest that Spirit's power
Which did with light Divine
Thy martyr dower *p* in death's dark hour
To see Thy glory shine;
cr Where Thou dost stand at God's right hand
With man Thy God-head twine.

mf Blest art Thou! all to Thee earth yields,
The flowery crown of spring,
The crown that gilds the harvest-fields,
f The orchards' wealth we bring;
But 'tis the first the flock hath nurst
That crowns love's offering.

mf Blest art Thou Who dost give a crown
Than gold or gems more rare,
Thy love poured down, all hate to drown
p And crown Thy servant's prayer;
cr Which loud uprose that Thou his foes
pp Wouldst in Thy mercy spare.

mf Blest art Thou, Who in days of old
Didst come in God's great Name,
With love untold to safely fold
cr Thine own Jerusalem;
f Our God and Lord, the Father's Word
Thy Martyr's diadem.

Carol 96.

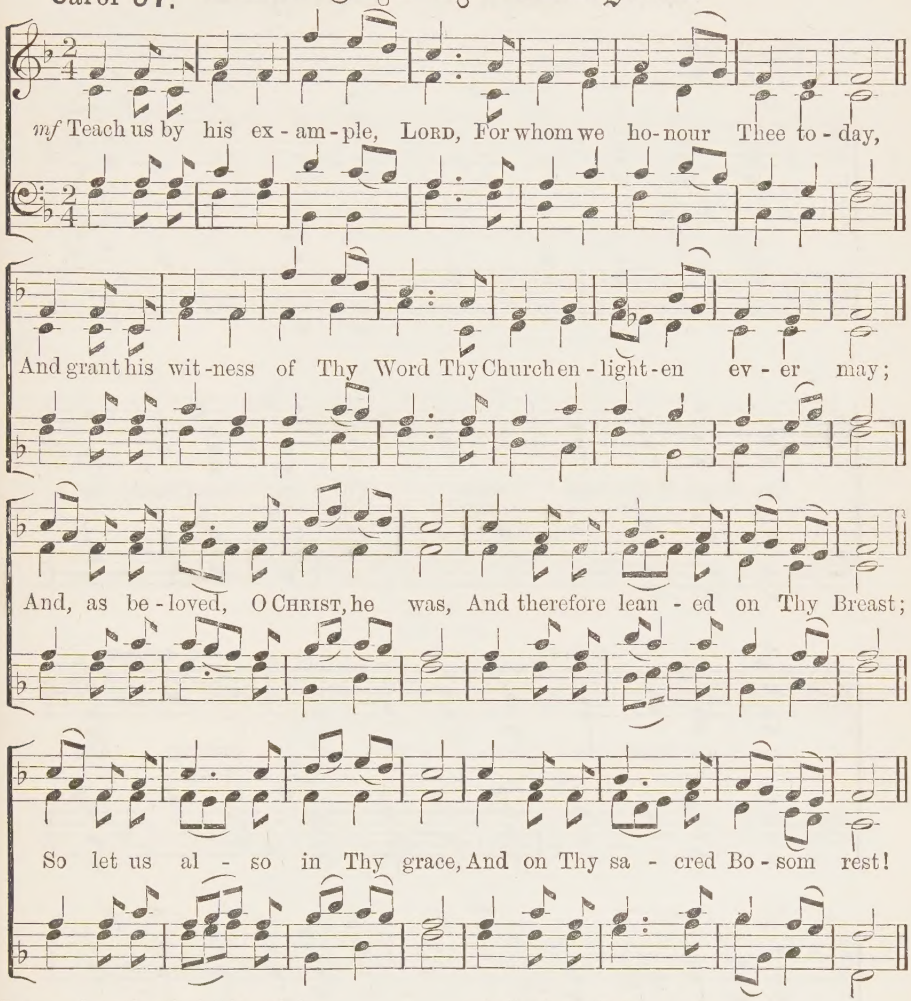
Saint Stephen.

mf Lord, with what zeal did Thy first mar-tyr breath Thy bless-ed Truth, to
such as him with-stood! With what stout mind em-brac-ed he his death,
A ho-ly wit-ness seal-ing with his blood! The praise is Thine that
him so strong didst make, And blest is he, that died for Thy sake.

mf Unquenchèd love in him appeared to be,
When for his murderous foes he did intreat;
A piercing eye made bright by faith had he;
For he beheld Thee in Thy glory set;
dim And so unmoved his patience he did keep,
pp He died, as if he had but fallen asleep.

mf Our lukewarm hearts with his hot zeal inflame,
So constant, and so loving let us be;
So let us living glorify Thy Name;
dim So let us dying fix our eyes on Thee;
And when the sleep of death shall us o'ertake,
f With him to Life Eternal us awake!

Carol 97.

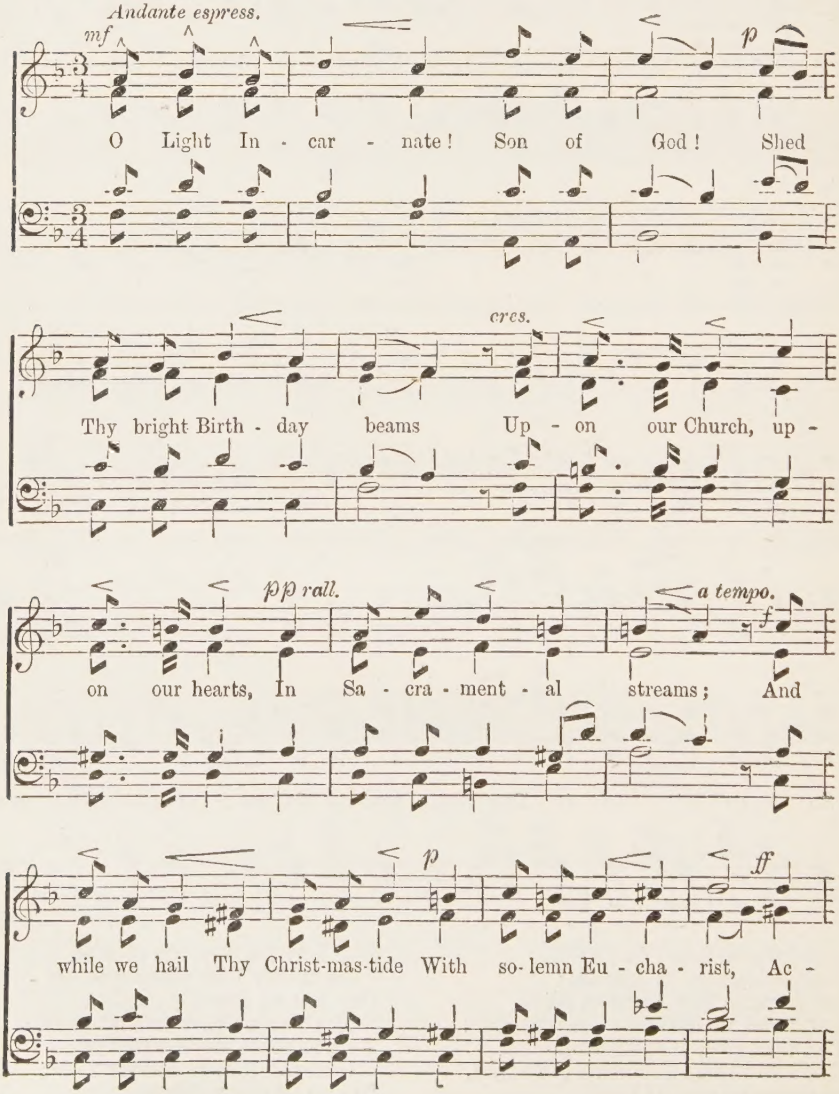
Saint John the Evangelist.

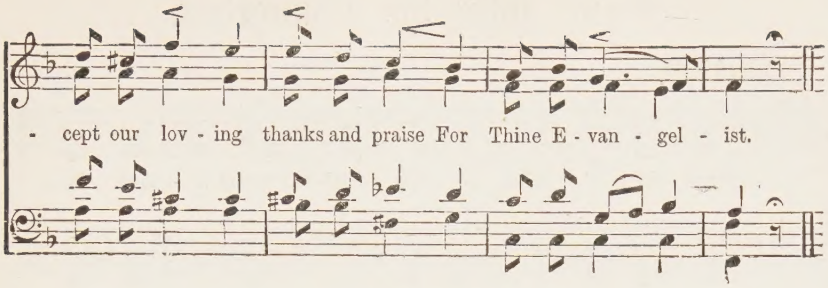

mf Teach us by his ex - am - ple, Lord, For whom we ho - nour Thee to - day,
And grant his wit - ness of Thy Word Thy Church en - light - en ev - er may;
And, as be - loved, O Christ, he was, And therefore lean - ed on Thy Breast;
So let us al - so in Thy grace, And on Thy sa - cred Bo - som rest!

mf Into us breathe that Life Divine,
Whose testimony he intends;
About us cause Thy Light to shine,
That which no darkness comprehends:
cr And let that Ever Blessed Word
Which all things did create of nought,
Anew create us now, O Lord,
Whose ruin sin hath almost wrought.

mf Thy holy Faith we do profess,
Us to Thy Fellowship receive;
Our sins we heartily confess,
Thy Pardon therefore let us have;
cr And, as to us Thy Servant gives
Occasion thus to honour Thee;
So also let our words and lives
As lights and guides to others be

Saint John the Evangelist.

Carol 98.

Andante espress.
mf
p
O Light In - car - nate! Son of God! Shed
cres.
Thy bright Birth - day beams Up - on our Church, up -
pp rall.
a tempo.
f
on our hearts, In Sa - cra - ment - al streams; And
p
ff
while we hail Thy Christ-mas-tide With so- lemn Eu - cha - rist, Ac -



mf John the Divine, whose doctrine glows
As crystal in the sun,—
Translucent with the Light of Light,
The Incarnate Holy One;
His first Apocalypse he saw
In Patmos' sacred isle,
cr And now he stands, enwrapt, entranced
In God's eternal smile.

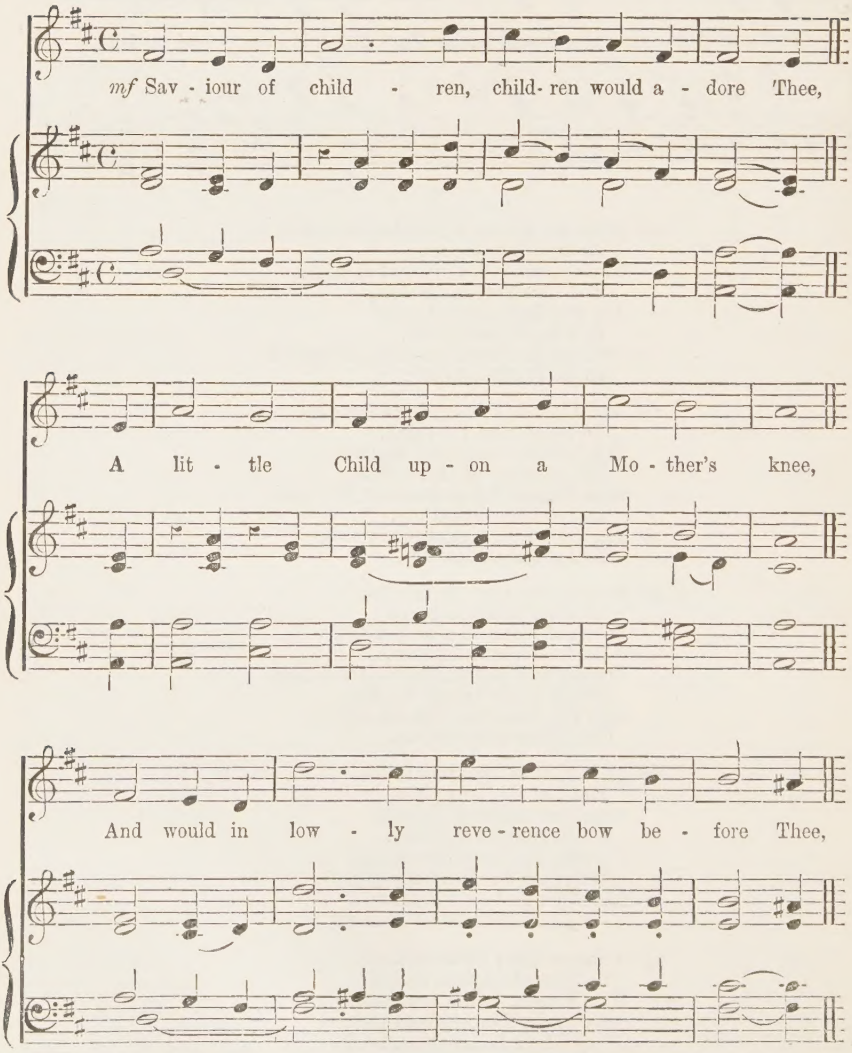
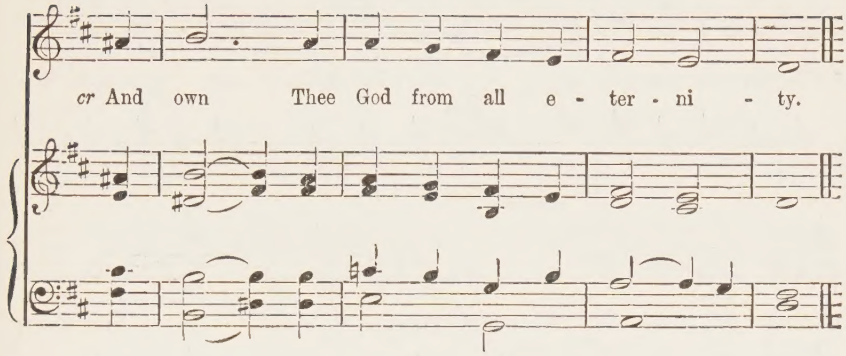
mf And Light is shining down from Heaven
To gladden all the earth,
For John's evangel still declares
The Mystery of God's Birth,
And through the darkness of the world,
Led by that Gospel ray,
cr The Church in perfect safety walks
To light of endless day.

mf So keep us, Jesu, in Thy Truth,
That we at last may rise
Where shadows all shall flee away
cr Before our opening eyes,
Transfigured and transformed with him
Whose praise to-day we sing,
Into Thy Likeness Who art Light,
Its Maker and its King.

mf And grant us even now to see
Here, in this holy place,
Some Revelation of Thyself
In Sacraments of Grace,
Till with Thy loved Evangelist
We reach our Heavenly Rest,
cr And share his sweet Beatitude,
—"Leaning on Jesus' Breast."

f O Son of Mary! Son of God!
To Thee our hymns ascend,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
We praise Thee without end;
O! by Thine Incarnation, Lord,
Preserve us in Thy Grace,
Till in that Light we see Thy Light
And worship face to Face.

Saint John the Evangelist.

Carol 99.

mf Sav - iour of child - ren, child- ren would a - dore Thee,
A lit - tle Child up - on a Mo - ther's knee,
And would in low - ly reve - rence bow be - fore Thee,

mf On Christmas Day we heard the Gospel story
Which tells how angels praised Thee at Thy birth,
Then with our feeble voices sang Thy glory,
And praised Thee for Thy coming down to earth.

mf To-day Thy Church would have us tell Thy praises
For him whose words proclaim Thee God above,
cr Words that on eagle wings to heaven upraise us—
Who teaches little children they should love.

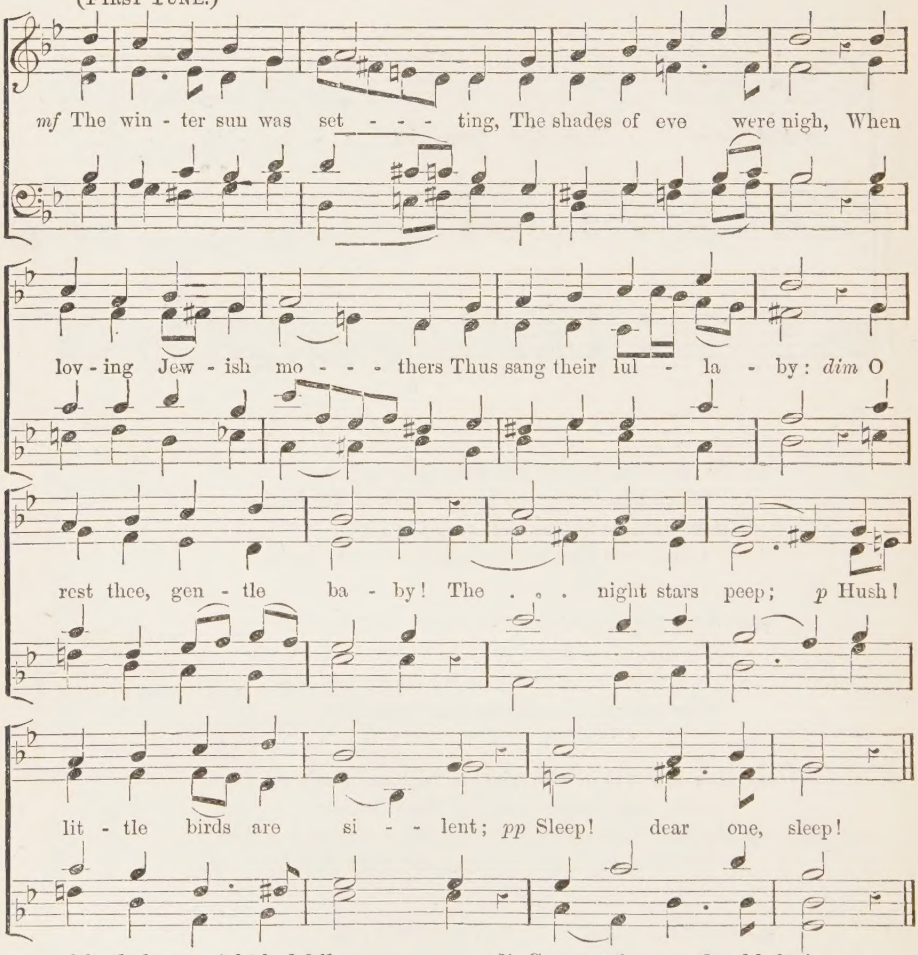
mf How blest was he who might in faith and meekness
Lean, gentle Saviour, on Thy loving breast;
p Yet Thou Who feelest for our mortal weakness
Wilt bear Thy lambs in that sweet place of rest.

mf How blest was he to whom Thy Mother holy
Thou didst commend whilst hanging on the Tree;
O Lord, may we, submissive, meek, and lowly,
Obey our parents for the love of Thee.

mf Saviour of children, listen to our singing,
And grant that we one day with Thee may dwell,
f And where Thy saints' and angels' songs are ringing
cr Thy love to us Thy little ones may tell.

Carol 100. The Holy Innocents.

(First Tune.)


mf The win - ter sun was set - - - ting, The shades of eve were nigh, When
lov - ing Jew - ish mo - - - thers Thus sang their lul - la - by: dim O
rest thee, gen - tle ba - by! The . . . night stars peep; p Hush!
lit - tle birds are si - - lent; pp Sleep! dear one, sleep!

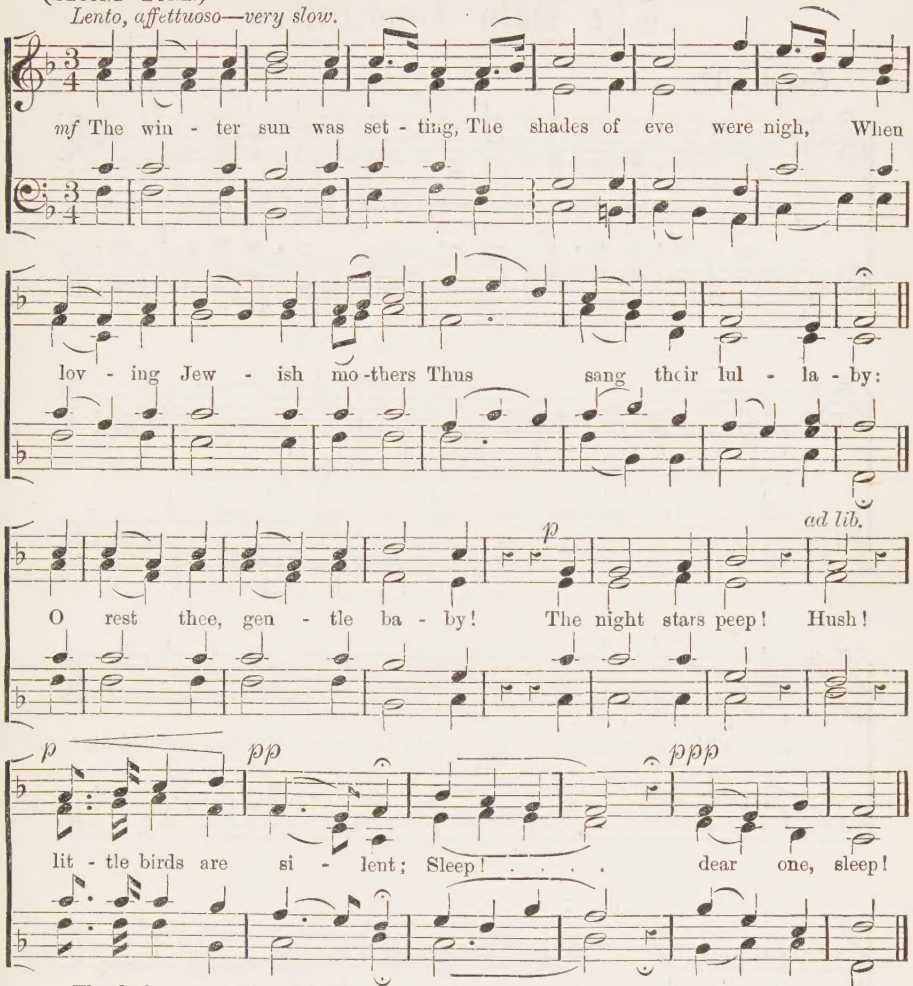
p The darksome night had fallen;
There came a ruthless band;
Each babe on mother's bosom
Was slain by murderous hand.
dim Long rest thee, ransomed baby,
In slumber deep!
Within the Arms Eternal
pp Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p The morning sun was rising,
Each mother's heart was torn,
As o'er her slaughtered infant
She wailed with grief forlorn:
dim God rest thee, murdered baby!
His blessing keep
Both babe and mourning mother!
p Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p Again the night had fallen;
cr There came a vision bright;
The babes the Lamb all radiant
Followed in robes of white.
f Joy for my martyr baby!
No more I weep.
dim Till Christ shall bid thee follow,
p Sleep! dear one, sleep!

Carol 100. The Holy Innocents.

(Second Tune.)

Lento, affettuoso—very slow.

mf The win - ter sun was set - ting, The shades of eve were nigh, When
lov - ing Jew - ish mo-thers Thus sang their lul - la - by:
p
ad lib.
O rest thee, gen - tle ba - by! The night stars peep! Hush!
p
pp
ppp
lit - tle birds are si - lent; Sleep! . . . . dear one, sleep!

p The darksome night had fallen;
There came a ruthless band;
Each babe on mother's bosom
Was slain by murderous hand.

dim Long rest thee, ransomed baby,
In slumber deep!
Within the Arms Eternal
pp Sleep! dear one, sleep.

p The morning sun was rising;
Each mother's heart was torn,
As o'er her slaughtered infant
She wailed with grief forlorn:

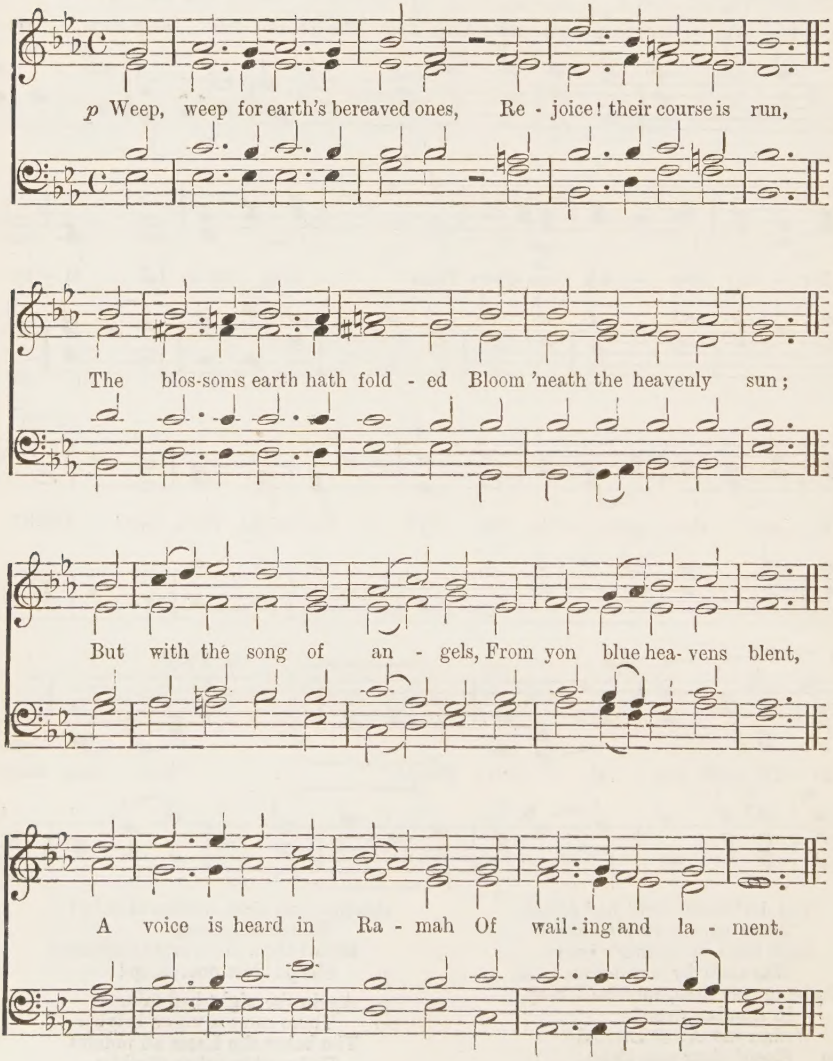
dim God rest thee, murdered baby!
His blessing keep
Both babe and mourning mother!
p Sleep! dear one, sleep!

p Again the night had fallen;
cr There came a vision bright;
The babes the Lamb all radiant
Followed in robes of white.

f Joy for my martyr baby!
No more I weep.

dim Till Christ shall bid thee follow,
pp Sleep! dear one, sleep!

The Holy Innocents.

Carol 101.

p Weep, weep for earth's bereaved ones, Re - joice! their course is run,
The blos-soms earth hath fold - ed Bloom 'neath the heavenly sun;
But with the song of an - gels, From yon blue hea- vens blent,
A voice is heard in Ra - mah Of wail - ing and la - ment.

mf O roses of the morning,
O fadeless flowers of spring
Cull'd for the Master's garden
A sinless offering:
The icy blast of winter
Had chill'd ye with its breath,
But 'mid the summer bowers
cr Ye passed to life from death.

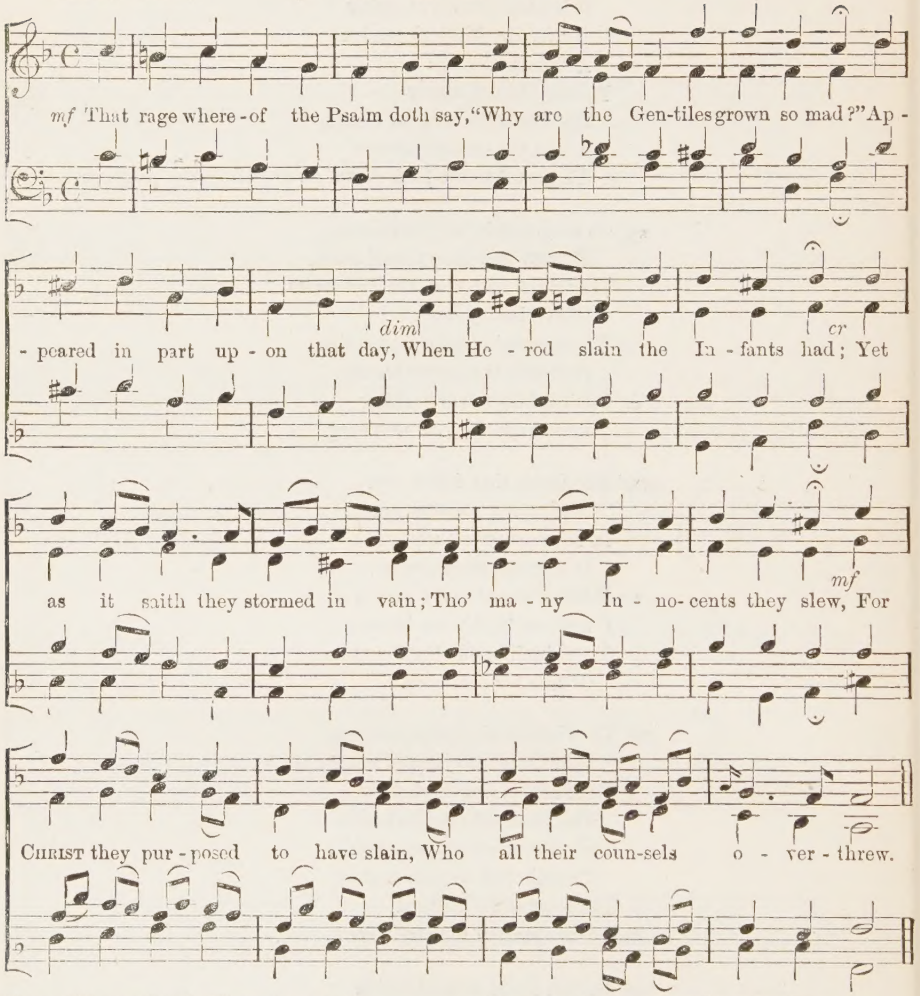
mf Oh weep not for thy loved ones,
Though they have passed away,
They dwell with God, the first-fruits
Of everlasting day:
f Where sound of harpers, harping
Resounds the groves among,
cr Their infant voices swelling
Raise high the glad new song.

mf The Lamb they follow ever
'Mid sunny pastures green,
In robes of purest whiteness
In glorious silver sheen:
cr Where voice of many waters
f Rolls on the throne before,
They dwell beside the Fountain
Of Life for evermore.

mf Then let not thought of sadness
Dim Christmas joy and mirth,
f Their angels sing in gladness
The promised Saviour's birth:
Their wintry storms are ended,
Though with a crimson glow
The roses of their bridal
dim Have stained the virgin snow.

p Though Bethlehem of Judah
The Son of sorrow bore,
cr The Son of consolation
f He lives for evermore:
Look up! oh mournful mother,
And let no voice of wail
Be with the wild winds sighing
Borne mingled on the gale.

Carol 102.

The Holy Innocents.

mf That rage where-of the Psalm doth say, "Why are the Gen-tiles grown so mad?" Ap-
dim
-peared in part up-on that day, When He-rod slain the In-fants had; Yet
cr
as it saith they stormed in vain; Tho' ma-ny In-no-cents they slew, For
mf
Christ they pur-posed to have slain, Who all their coun-sels o-ver-threw.

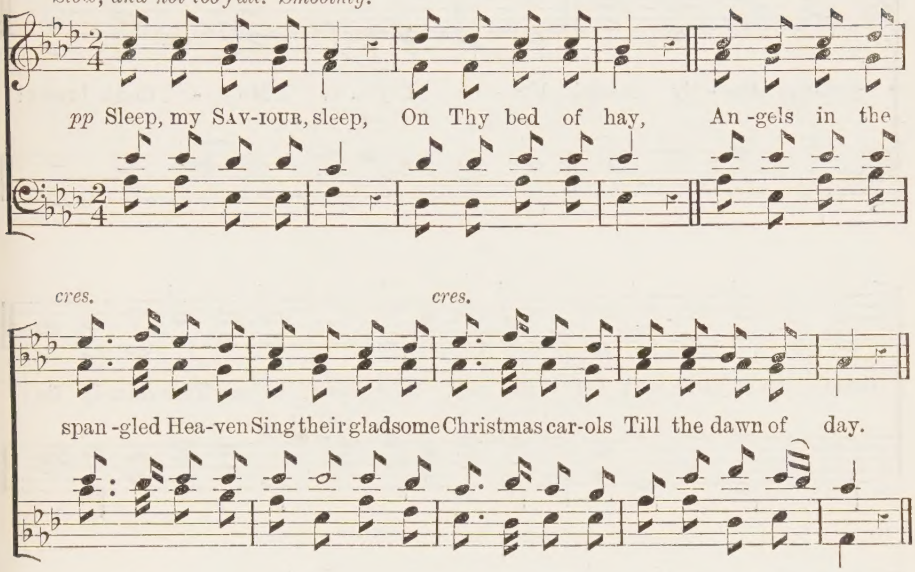
mf Thus still vouchsafe Thou to restrain
The tyrants, Lord, pursuing Thee;
Thus let our vast desires be slain,
That Thou mayest living in us be;
cr So, whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
We of Thy Love our songs will frame,
And with these Innocents, our death
f Shall also glorify Thy Name.

mf In type those many died for One;
That One for many more was slain
And what they felt in Act alone,
He did in Will and Act sustain.
Lord, grant that what Thou hast decreed,
In Will and Act we may fulfil;
And though we reach not to the deed,
From us, O Lord, accept the Will.

Circumcision.

Carol 103.

Slow, and not too full. Smoothly.

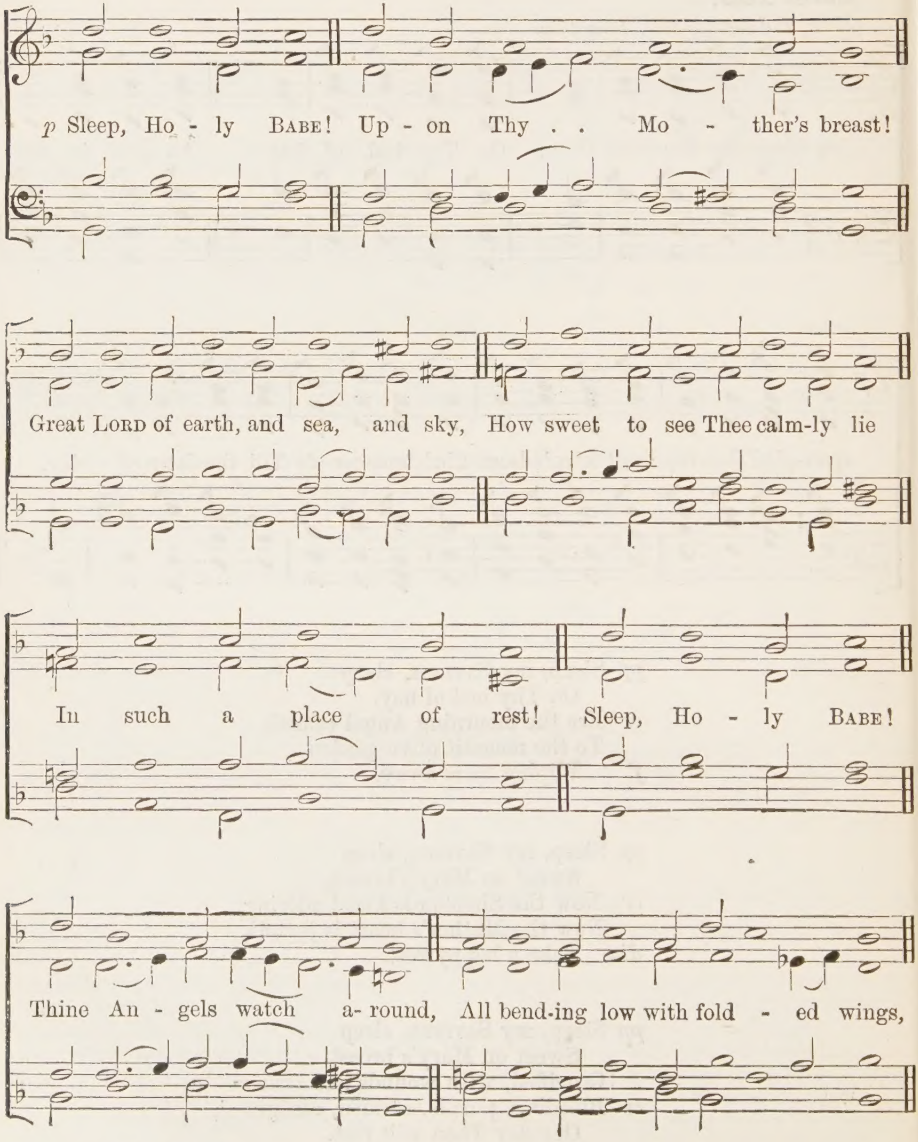

pp Sleep, my Sav-iour, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, An-gels in the
cres. cres.
span-gled Hea-ven Sing their gladsome Christmas car-ols Till the dawn of day.

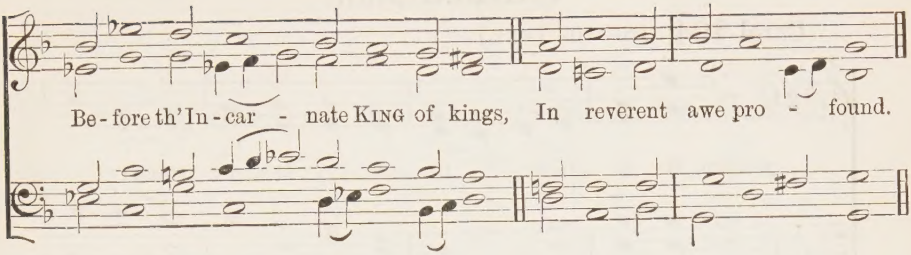
pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep
On Thy bed of hay,
cr Ere the mourning Angel cometh
To the moonlit olive garden,
f Wiping tears away.

pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep
Sweet on Mary's breast,
cr Now the Shepherds kneel adoring,
Now the Mother's heart is joyous,
dim Take a happy rest.

pp Sleep, my Saviour, sleep
Sweet on Mary's breast.
Crucified, with wounds and bruises
cr Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest.

Circumcision.

Carol 104. (First Tune.)

p Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy . . Mo - ther's breast!
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet to see Thee calm-ly lie
In such a place of rest! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe!
Thine An - gels watch a- round, All bend-ing low with fold - ed wings,

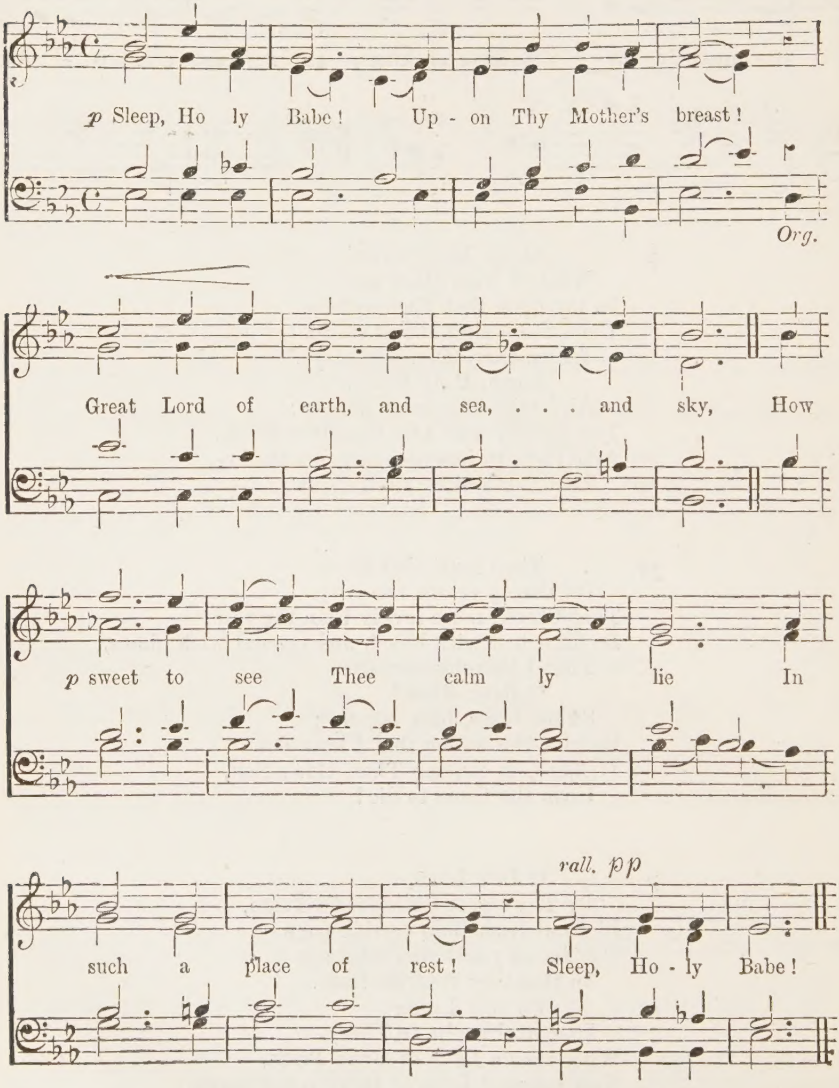
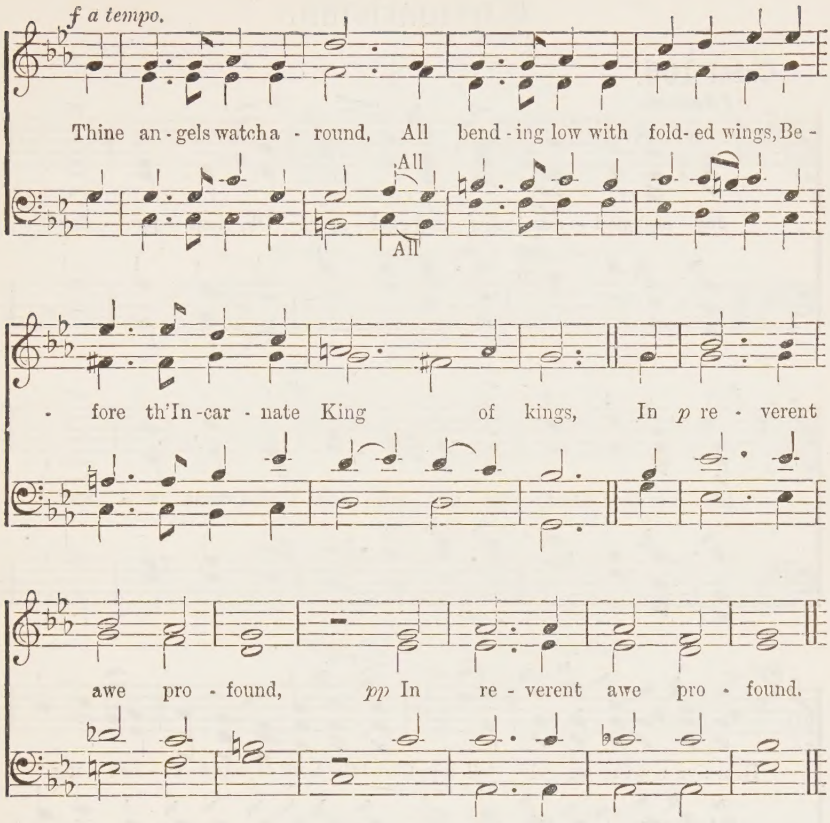


p Sleep, Holy BABE!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.
Sleep, Holy BABE!
dim Ah! take Thy brief Repose:
Too quickly will Thy Slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
pp That death alone shall close.

pp Then must that Brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.
O BABY Blest!
Sweet JESUS, hear my cry;
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thee, GOD'S SON,
Upon the Cross to die!

p O JESU LORD,
By Thy sweet Childhood's Years,
Blot out from their terrific page
My sins of youth and later age
In these my contrite tears.
cr So may I sing
Immortal praise to Thee,
Who, once a BABE of lowly Birth,
f Now reignest LORD of Heaven and earth,
In TRINAL UNITY.

Circumcision.

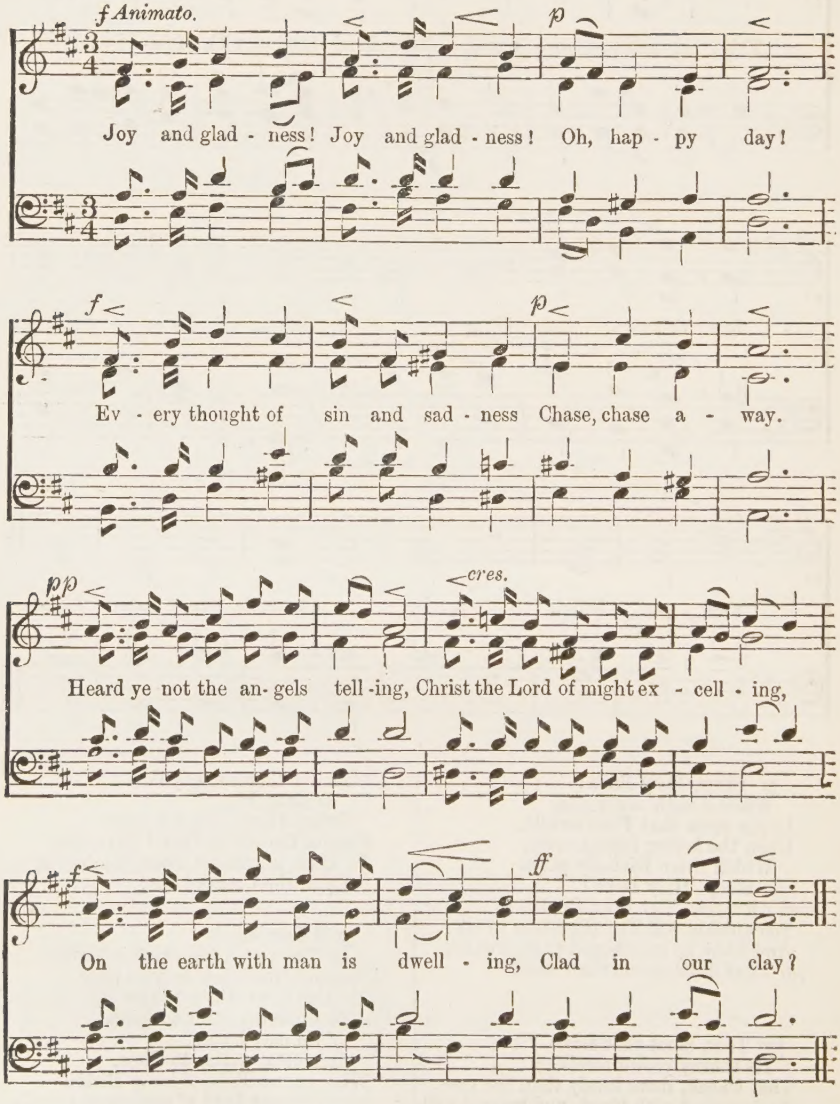
Carol 104. (Second Tune.)

p Sleep, Ho ly Babe! Up - on Thy Mother's breast!
Org.
Great Lord of earth, and sea, . . . and sky, How
p sweet to see Thee calm ly lie In
rall. pp
such a place of rest! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe!

f a tempo.
Thine an - gels watch a - round, All bend - ing low with fold - ed wings, Be -
All
All
- fore th' In - car - nate King of kings, In p re - verent
awe pro - found, pp In re - verent awe pro - found.

p Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.
Sleep, Holy Babe!
dim Ah! take Thy brief Repose;
Too quickly will Thy Slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
pp That death alone shall close.

pp Then must that Brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.
O Baby Blest!
Sweet Jesus, hear my cry;
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thee, God's Son,
Upon the Cross to die!

p O Jesu Lord,
By Thy sweet Childhood's Years,
Blot out from their terrific page
My sins of youth and later age
In these my contrite tears.
f So may I sing
Immortal praise to Thee,
Who, once a Babe of lowly Birth,
Now reignest Lord of heaven and earth,
ff In Trinal Unity.

Circumcision.

Carol 105.

f Animato.
p
Joy and glad - ness! Joy and glad - ness! Oh, hap - py day!
f
p
Ev - ery thought of sin and sad - ness Chase, chase a - way.
pp
cres.
Heard ye not the an- gels tell -ing, Christ the Lord of might ex - cell - ing,
f
ff
On the earth with man is dwell - ing, Clad in our clay?

p With the shepherd-throng around Him,
Haste we to bow;
By the angel's sign they found Him;
We know Him now;
New-born Babe of houseless stranger
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
cr Jesus, 'tis Thou!

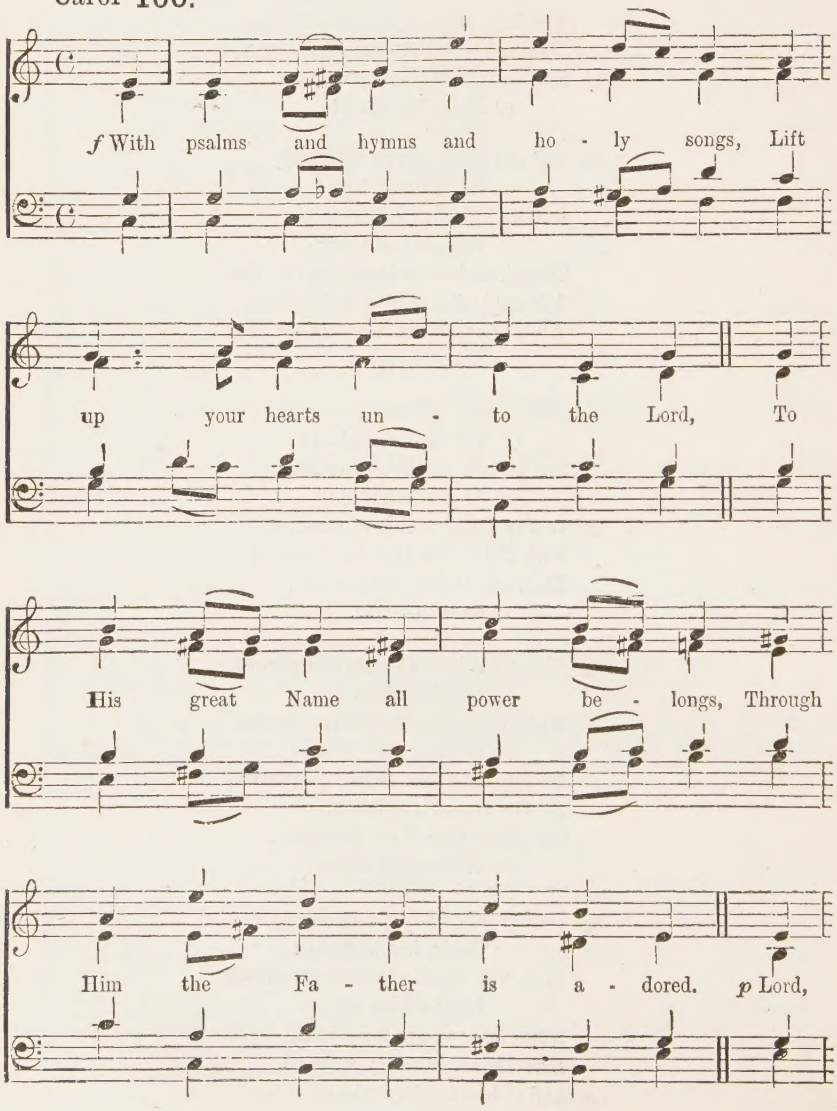
mf God of Life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born!
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn,
Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee
And gray wisdom bows before Thee,
When our youthful hearts adore Thee,
This holy morn.

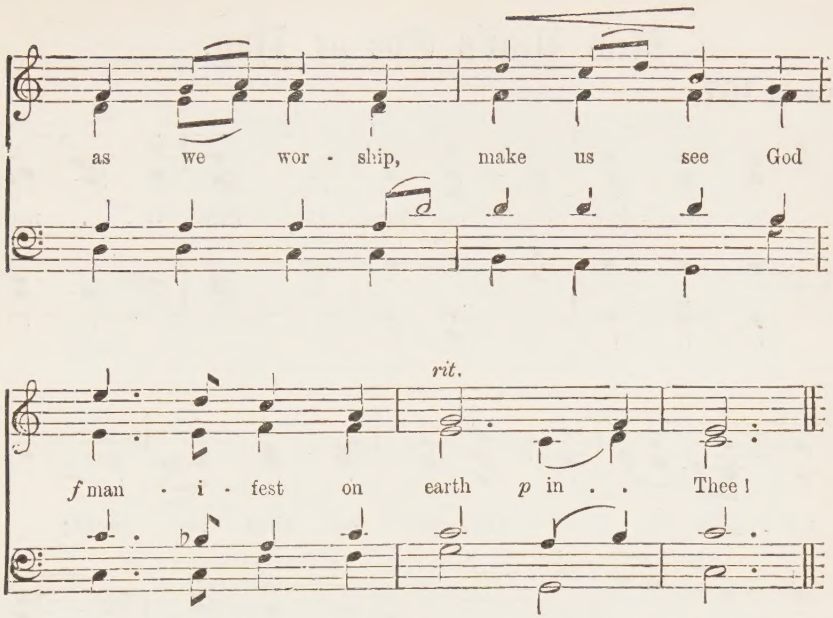
mf Son of Mary, (blessed Mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our Elder Brother,
p (O gentle Name!)
cr To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

p Thou wast born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim Divine;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were Thine:
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
Oh! Thou God of our Salvation,
cr With mercy shine!

mf In Thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray;
From Thy Word of promise shedding
Light on our way;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
cr And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

Circumcision.

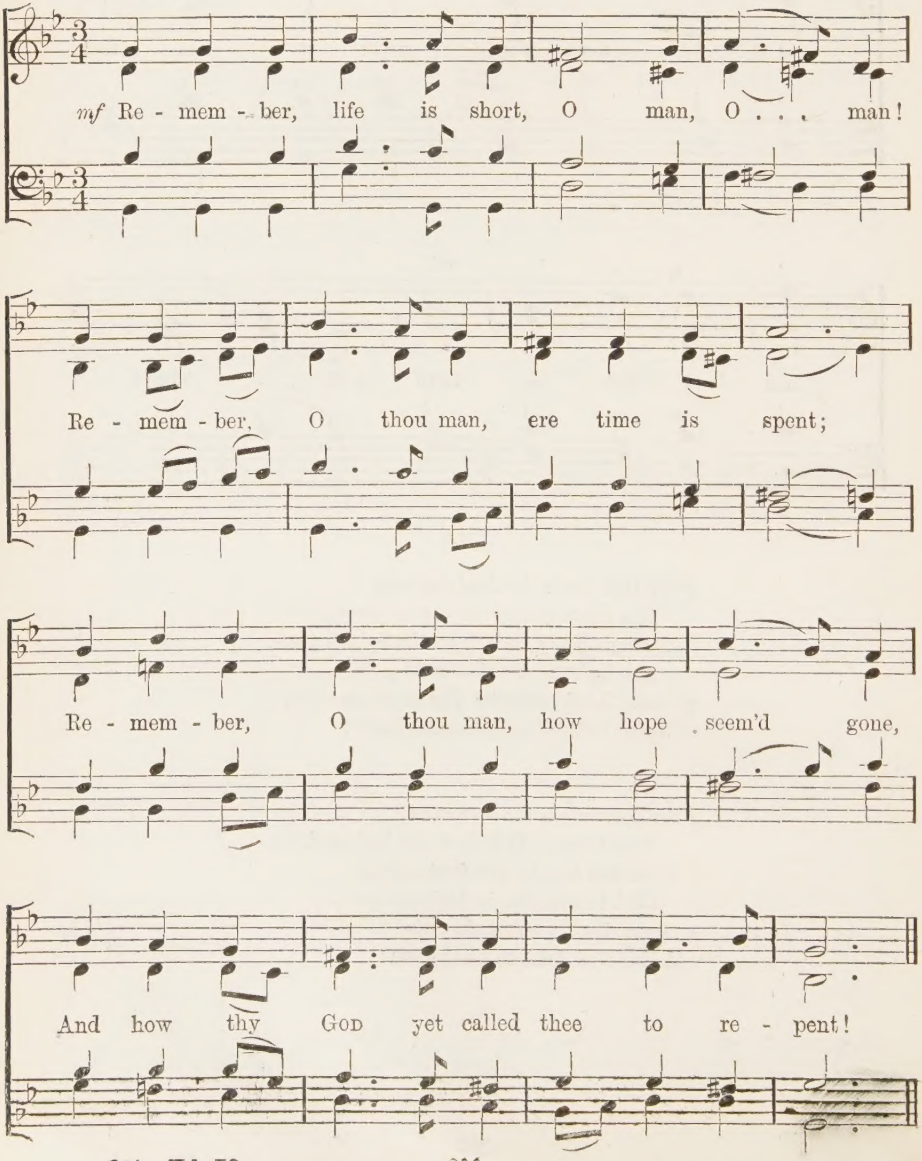
Carol 106.

f With psalms and hymns and ho - ly songs, Lift
up your hearts un - to the Lord, To
His great Name all power be - longs, Through
Him the Fa - ther is a - dored. p Lord,



f By Him we in thanksgiving raise
The offering from our harvest store,
Through Him speeds down the Spirit's grace,
His Light Divine therein to pour.
p Grant, Lord, whene'er Thy death we shew,
We may Thy sacred Presence know !

f In Him and in His love alone,
That brought Him from the highest down,
Is wisdom true for aye forth shewn,
Doth love receive its highest crown.
p Grant, Lord, we may that wisdom knew,
A love like Thine to all to shew !

New Year's Eve or Day.

Carol 107.

mf Re - mem - ber, life is short, O man, O . . . man!
Re - mem - ber, O thou man, ere time is spent;
Re - mem - ber, O thou man, how hope seem'd gone,
And how thy God yet called thee to re - pent!

mf Remember Adam's fall—O man, O man,
Remember Adam's fall—too deep to tell!
Remember Adam's fall, when we were all
Cast out of Paradise, on earth to dwell.

mf Remember God's great Love—O man, O man,
Remember God's great Love—His Promise made—
Remember God's great Love—and this the proof,
He sent His Son our sinful souls to aid.

f The Angels all did sing—O man, O man,
Unison The Angels all did sing, that night so still,
The Angels all did sing to our great King,
p And Peace proclaim to men of righteous will.

mf The Shepherds heard amazed—O man, O man,
The Shepherds heard amazed, the Angels sing,—
The Shepherds heard amazed, (*cr*) and joyful praised
f The Blessed Birth of Jesus Christ our King.

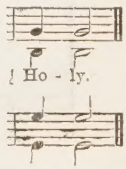
mf To Bethlehem they did go, O man, O man,
To Bethlehem they did go, since Christ was there
To Bethlehem they did go, and found it so,
Jesus, and Joseph, and His Mother fair.

p As Angels first did say, O man, O man,
Unison As Angels first did say, it came to pass;
As Angels first did say, the Infant lay
pp In a low Manger-bed, so poor He was.

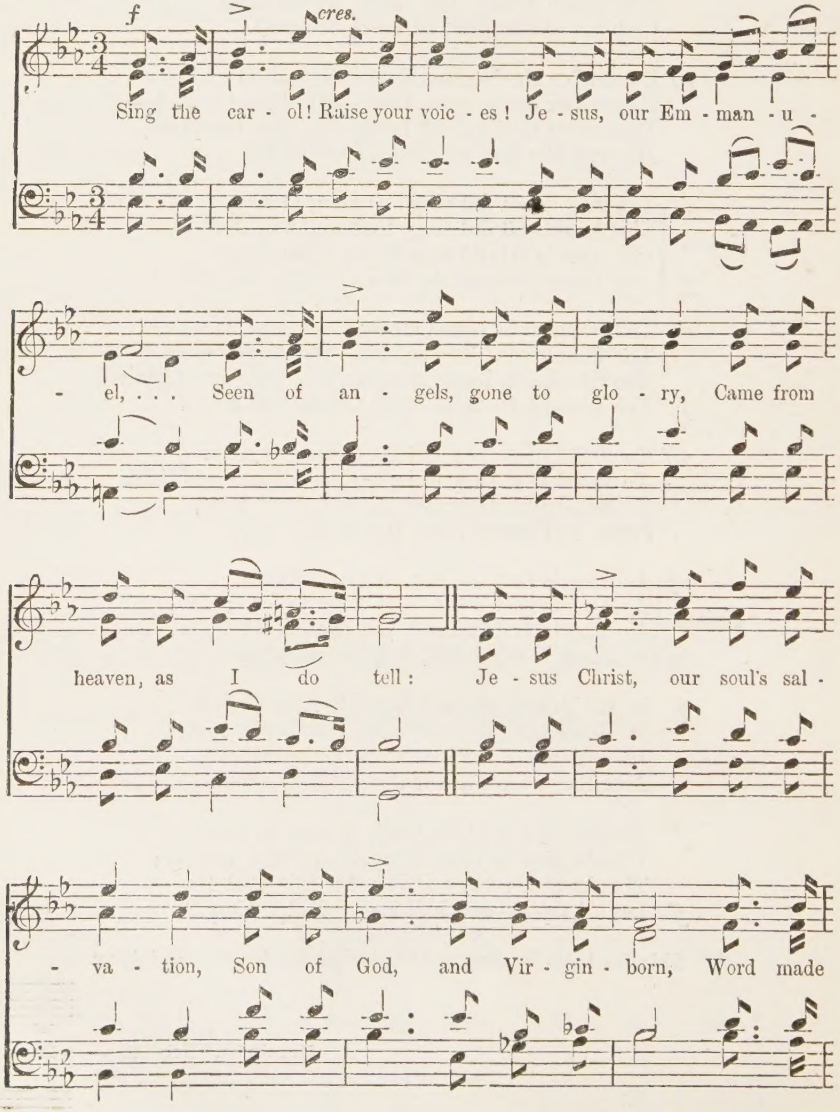
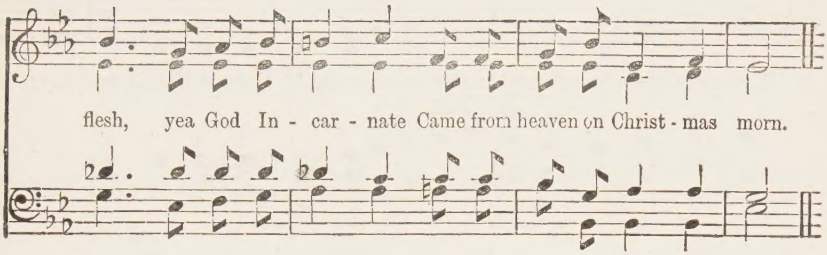
p In Bethlehem He was born, O man, O man,
In Bethlehem He was born, that lowly room!
In Bethlehem He was born, for us forlorn,
And He did not abhor the Virgin's womb.

f Thanks give to God alway, O man, O man,
Thanks give to God alway, all purely, wholly;
Thanks give to God alway, for this glad Day—
ff Let all rejoice and hail it,—"Holy, Holy."

*** This Carol may be sung also on the last Sunday after Epiphany.

Sing the last "Holy" thus— 

New Year's Eve or Day.

Carol 108.

f
cres.
Sing the car - ol! Raise your voic - es! Je - sus, our Em - man - u -
- el, . . . Seen of an - gels, gone to glo - ry, Came from
heaven, as I do tell: Je - sus Christ, our soul's sal -
- va - tion, Son of God, and Vir - gin - born, Word made

Born at Bethlehem, died on Calvary,
Rose at Easter, as I sing ;
Born at Christmas, died in springtime,
Flowers of heaven on earth to bring :
Man of Sorrows, Lord of Glory,
Pleading for us sinners, still !
Brothers, list the angels singing
"Peace on earth, to men good-will."

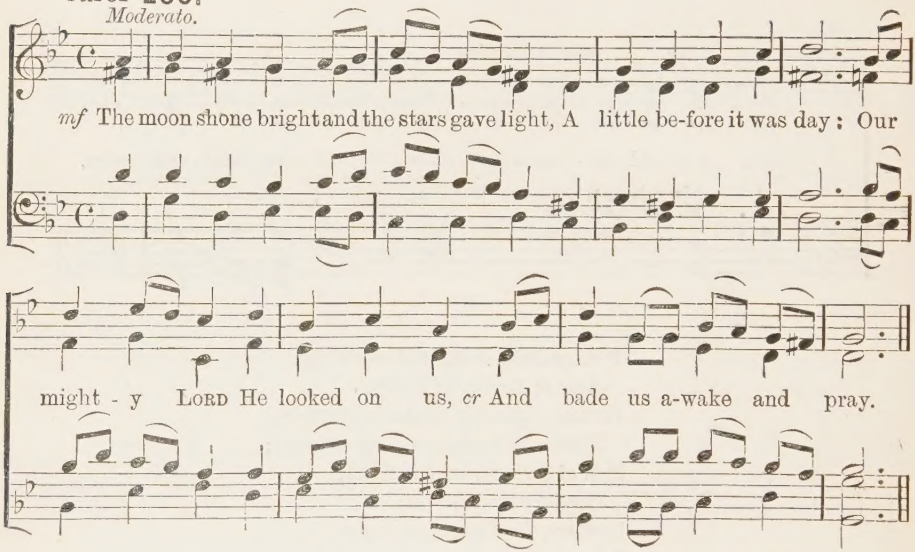
Christ, Messiah, Babe of Bethlehem,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes this day,
Christ, though Prince and Son of David
Lay in manger, as I say :
Ox and ass were stall-companions
To the lowly Lamb of God,
Judah's Lion ! Second Adam !
Who "alone the winepress trod."

Laud and worship—songs of gladness !
Christmas bright and glad New Year !
Doff the old, put on the new man,
Christ as Judge will soon appear.
Laud and worship to the Father,
Songs of gladness to the Son,
Comfort us, Thou Holy Spirit,
While our earthly race we run.

New Year's Eve or Day.

Carol 109.

Moderato.


mf The moon shone bright and the stars gave light, A little be-fore it was day; Our
might - y Lord He looked on us, *cr* And bade us a-wake and pray.

mf Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you shall hear,
The Lord our God died on the Cross,
For us He loved so dear.

p O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joy when shall I see?

mf The fields were green as green could be,
When from His glorious seat,
Our blessed Father watered us,
With His Heavenly dew so sweet.

p And for the saving of our souls
Christ died upon the Cross,
mf We ne'er shall show for Jesus Christ,
The love He showed for us.

mf The life of man is but a span,
And cut down in its flower,
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
The creatures of an hour.

mf Instruct and teach your children well,
The while that you are here;
It will be better for your soul,
When your corpse lies on the bier.

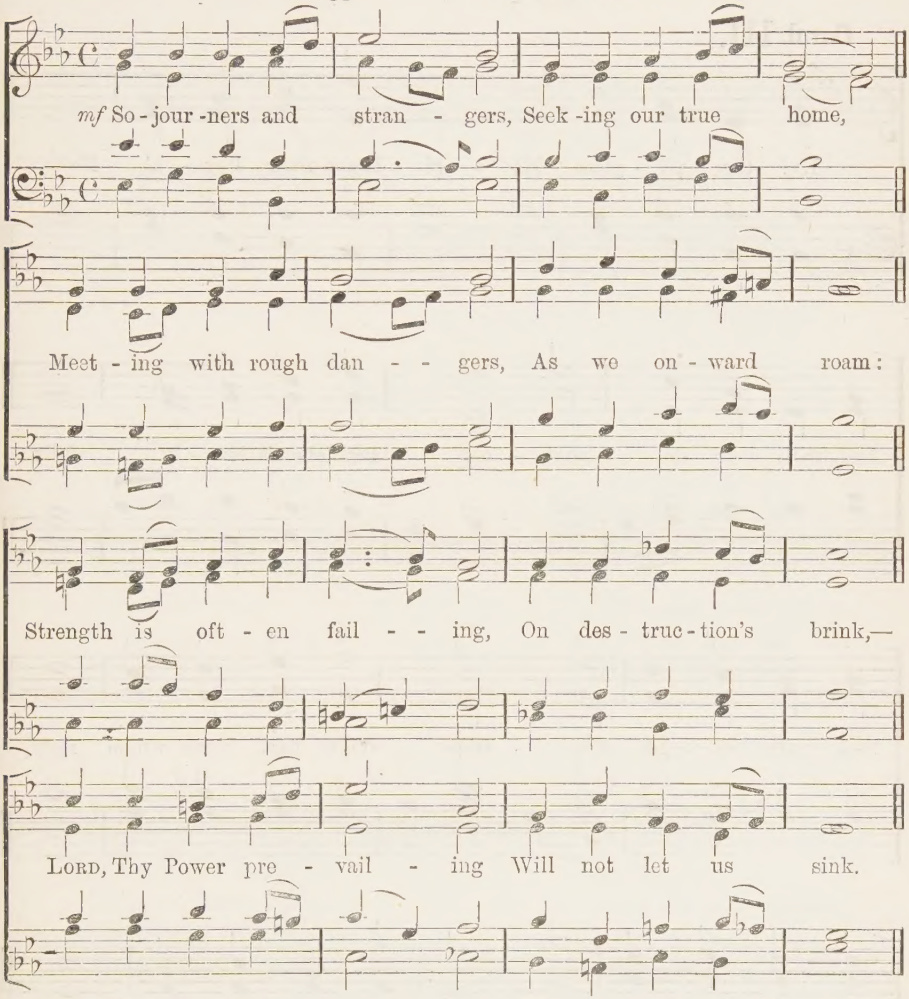
mf To-day you be alive and well,
Worth many a thousand pound;
p To-morrow dead and cold as clay,
Your corpse laid underground.

mf With one turf at thine head, O man,
And another at thy feet;
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Will altogether meet.

mf [My song is done, I must be gone,
I stay not longer here;
f God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a glad New Year.]

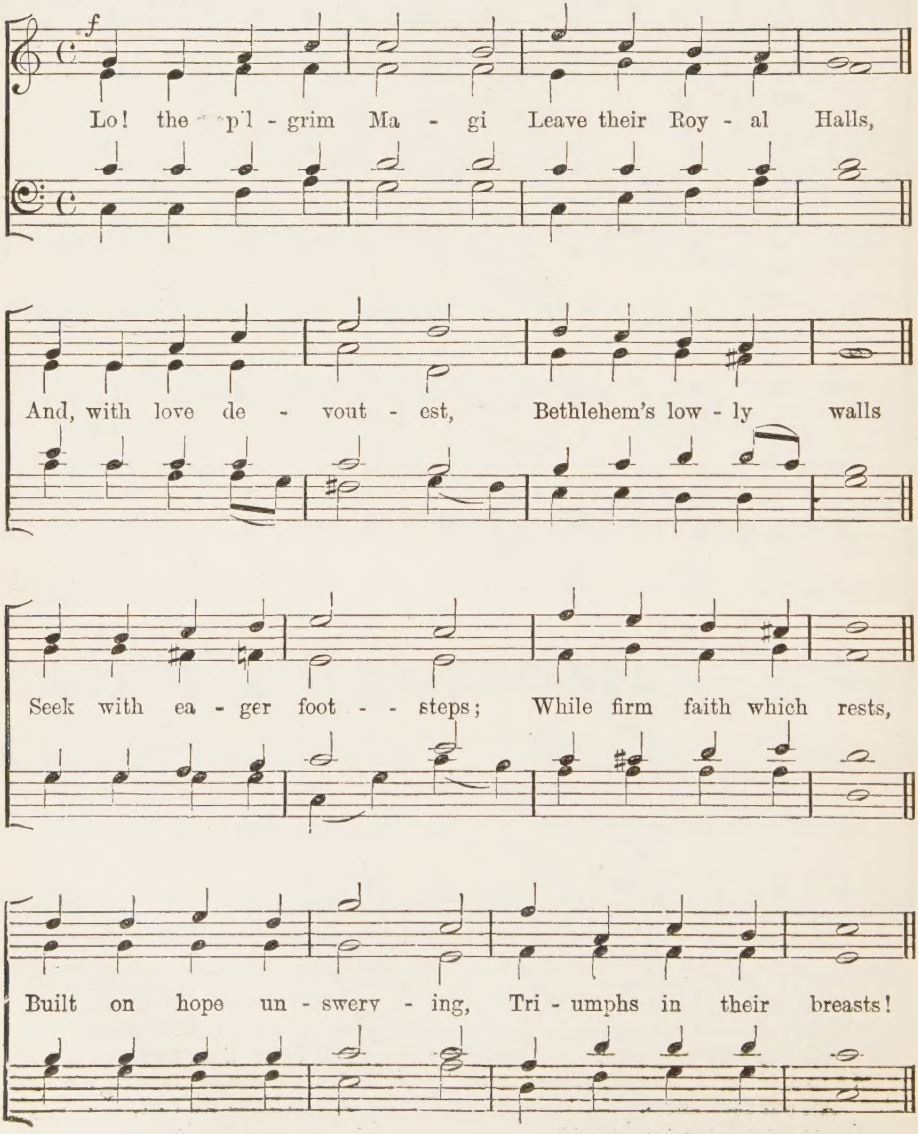
*** The last verse may be omitted when this Carol is sung in Church.

Carol 110. New Year's Eve or Day.


mf So - jour - ners and stran - gers, Seek - ing our true home,
Meet - ing with rough dan - - gers, As we on - ward roam:
Strength is oft - en fail - - ing, On des - truc - tion's brink,—
Lord, Thy Power pre - vail - ing Will not let us sink.

mf Troubles are molesting,
But if Thou be near,
On Thy succour resting,
We shall have no fear.
Lord Almighty, knowing
All our feebleness,
Grace from Thee o'erflowing,
Comforts our distress.

p Now the shadows lengthen,
And we count the hours,
Near the end, O strengthen
Our fast-failing powers;
or Thy right hand extending!—
All on Thee we cast,
So, Thy love befriending,
f Gain our home at last.

Carol 111.

f
Lo! the pil - grim Ma - gi Leave their Roy - al Halls,
And, with love de - vout - est, Bethlehem's low - ly walls
Seek with ea - ger foot - - steps; While firm faith which rests,
Built on hope un - swerv - ing, Tri - umphs in their breasts!

mf O what joys extatic,
Thrilled each heart, from far,
When, to guide their footsteps,
Gleamed that Beacon Star,
O'er that home so holy
Pouring down its ray,
In His mother's bosom
Where the INFANT lay!

p There no ivory glistens,
Glows no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
Those fair limbs enfold;
dim But His Court He keepeth
In a stable bare,
His Throne is a manger
Rags His purple are.

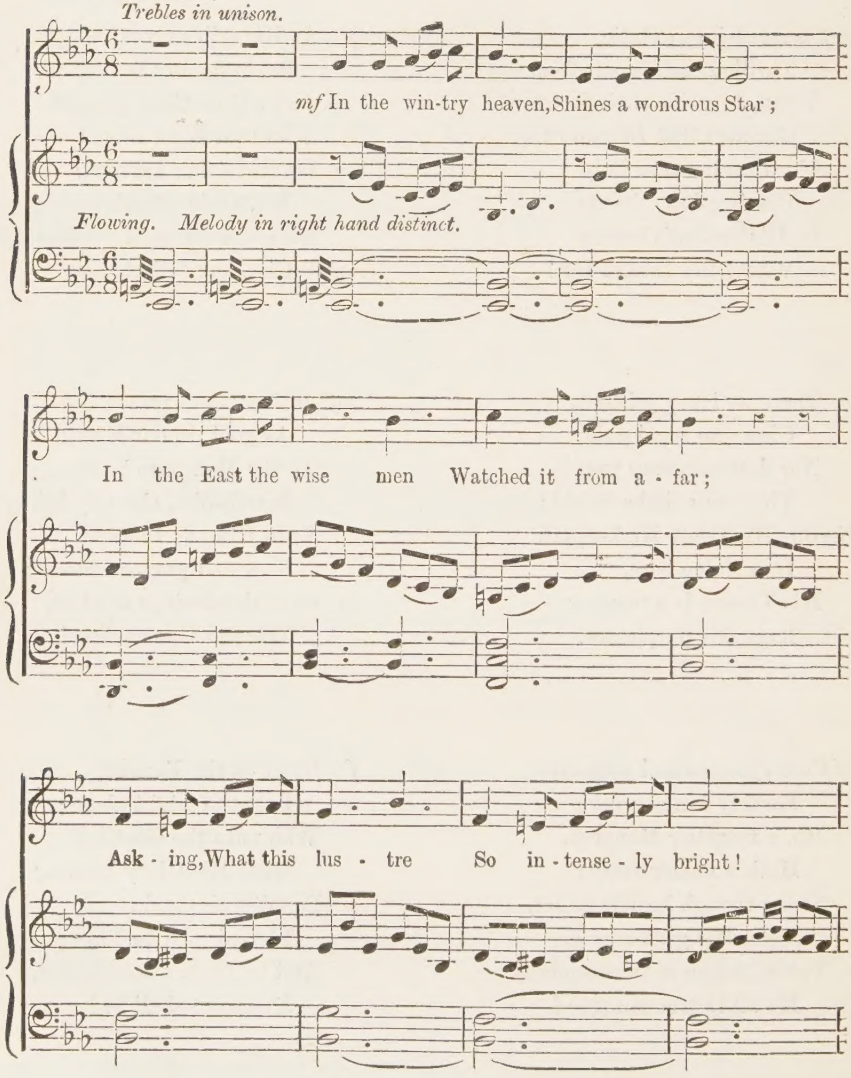
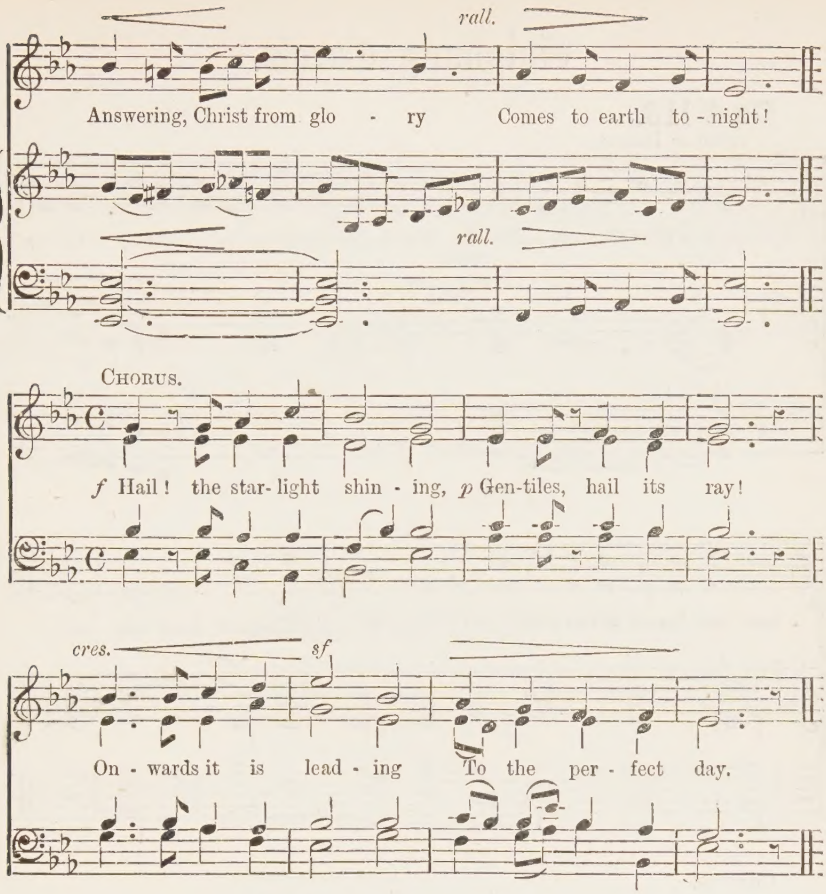
mf Costly pomps and pageants
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
p Straw though be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
cr Yet with power transcendent
f He all hearts can free!

p At His crib they worship
Prostrate on the floor;
And a GOD, there present,
In that BABE adore;
cr Let us to that INFANT
We, their offspring true,
Hearts, with faith o erflowing
mf Give, our tribute due

mf Holiest Love presenting
As gold, to our KING;
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring,
Unto Him, as Incense,
Vow and prayer address;
cr So with offerings meetest,
This our GOD confess!

f Glory to the FATHER,
Fount of Light alone;
Who unto the Gentiles
Made His Glory known;
cr Equal praise and merit
Blessed SON, to Thee;
And to Thee, sweet SPIRIT,
Evermore shall be!

Carol 112.

Trebles in unison.

mf In the win-try heaven, Shines a wondrous Star;
Flowing. Melody in right hand distinct.
In the East the wise men Watched it from a - far;
Ask - ing, What this lus - tre So in - tense - ly bright!

rall.
Answering, Christ from glo - ry Comes to earth to - night!
rall.
Chorus.
f Hail! the star-light shin - ing, p Gen-tiles, hail its ray!
cres.
sf
On - wards it is lead - ing To the per - fect day.

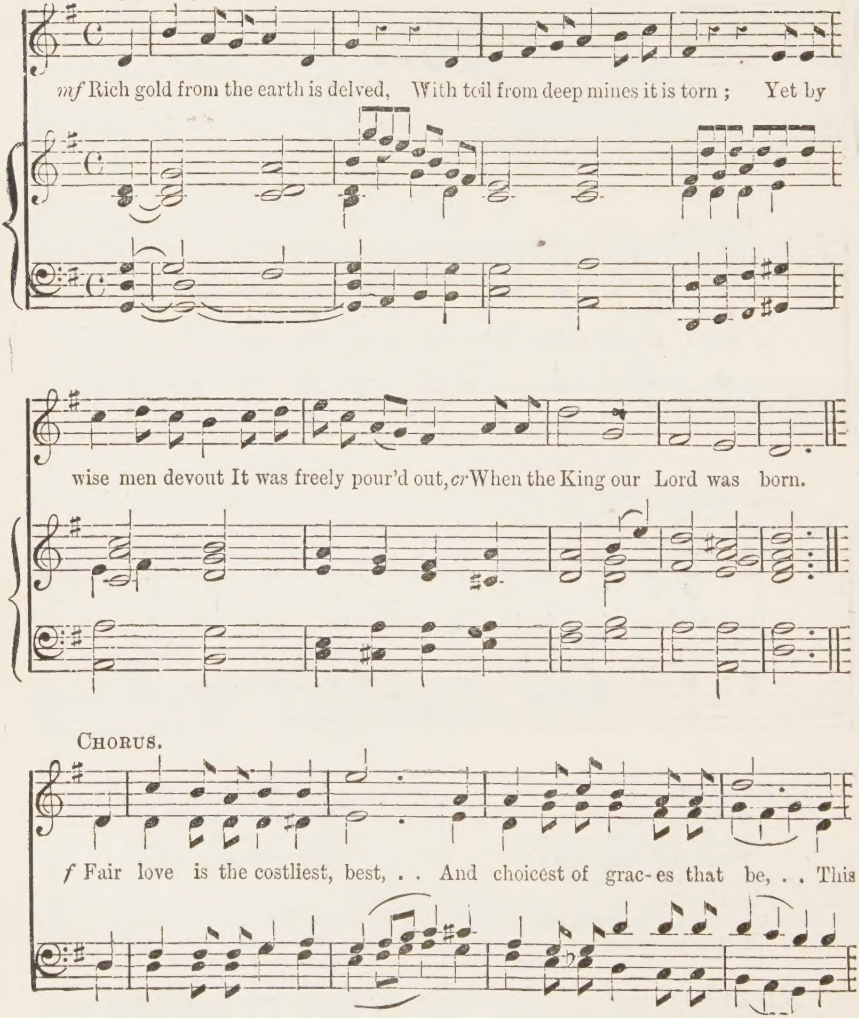
mf O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East the wise men
Watch it shining clear;
cr Asking, Shall we follow
In this starlit way?
Answering, Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day.
Chorus.

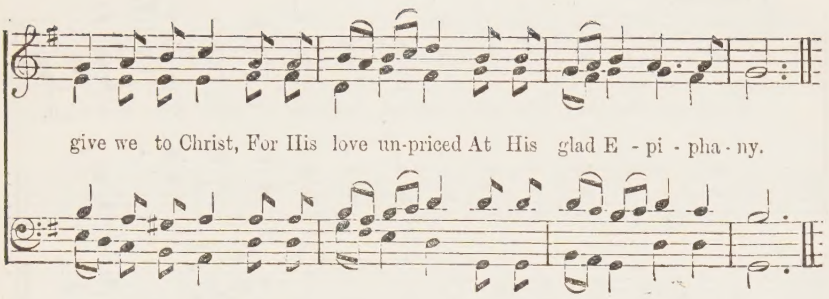
p In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak;
It is He Whom wise men
Come so far to seek:
cr Asking, Where the Monarch?
Where Judæa's King?
Saying, Gifts and worship
To His Throne we bring!
Chorus.

mf In our hearts we children
See this Star once more;
Not as wise men saw it
In the days of yore:
cr Asking, May we bring Him
Childhood's love to-day?
Answering, Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may.
Chorus.

Carol 113.

Solo or Unison.

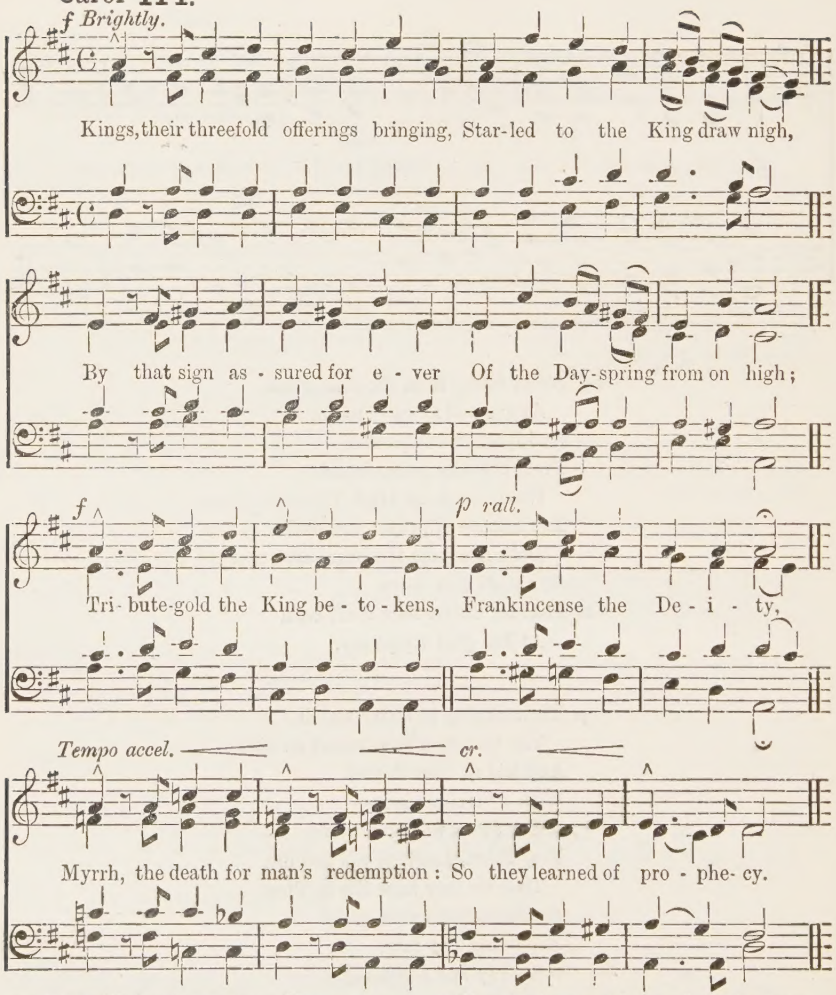

mf Rich gold from the earth is delved, With toil from deep mines it is torn ; Yet by
wise men devout It was freely pour'd out, cr When the King our Lord was born.
Chorus.
f Fair love is the costliest, best, . . And choicest of grac-es that be, . . This



mf Sweet fumes from the censer rise
At eve and at early morn,
And incense was poured
From the wise men's hoard,
When our great High Priest was born.
The incense of prayer and praise
Doth rise from the heart-altar free;
Our souls ever learn
cr That for Christ they must burn
At His glad Epiphany.

p Their off'ring of bitter myrrh
The wise men then raised on high,
And laid at Christ's feet
With reverence meet—
pp For Jesus was born to die.
Yes, Thine, Lord, to toil and die,
That we may have life in Thee,
By Thy bitter-sweet grace
Beholding Thy face,
cr At Thy last Epiphany.

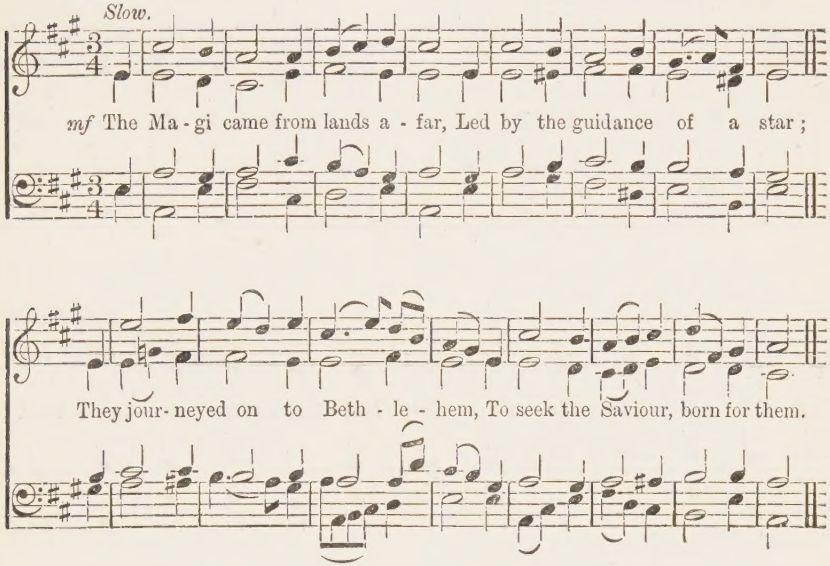
Carol 114.


f Brightly.
Kings, their threefold offerings bringing, Star-led to the King draw nigh,
By that sign as - sured for e - ver Of the Day-spring from on high;
f
p rall.
Tri - bute-gold the King be - to - kens, Frankincense the De - i - ty,
Tempo accel.
cr.
Myrrh, the death for man's redemption: So they learned of pro - phe- cy.

mf Still with love's sweet-smelling savours
Eagerly the saints repair,
Whither Christ's new-purchased pardon
Sheds new fragrance in the air;
p Erst to sinfulness inclining
Now the bride her dower receives,
cr Bride of yester morn, and beautied
With a crown of golden leaves.

f Her the true and heavenly Bridegroom
For Himself in spirit chose;
May that Bridegroom guard and rescue
Us from perils and from woes;
p Purge us clean of sinful folly,
cr That we may accepted be,
f And the Father's house inherit,
Rescued from the enemy.

Carol 115.


Slow.
mf The Ma - gi came from lands a - far, Led by the guidance of a star;
They jour - neyed on to Beth - le - hem, To seek the Saviour, born for them.

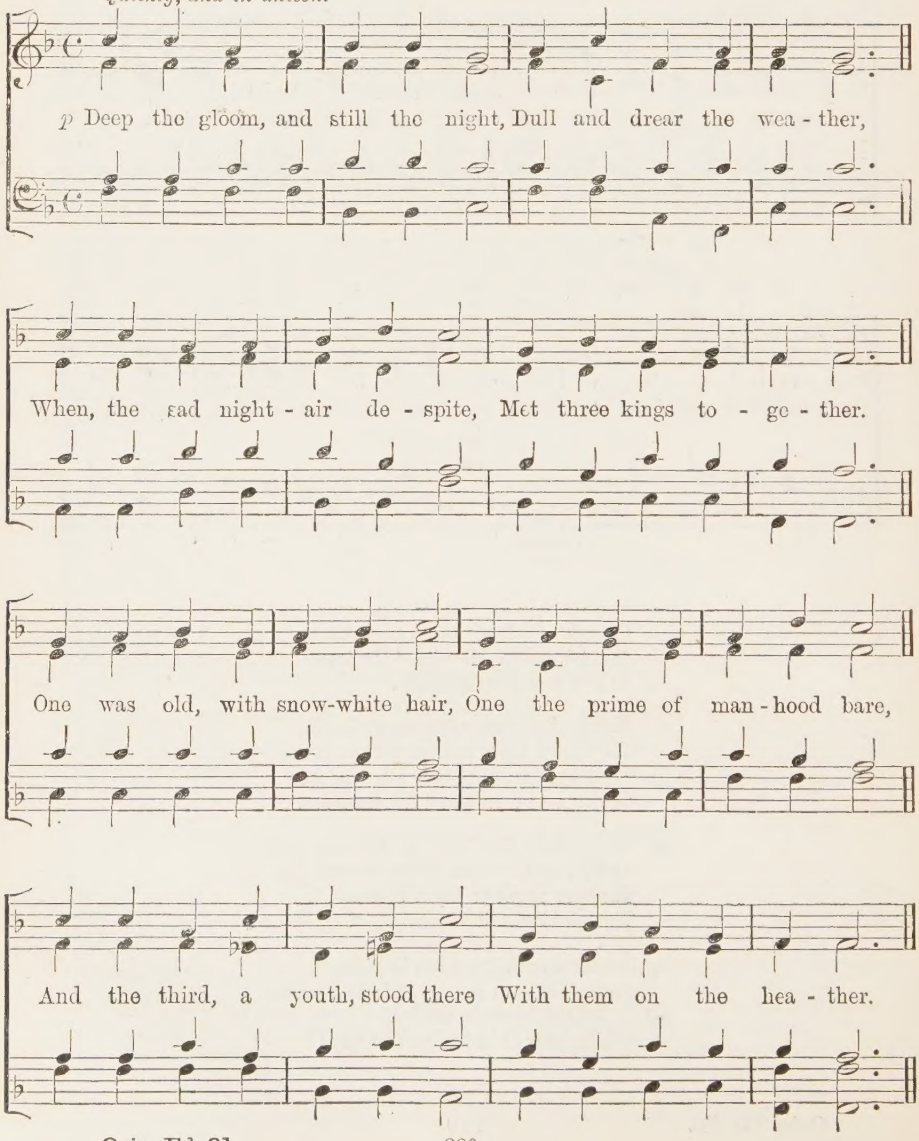
mf And there in humble cottage-home,
Unto the heavenly Child they come;
And low before Him bend the knee
p In love and deep humility.

mf Nor do they come with empty hands,
They bring the treasures of their lands,—
Their costliest gifts they offer thence
Of gold and myrrh and frankincense.

mf They sought the Light, in darkness drear,
And lo, *cr* the morn broke full and clear;—
The very Light of Light they see,
Though hidden in obscurity.

mf Jesus, our guiding Star, be nigh,
Throughout our life, *p* and when we die,
mf To lead us safely in the way
cr Which ends at last in perfect day!

Carol 116.

Quickly, and in unison.

p Deep the gloom, and still the night, Dull and drear the wea - ther,
When, the sad night - air de - spite, Met three kings to - ge - ther.
One was old, with snow-white hair, One the prime of man - hood bare,
And the third, a youth, stood there With them on the hea - ther.

mf Looking for the promised KING,
Who, in Eastern quarters,
Soon should spring to life, to rule
O'er earth's sons and daughters,
Them this eve, while rapt in sleep,
One had roused in accents deep,
cr "Haste ye; watch ye; vigil keep
By Euphrates' waters!"

mf In a trice a star shone forth,
cr O! so brightly shining!—
Nearer, nearer yet it came,
Still towards earth inclining!
And 'twas shaped—O! wondrous sight!
Like a Child enthroned in light,
Crowned, and with a sceptre bright,
f Victor-cross combining!*

mf Up they spring, and quickly hie,
Each his pathway bending,
dim Through the night-born mist and gloom,
O'er the earth depending.
How the world in darkness lay,
cr Till the DAY-STAR shed Its ray,
Nature thus would fain display;—
Mystic emblems lending.

mf Then again the moon her rays
O'er the earth was streaming;
Mist and darkness fled apace,
Stars with light were beaming.
dim But yet kneeling 'neath the sky,
Still the Magi gazed on high,
As though rapt in ecstacy,
Or entrancèd dreaming!

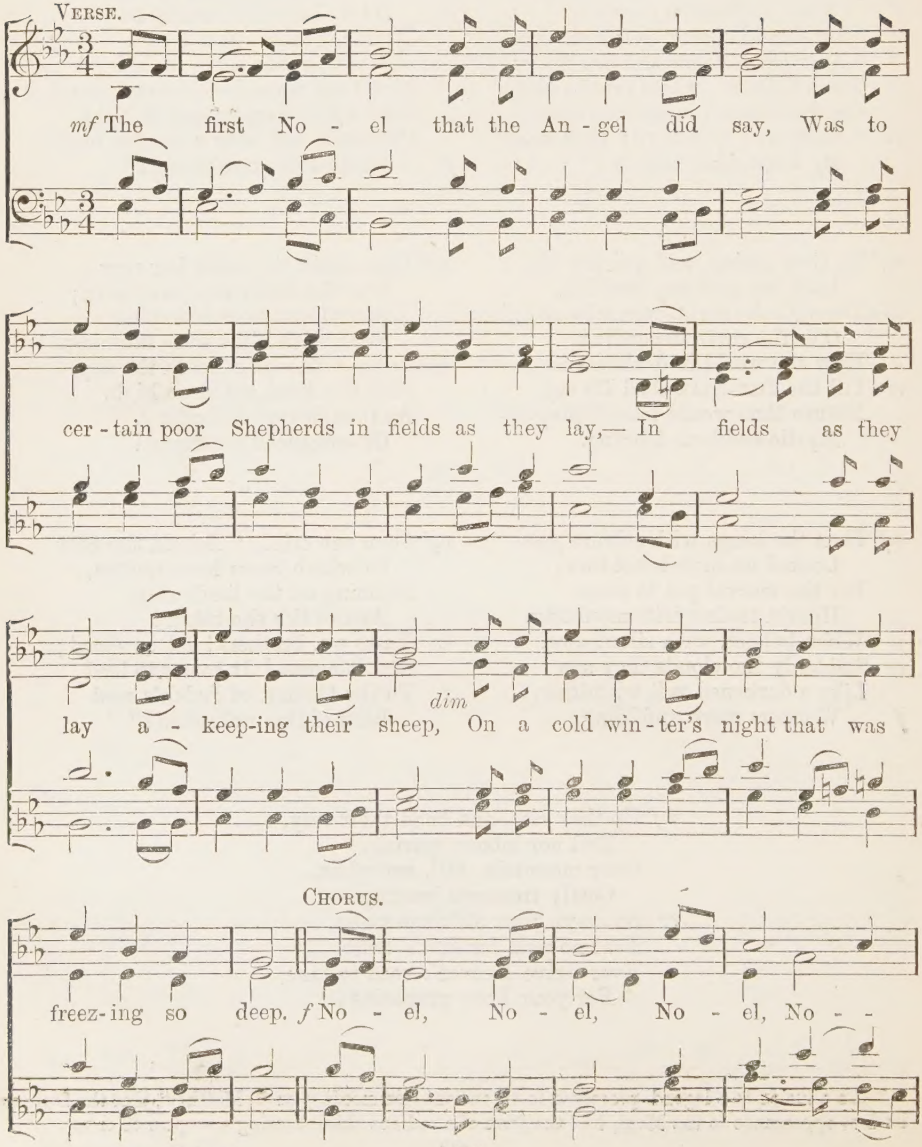
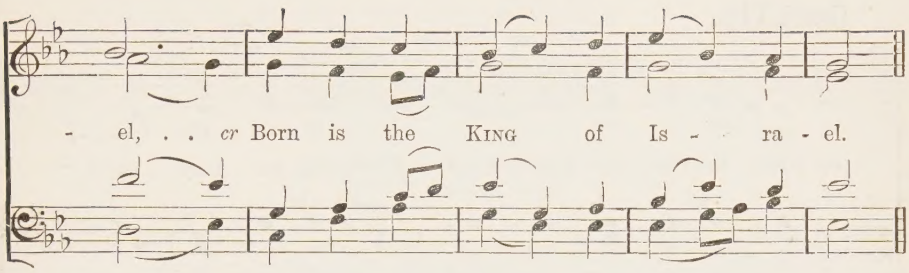
mf Then the kings with solemn gaze
Looked on high beholding;
For the marvel yet to come,
Heav'n their spirits moulding,
p When behold, with silent awe,
cr Suddenly the clouds they saw
Like a darkened veil withdraw,
f Wonders more unfolding.

mf Then one cried, "Behold the Star
Of which Seers have spoken,
Beaming on the lands afar,
And of life the token!
cr Haste we, brothers! let us speed;
See, it moves! It comes to lead
f To the CHRIST, of Judah's seed
Born of line unbroken!"

mf Up they rise, and bend their way,
Toil nor labour sparing,
Over mountain, hill, and plain,
Costly treasures bearing.—
cr So do ye your off'rings make,
Fear no pain for JESUS' Sake,
Ever strive Heaven's road to take,
For your LORD preparing!

* An allusion to a legend, preserved in an ancient Commentary on S. Matthew, that the Star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child, bearing a sceptre or cross.

Carol 117.


VERSE.
mf The first No - el that the An - gel did say, Was to
cer - tain poor Shepherds in fields as they lay,— In fields as they
dim
lay a - keep-ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was
CHORUS.
freez-ing so deep. f No - el, No - el, No - el, No - -

mf They looked up above to the East where a Star
cr That beyond them shone out in the Heavens from afar,
And which to the earth did send down a great light,
And so it continued by day and by night.
f Noel, &c.

mf And then by the light of that bright guiding Star,
There came three Wise Men from a country afar;
To seek for a KING, it was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
f Noel, &c.

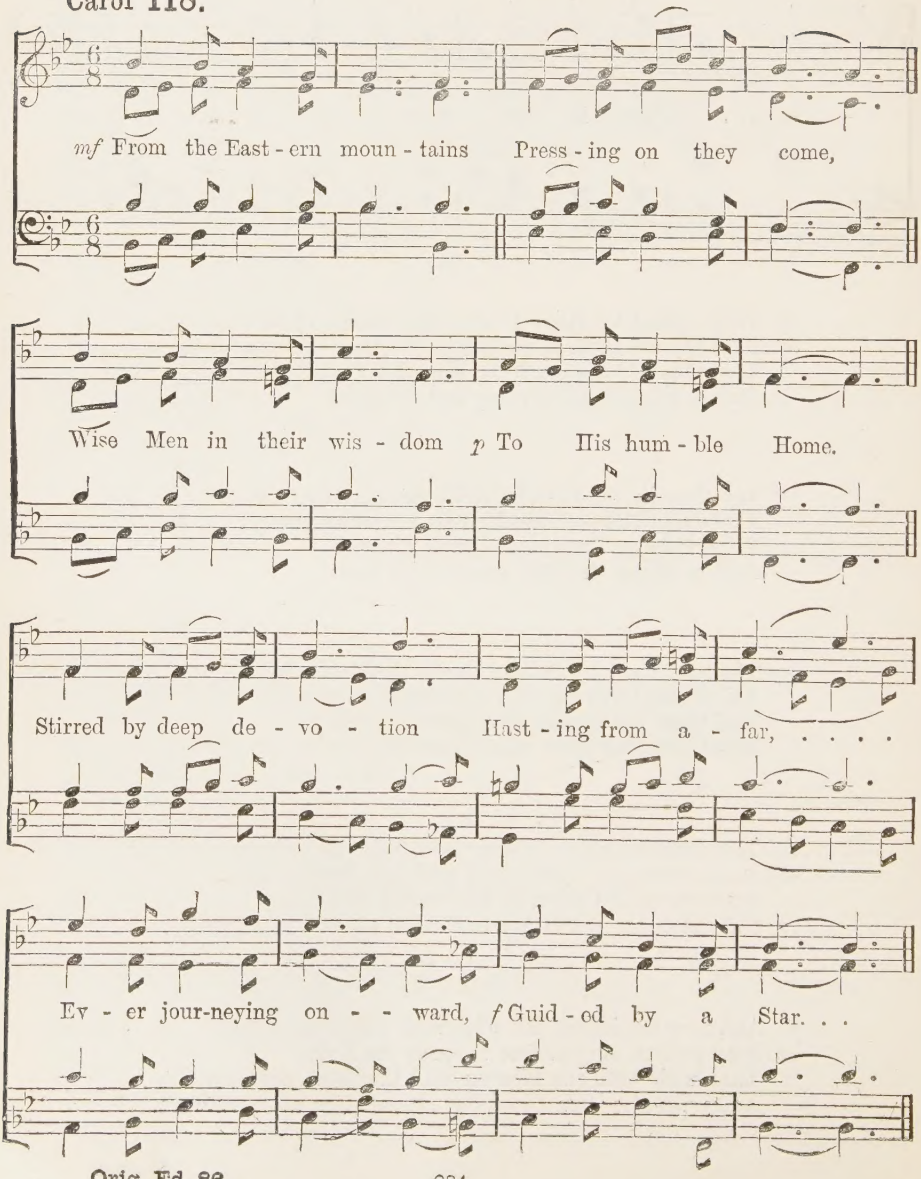
mf The Star went before them unto the North West,
And seemed o'er the City of Bethlehem to rest,
And there did remain by night and by day,
Right over the place where JESUS CHRIST lay.
f Noel, &c.

mf Then entered they all, and those Wise Men three
dim Most reverently worshipped with low bended knee;
And offered to CHRIST in His Sacred Presence,
cr Gifts of Gold, and of Myrrh, and of sweet Frankincense.
f Noel, &c.

f And now Christians all, with most gladsome accord,
cr Sing praises, sing praises to JESUS our LORD,
That made both the Heaven, and the Earth out of nought,
And with His Own Blood our Redemption hath wrought.
f Noel, &c.

Epiphany Carols.

Carol 118.


mf From the East - ern moun - tains Press - ing on they come,
Wise Men in their wis - dom p To His hum - ble Home.
Stirred by deep de - vo - tion Hast - ing from a - far, ...
Ev - er jour-neying on - - ward, f Guid - ed by a Star. . .

p There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way;
cr Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey Homeward
f By that guiding Star.

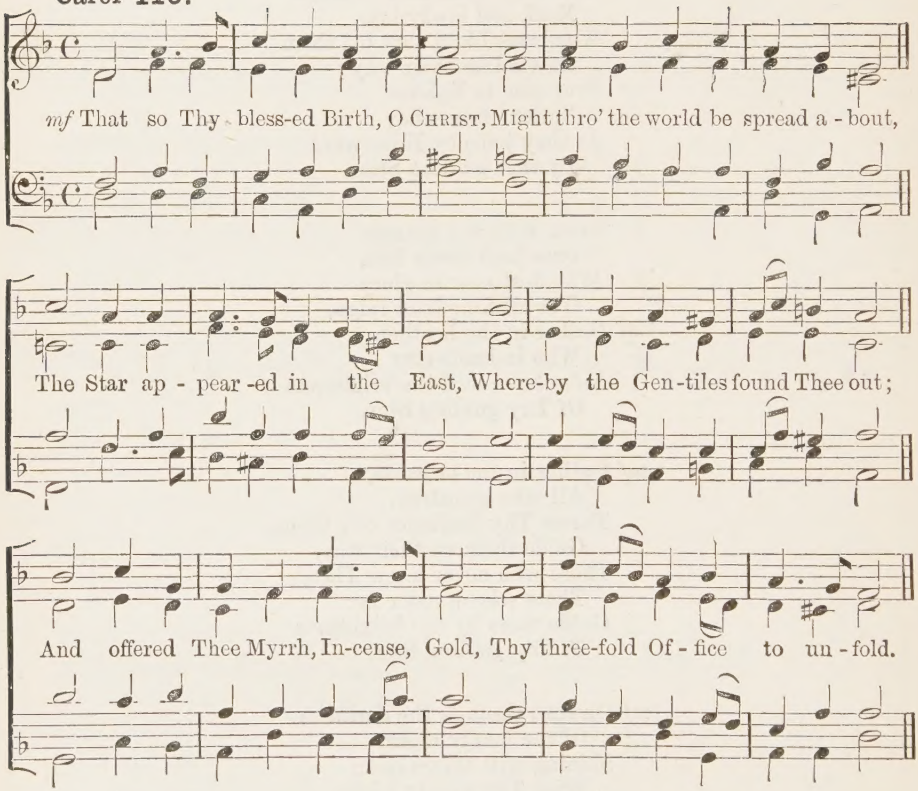
p Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
f Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
mf Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

mf Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy Radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

mf Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly Light.
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

mf Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy Starlit-Banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
cr O'er the distant mountains,
To that Heavenly Home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
f Evermore shall come.

Carol 119.


mf That so Thy bless-ed Birth, O Christ, Might thro' the world be spread a - bout,
The Star ap - pear -ed in the East, Where-by the Gen-tiles found Thee out;
And offered Thee Myrrh, In-cense, Gold, Thy three-fold Of - fice to un - fold.

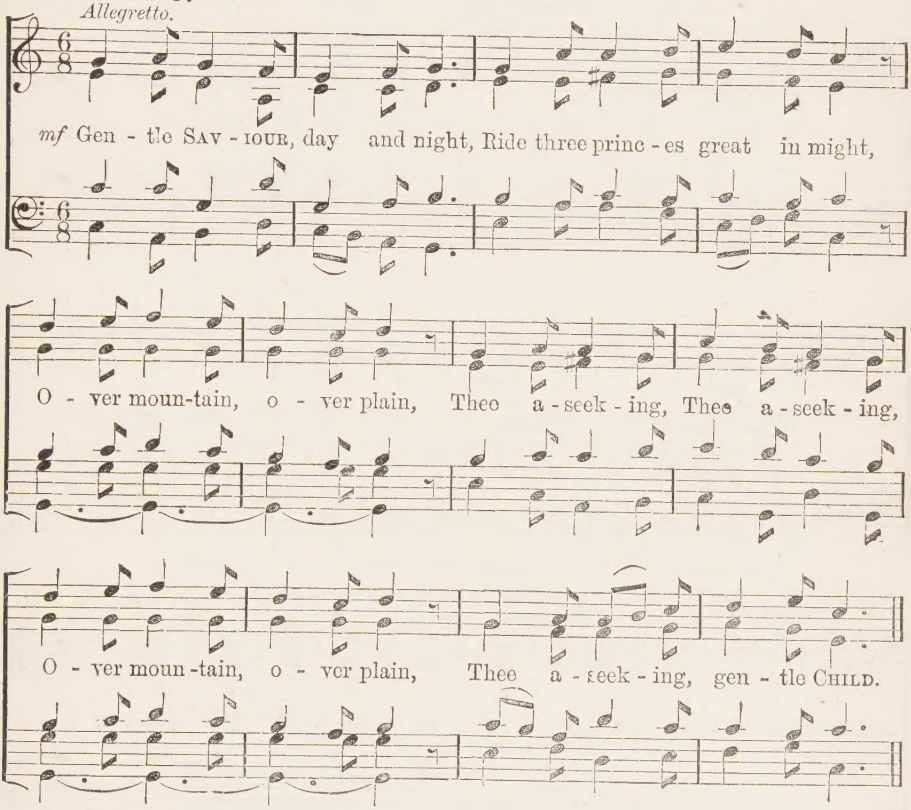
mf Sweet Jesus, let that Star of Thine,
Thy Grace, which guides to find out Thee,
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out mayest be;
cr And Thou shalt be our King therefore,
f Our Priest and Prophet Evermore!

mf Tears that from true repentance drop,
Instead of myrrh, present will we:
cr For Incense we will offer up
Our prayers and praises unto Thee;
And bring for gold each pious deed,
Which doth from saving faith proceed.

mf And as those Wise Men never went
To visit Herod any more;
So, finding Thee, we will repent
Our courses followed heretofore;
And that we homeward may retire,
The way by Thee we will enquire.

Carol 120.

Allegretto.


mf Gen - tle Sav - iour, day and night, Ride three princ - es great in might,
O - ver moun-tain, o - ver plain, Thee a - seek - ing, Thee a - seek - ing,
O - ver moun-tain, o - ver plain, Thee a - seek - ing, gen - tle Child.

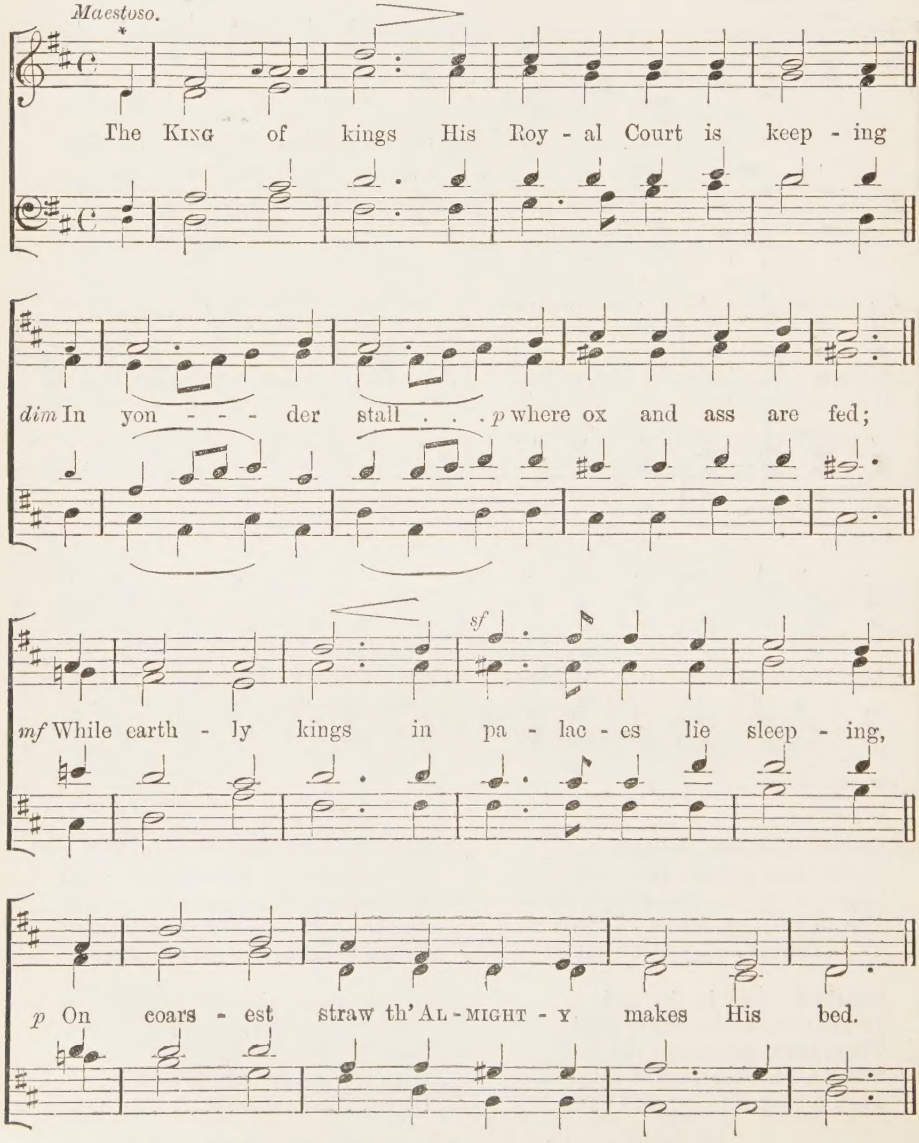
mf Gaspar, Melchior, Bálthăzár,
Those three princes from afar,
Gold and myrrh, and incense bear,
For an offering, for an offering,
To the sweet and gentle Child.

p Gentle Saviour in the cold,
In the dark with gifts of gold,
Those three princes at the door
Stand a-knocking, stand a-knocking,
Thee to worship, gentle Child.

mf Enter princes, from the night!
Here, within, is warmth and light,
cr Jesus smiles, His hands outspreads
For the offerings, for the offerings,
f Praise to Him, the gentle Child.

mf Joseph, sweep the stable clean,
Strew the straw, though all is mean,
cr Here the Temple, here the Throne,
Here the Altar, here the Altar,
f Of our King, this gentle Child.

The third line in each verse is repeated after the fourth.

Carol 121.

Maestoso.
The King of kings His Roy - al Court is keep - ing
dim In yon - - - der stall . . . p where ox and ass are fed;
mf While earth - ly kings in pa - lac - es lie sleep - ing,
sf
p On coars - est straw th' Al - might - y makes His bed.

p No purple here is seen, no pomp of splendour,
Rude swaddling bands enfold each sacred Limb,
Yet shepherds kneel, (*cr*) their silent praise to render,
f And Seraphs wondering, chant their carol-hymn.

mf The gentle stars in solemn courses wending,
Throw their soft lustre o'er the manger-shed,
With JESUS' sleeping smile their radiance blending,
cr Till one bright halo circles round His Head.

4. *p* Angels with folded wing, and breath abated,
Gaze tremblingly upon that Little ONE,
Muse on their GOD's Great Glory Incarnated,
cr And worship JESUS, GOD and Mary's Son.

5. *p* Earth does not heed, (*f*) though Heaven itself rejoices,
While myriads swell the "Gloria" sung on High,
dim No echo can they find 'mid earthly voices,
p Save Mary, singing her sweet lullaby;—

6. *p* Mary, and those who love with her to ponder
On mysteries half-seen, yet half-concealed,
Longing to know—yet willing still to wonder,
Waiting in faith, till all shall be revealed.

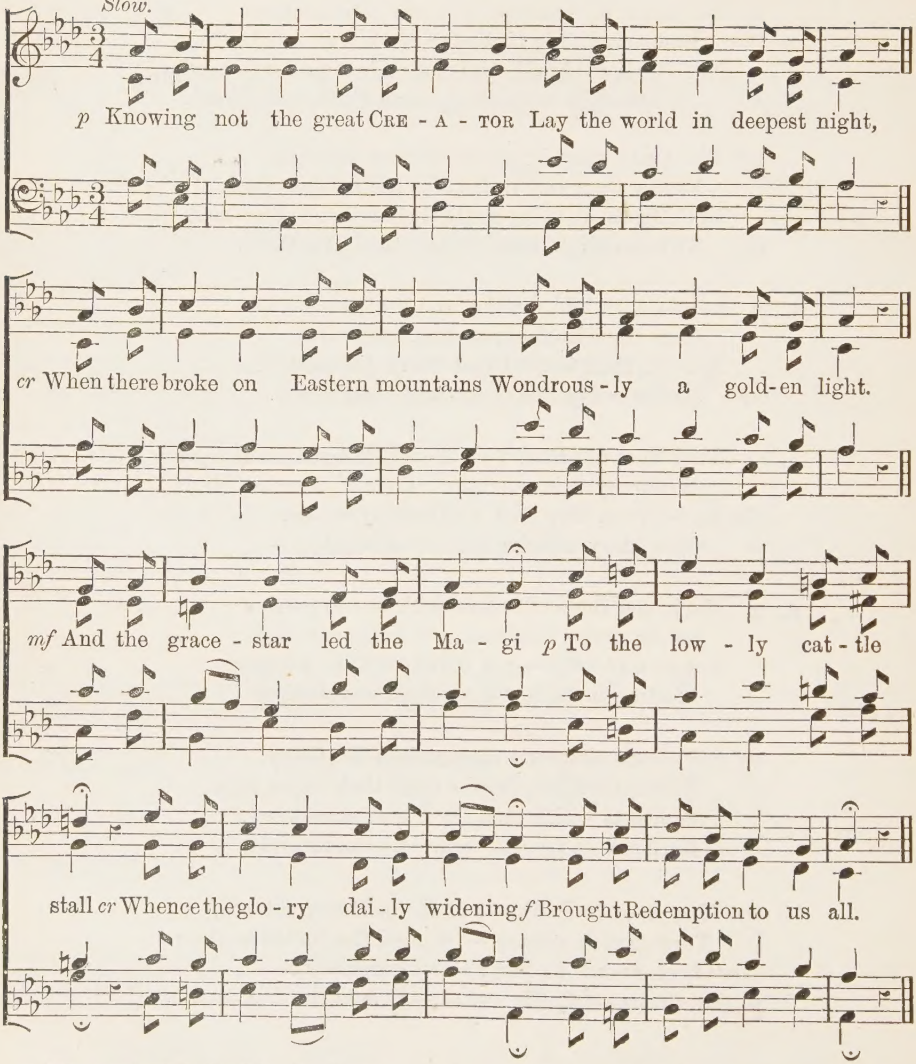
mf Such souls alone can contemplate the Glory,
cr Which, darkling, breaks upon their eager sight,
True hearts which own the Incarnation story,
Need ask no greater sign,—no clearer light.

mf They muse in Faith,—and He in Mercy shineth,
p They gaze in silence,—(*cr*) and the darkness flies;
dim "EMMANUEL" on Mary's heart reclineth,
p He sleeps,—(*ff*) He wakes,—Behold the Day-Star rise!

* When, as in verses 4, 5, and 6, the first syllable is accented, the first crotchet should be omitted, and the voices come in on the first beat of the bar. A little care in the division of syllables will make every line run smoothly. See Edition E or F.

Carol 122.

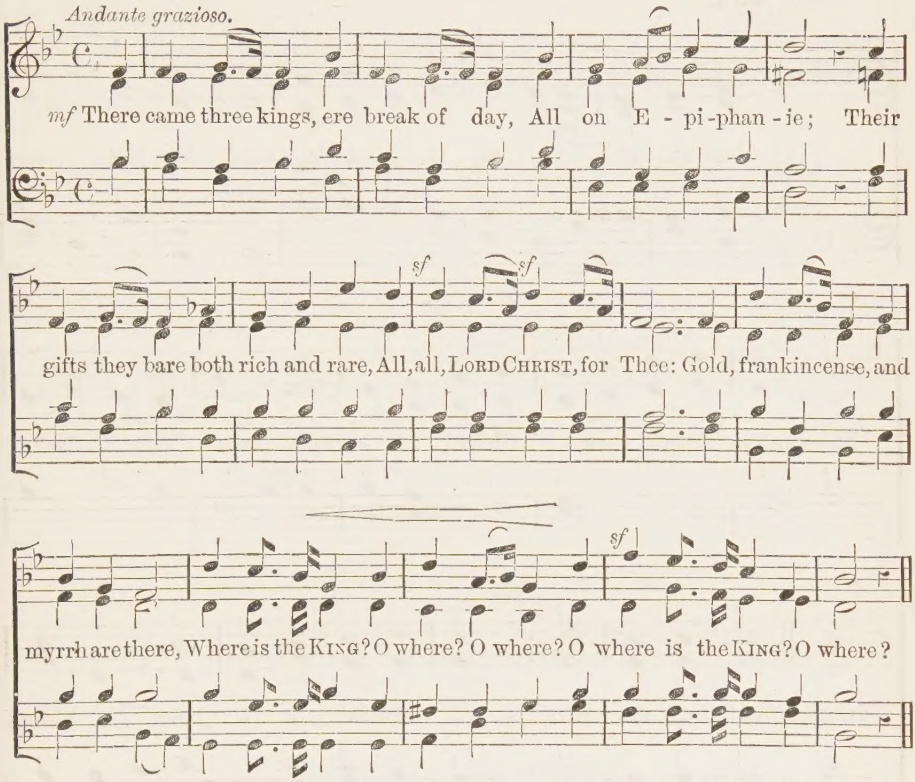
Slow.


p Knowing not the great CRE - A - TOR Lay the world in deepest night,
cr When there broke on Eastern mountains Wondrous - ly a gold-en light.
mf And the grace - star led the Ma - gi p To the low - ly cat - tle
stall cr Whence the glo - ry dai - ly widening f Brought Redemption to us all.

mf Prostrate fall the bloody altars,
Men to bats their idols fling,
cr And the Gospel reigns triumphant
To the Ocean's widest ring.

And where its bright beams are burning
Rises up an Empire new,
On the ruins of old temples
f Pleads the Offering one and true.

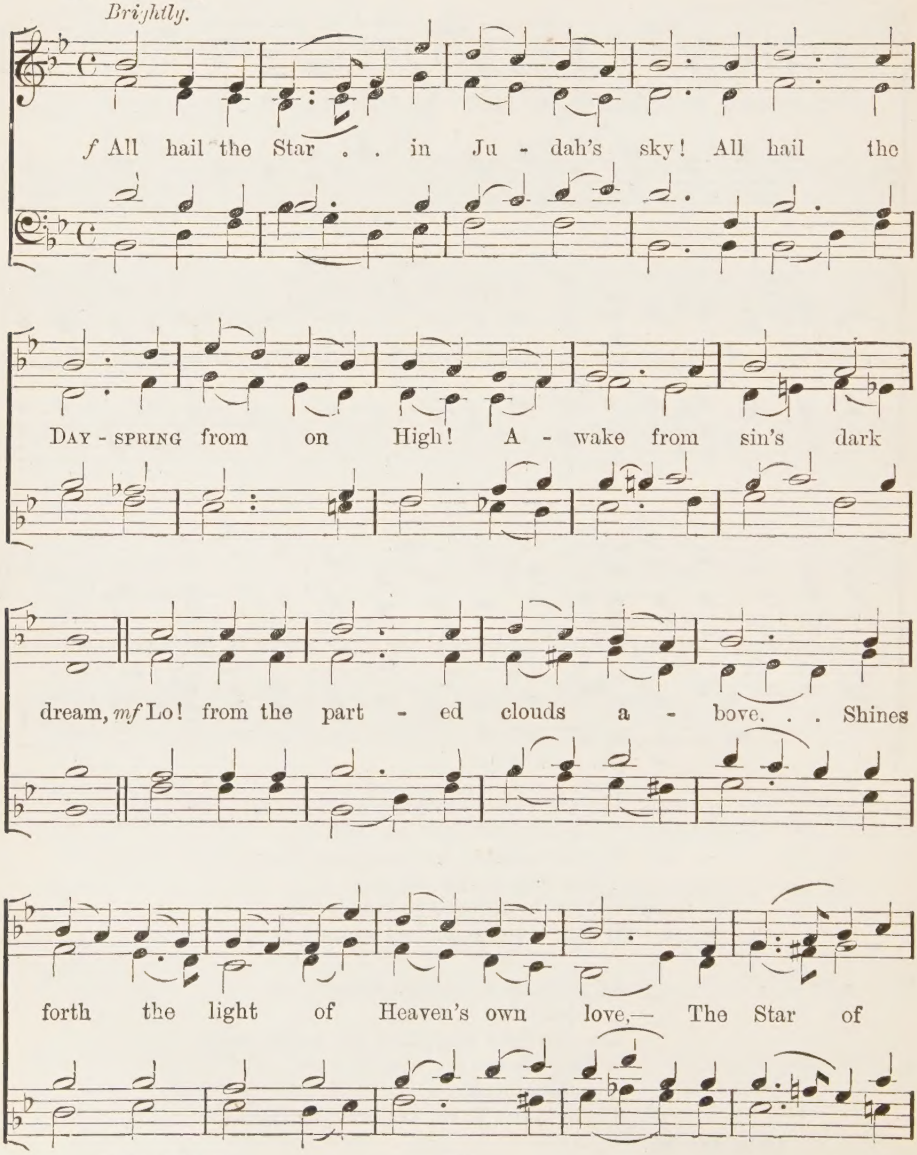
Carol 123.

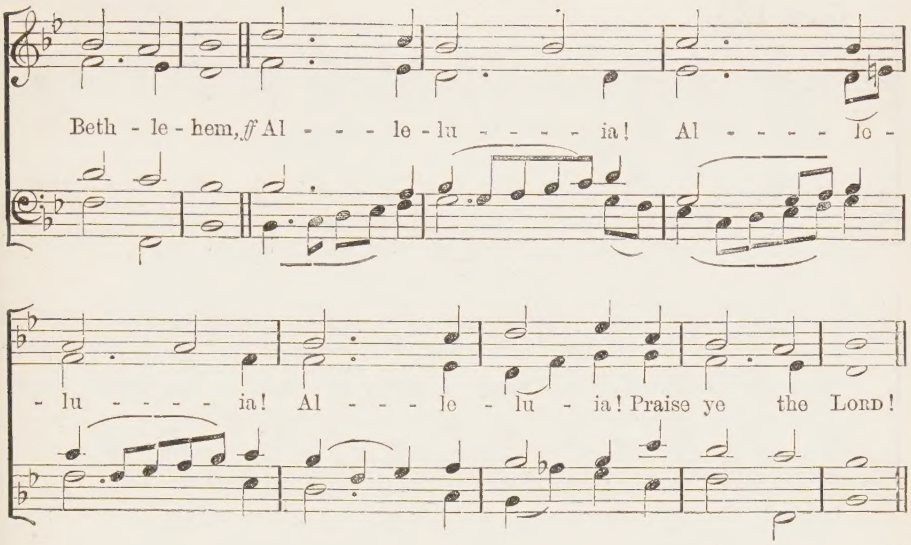

Andante grazioso.
mf There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - pi-phan - ie; Their
sf sf
gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee: Gold, frankincense, and
sf
myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

mf The stars shone brightly over-head,
p The air was calm and still,
cr O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill:
mf We see no throne, no palace fair,
Where is the King? O where? O where?

pp An old man knelt at a manger low,
A babe lay in a stall;
The starlight played on the Infant brow,
Deep silence lay o'er all:
A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
ff There is the King, O there! O there!

Carol 124.

Brightly.

f All hail the Star . . in Ju - dah's sky! All hail the
Day - spring from on High! A - wake from sin's dark
dream, mf Lo! from the part - ed clouds a - bove, . . Shines
forth the light of Heaven's own love,— The Star of

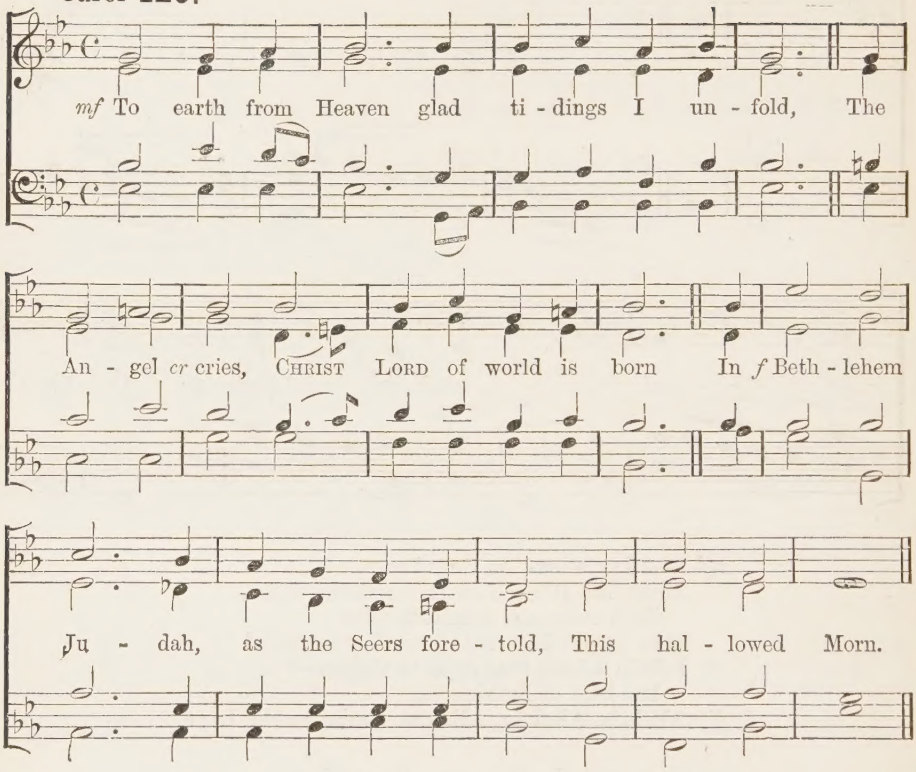


mf To Adam's sons, an exiled race,
Their God Himself, with wondrous Grace,
Hath come and sought to them
Who sought Him not; and they surprised
cr Behold a light that leads to Christ,—
The Star of Bethlehem.
ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

mf Clear from the Heavens a Ray of Love
Stood over Mary's house, and wove
A dazzling diadem!
cr Ring out your joy, all Christians true,
And may Christ's Light be seen by you,—
His Star of Bethlehem.
ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

mf Man is no lonely wanderer now
Since on the Infant Jesus' Brow
First shone that peaceful beam;
p One with us in our low estate,
cr He lifts our heart to Heaven's high Gate!
Hail, Star of Bethlehem!
ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Praise ye the Lord!

Carol 125.


mf To earth from Heaven glad ti - dings I un - fold, The
An - gel cr cries, Christ Lord of world is born In f Beth - lehem
Ju - dah, as the Seers fore - told, This hal - lowed Morn.

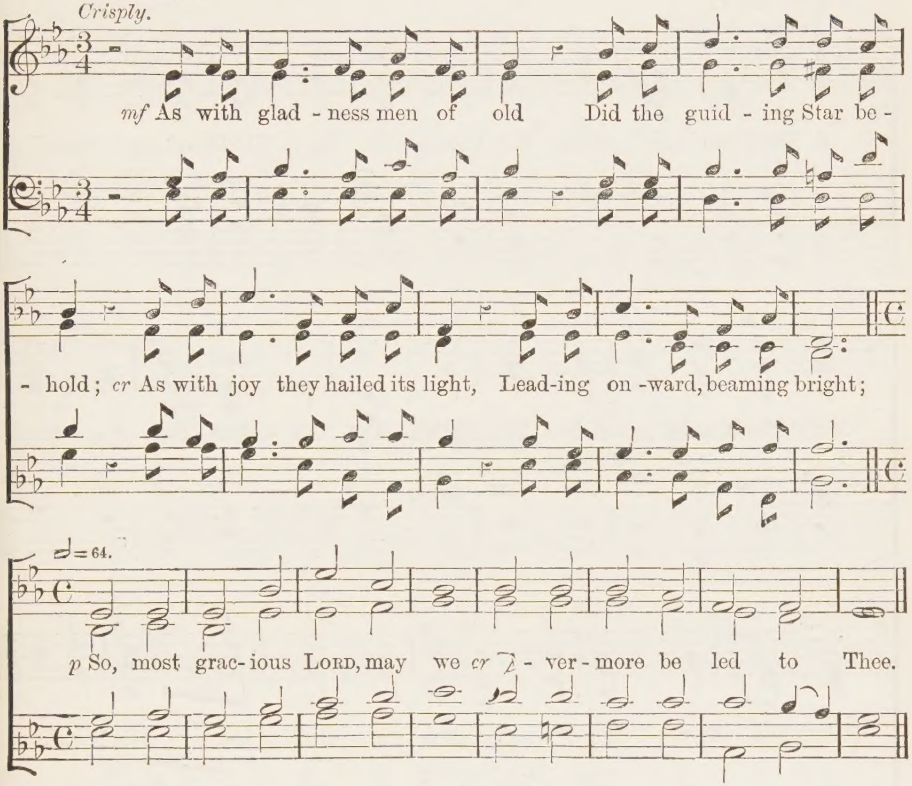
mf Him do the joyful Choir of Angels sing,
The Star declares; Him Eastern Princes greet,
And mystic gifts in adoration bring,
Oblations meet;

mf Incense to God, and Myrrh to grace His Tomb,
For tribute to their King, a golden store;
cr One they revere, three with three offerings come
f And Three adore!

f All glory to the One yet Triune Lord,
To God and to His Royal Offspring give;
So to the Spirit, Which of Both outpoured,
True hearts receive.

Carol 126.

Crisply.


mf As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing Star be -
- hold; cr As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on -ward, beaming bright;
♩=64.
p So, most grac-ious Lord, may we cr - ver - more be led to Thee.

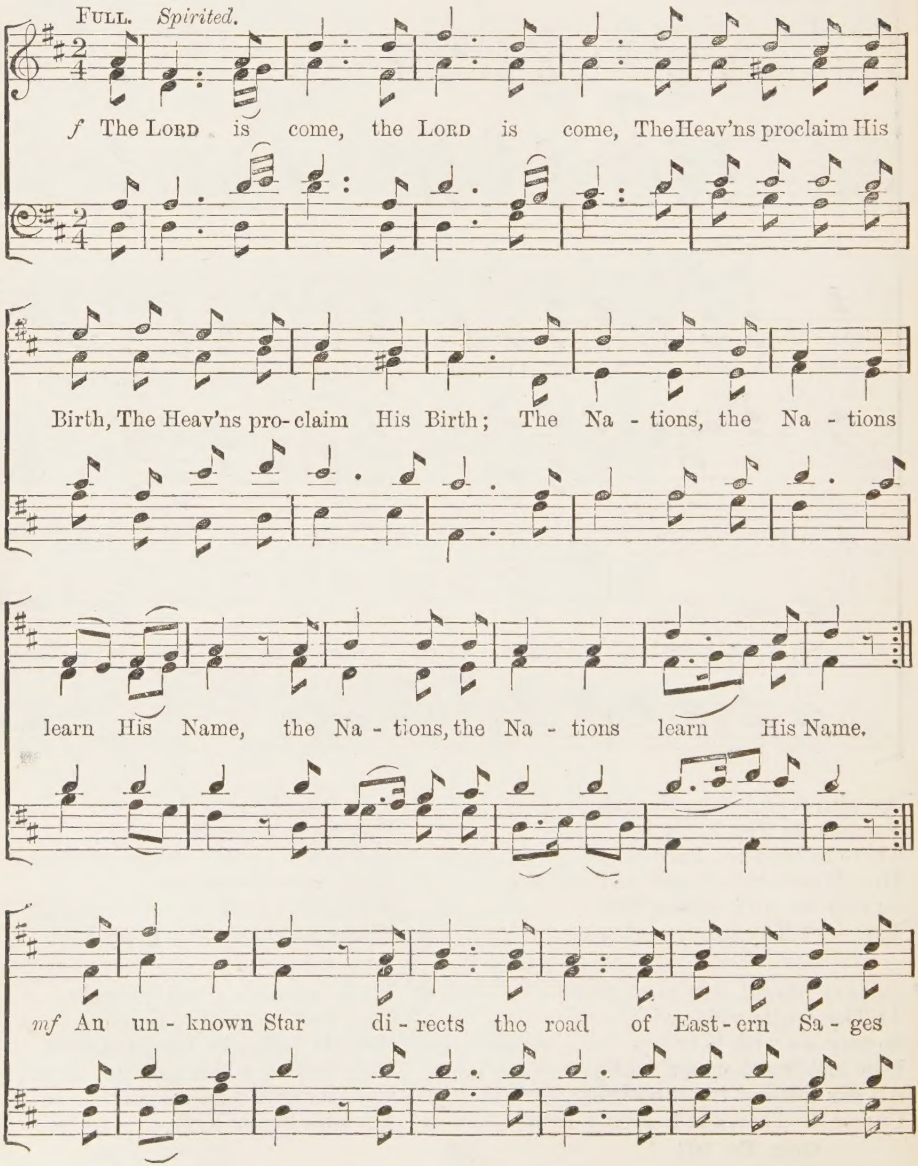
mf As with joyful steps they sped,
dim Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
p There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
cr Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

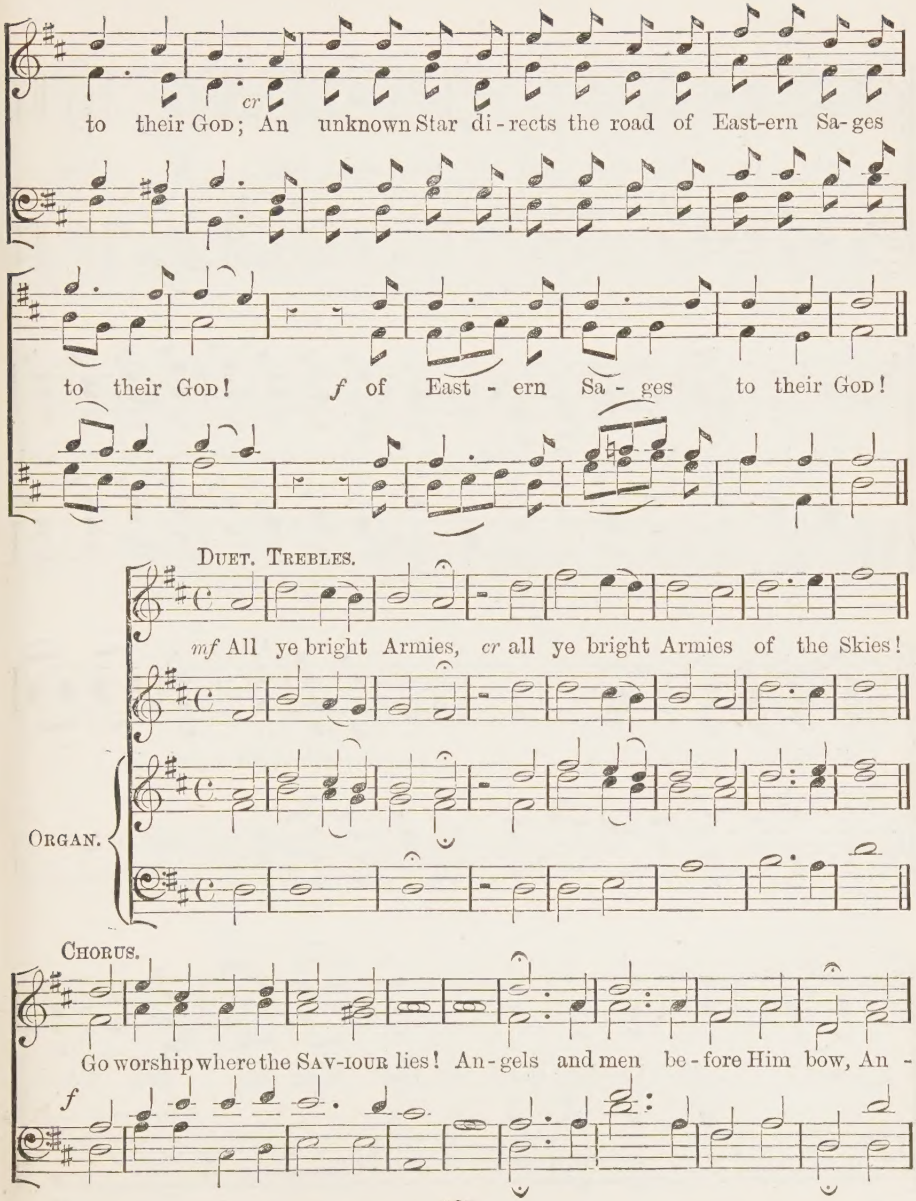
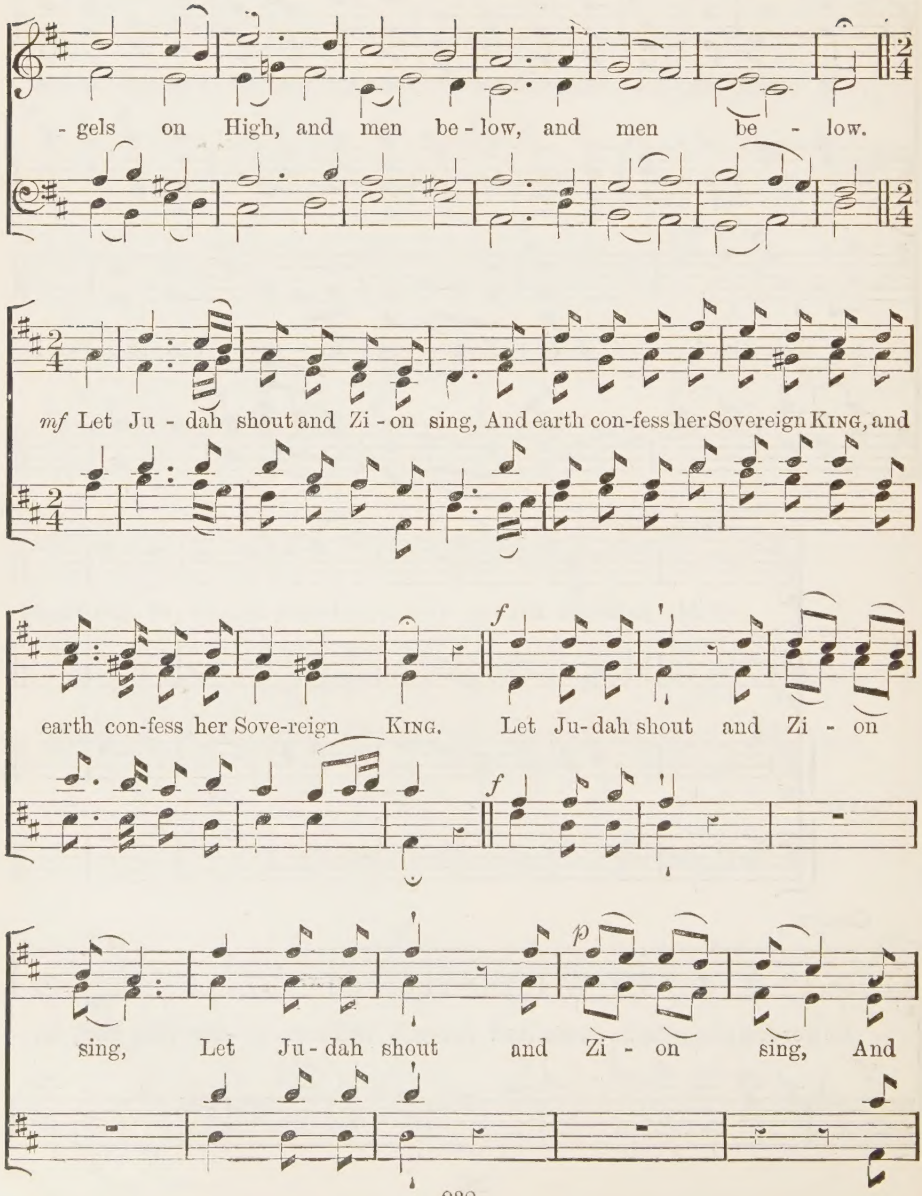
mf As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
cr Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

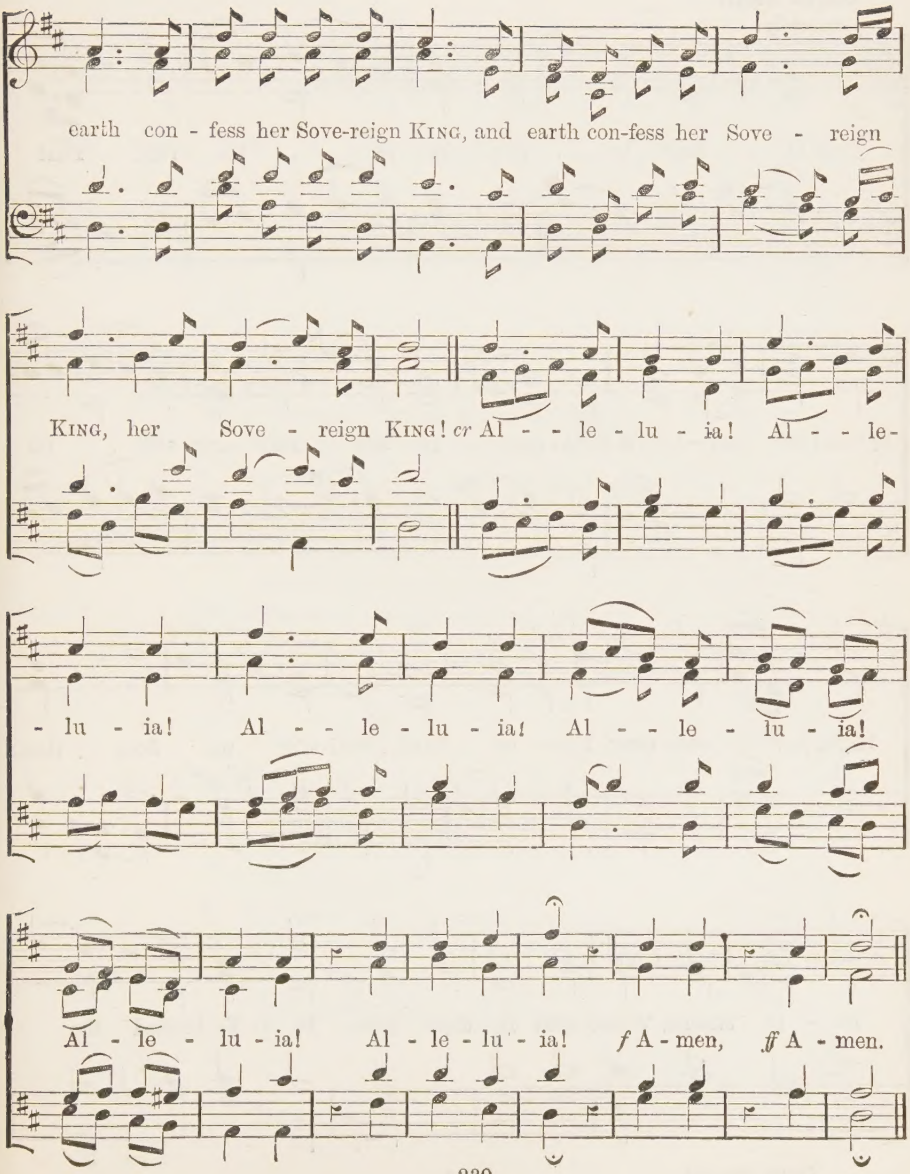
mf Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
cr Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

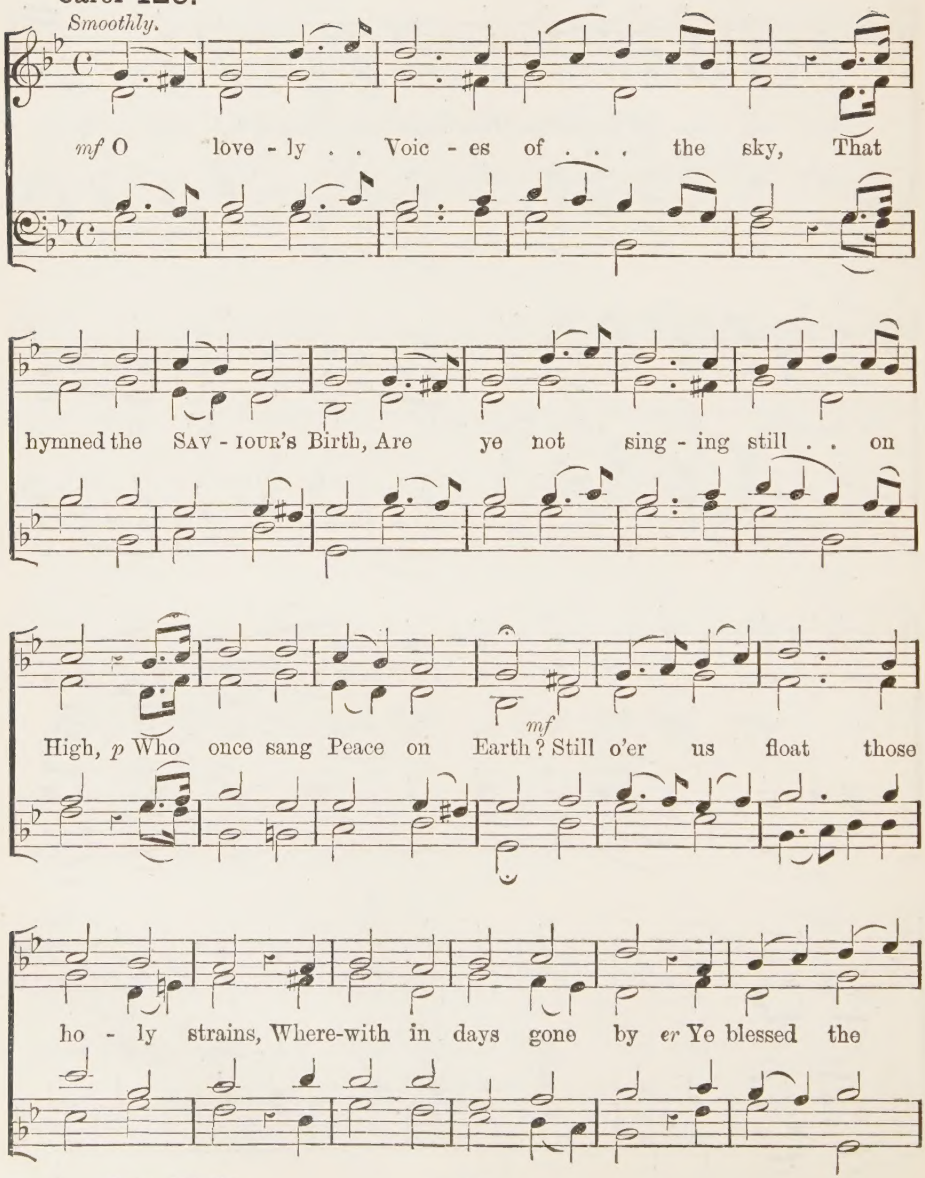
mf In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
ff There for ever may we sing
cr Alleluias to our King.

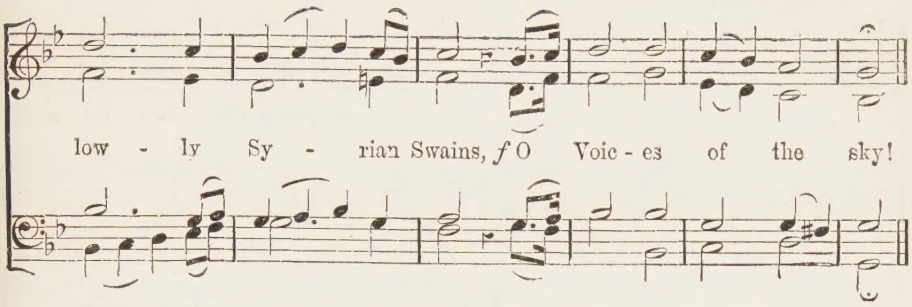
Carol 127.


Full. Spirited.
f The Lord is come, the Lord is come, The Heav'ns proclaim His
Birth, The Heav'ns pro-claim His Birth; The Na - tions, the Na - tions
learn His Name, the Na - tions, the Na - tions learn His Name.
mf An un - known Star di - rects the road of East - ern Sa - ges


cr
to their God; An unknown Star di-rects the road of East-ern Sa-ges
to their God! f of East-ern Sa-ges to their God!
Duet. Trebles.
mf All ye bright Armies, cr all ye bright Armies of the Skies!
Organ.
Chorus.
Go worship where the Sav-iour lies! An-gels and men be-fore Him bow, An-
f

- gels on High, and men be - low, and men be - low.
mf Let Ju - dah shout and Zi - on sing, And earth con-fess her Sovereign KING, and
earth con-fess her Sove-reign KING. Let Ju-dah shout and Zi - on
sing, Let Ju - dah shout and Zi - on sing, And


earth con - fess her Sove-reign KING, and earth con-fess her Sove - reign
KING, her Sove - reign KING! cr Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le-
- lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! f A - men, ff A - men.

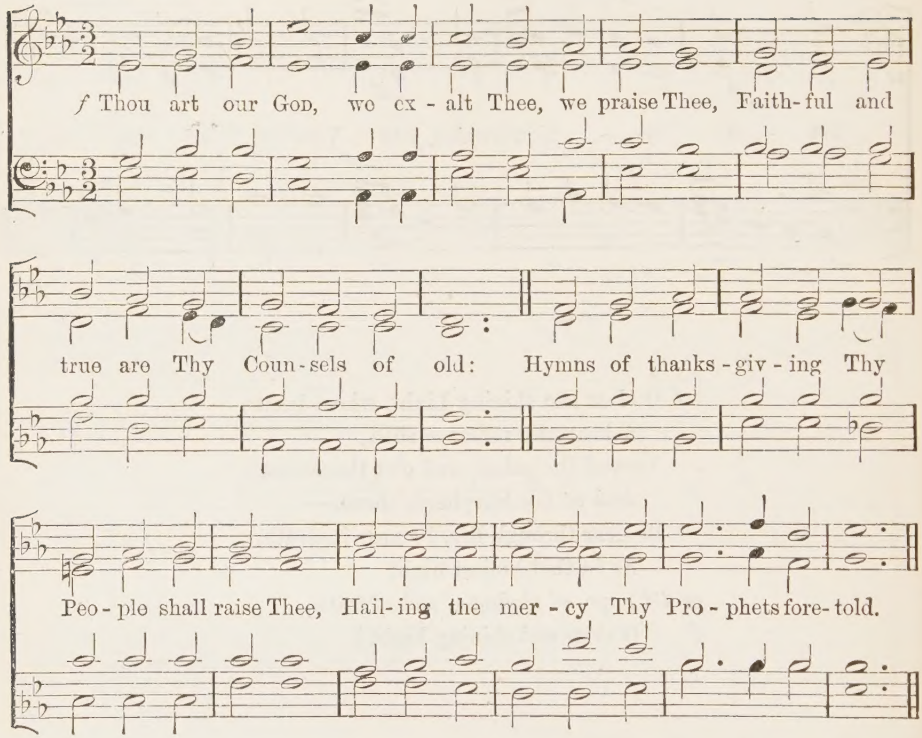
Carol 128.

Smoothly.
mf O love - ly . . Voic - es of . . . the sky, That
hymned the Sav - iour's Birth, Are ye not sing - ing still . . on
High, p Who once sang Peace on mf Earth? Still o'er us float those
ho - ly strains, Where-with in days gone by er Ye blessed the



mf O clear and shining Light, whose beams
A heavenly radiance shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the Shepherds' head,—
Be near through life, be near in death,
As in that holiest night
cr Of hope, of gladness, and of faith,
f O clear and shining Light!

mf O Star, which ledd'st to Him Whose Love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Thou still art midst the hosts above,
We still may gaze on thee!
cr In Heaven thy light doth never set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
O, send them forth to guide us yet,
f Bright Star which led to Him!

Carol 129.


f Thou art our God, we ex - alt Thee, we praise Thee, Faith-ful and
true are Thy Coun-sels of old: Hymns of thanks-giv-ing Thy
Peo-ple shall raise Thee, Hail-ing the mer-cy Thy Pro-phets fore-told.

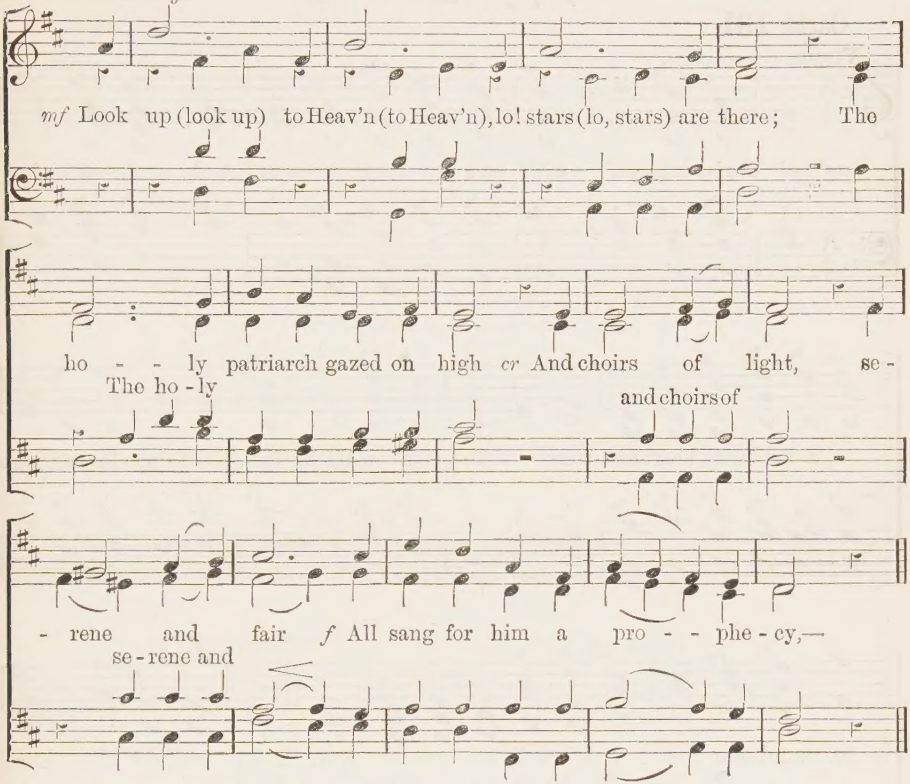
ff Bright is Thy Coming, and tempests, long hovering
Over our world, are dispersed by Thy Grace;
Thou shalt destroy all the face of the covering,
Mantling the sinful, and hiding the base.

f This is the joy that enkindles our praises,
This the glad song of Creation's New Birth:
God shall wipe sorrows and tears from all faces,
God shall give Paradise back to our earth.

f This is our God, lo, for Him we have waited, [save:
This is the Lord, and He cometh to
Joy for the world that His Mercy created,
Triumph o'er sin, and o'er death and the grave.

f Thou art our God, and we praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Wonderful things our Redeemer hath done;
cr Great is Thy Power and Thy Love, we confess Thee,
f Father and Spirit and Well-beloved Son.

Smoothly.


mf Look up (look up) to Heav'n (to Heav'n), lo! stars (lo, stars) are there; The
ho - - ly patriarch gazed on high cr And choirs of light, se -
The ho - ly
and choirs of
- rene and fair f All sang for him a pro - - phe - cy,—
se - rene and

mf "That God would all men bless by One,
Who should be born of Abraham's race;"
And Abraham saw from far His Son,
Full of immortal Truth and Grace.

p Then clouds rolled on and hid the light,
And there was darkness overhead.
"Is there no Star to cheer the night?"—
"I see it not,"—the Prophet said,

cr "But there will rise o'er Judah's land
A light I shall behold from far!"

p While still in solitude shall stand
Balaam, although he sees the Star!

mf Who are the wise? the pure in heart?
For them the Star of God appears;

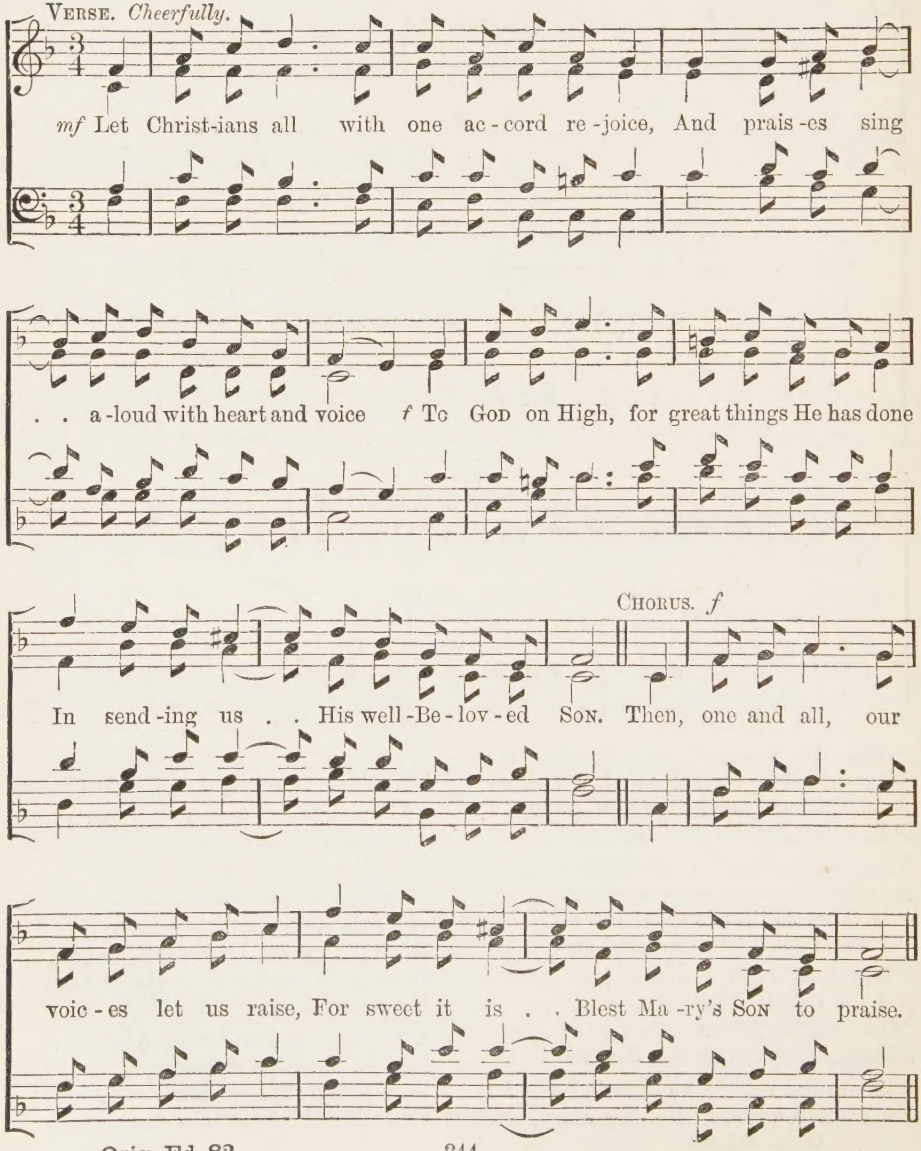
cr For them the clouds asunder part,
f And mists dissolve, and darkness clears.

f They hail the Light on Bethlehem's crest,
They watch the Glory slanting down;
It settles o'er the Virgin's breast,
Shining the Heaven-born Jesus' crown.

f O "God with us!"—all joy restored;
No "Tidings good" for man but this!
Henceforth we know no absent Lord,
His presence is perpetual bliss.

f The Lord our Everlasting Light,
And all our days of mourning done!
Now pass away, ye clouds and night!—

ff Praise we the Father, Spirit, Son!

Carol 131.

Verse. Cheerfully.
mf Let Christ-ians all with one ac-cord re-joice, And prais-es sing
. . a-loud with heart and voice f To God on High, for great things He has done
Chorus. f
In send-ing us . . His well-Be-lov-ed Son. Then, one and all, our
voic-es let us raise, For sweet it is . . Blest Ma-ry's Son to praise.

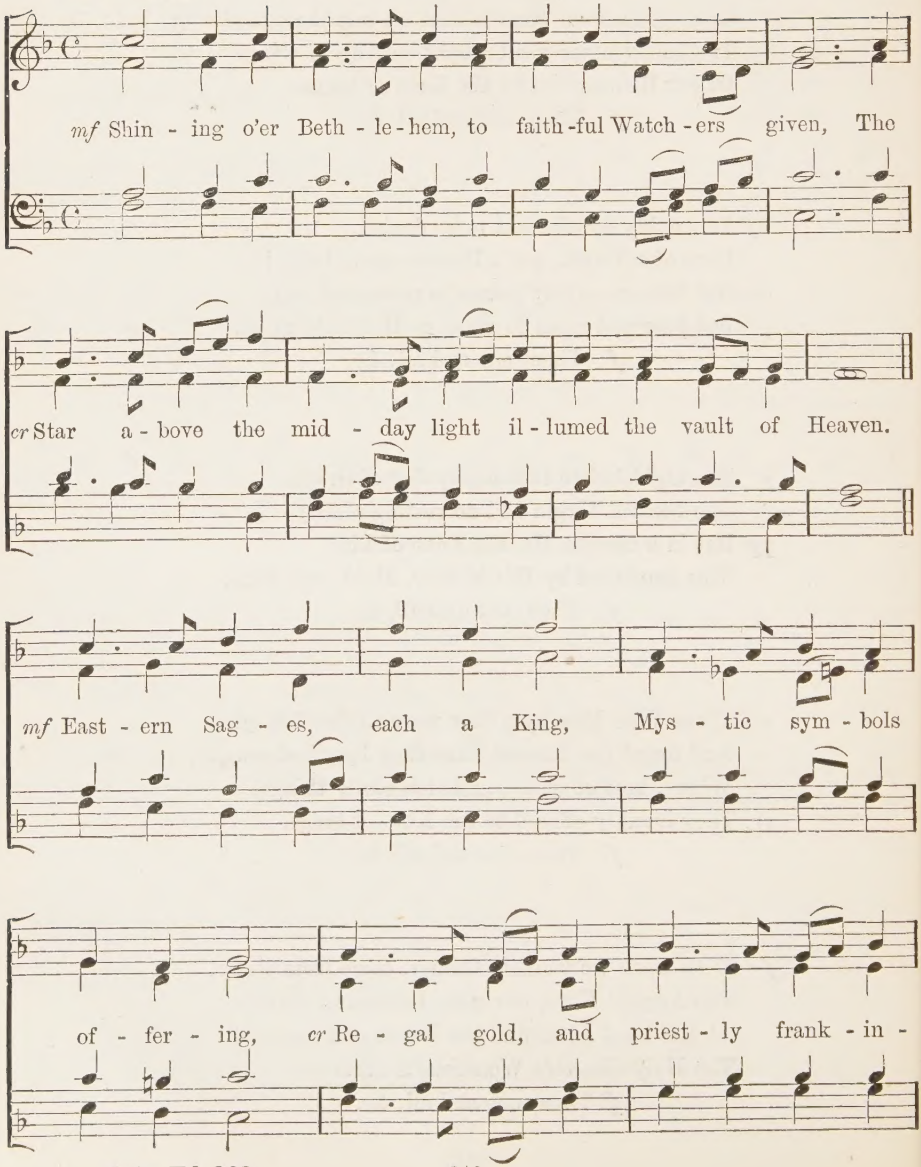
mf That Blessed Babe, the Holy Child of Love,
Came down from Heaven that we might reign above;
The happy news was brought on Angels' wings
Of our Redemption by the King of kings.
f Then, one and all, &c.

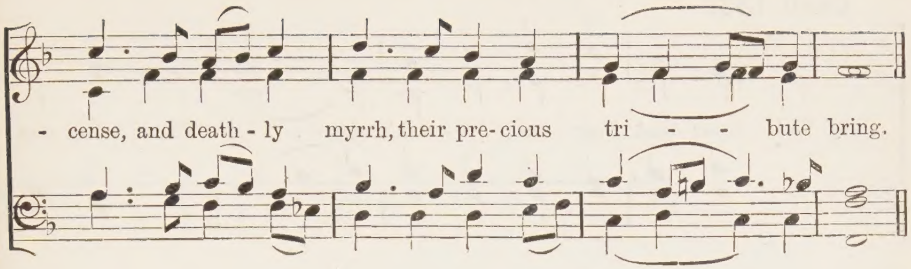
mf An earthly wonder not to be denied,
Born of a Virgin, yet a Heaven-made Bride!
dim Not like an earthly prince in pomp and state,
p But poor and mean to make us Heavenly great.
f Then, one and all, &c.

p The night before that happy day of Grace,
The Blessed Virgin had no resting place;
pp But in a manger He, the Lord of Life,
Was nourished by His Mother, Maid, and Wife.
f Then, one and all, &c.

mf Three Wise Men by a Star were thither brought,
And found the Blessed Babe they long had sought;
Where, best of spices, and rich costly things,
cr They humbly offered to the King of kings.
f Then, one and all, &c.

f With them we worship Christ, come from above,
The Angels' King, our God, Redeemer, Love—
At His blest Altar find the Pearl of Price,—
The Holy Church's Wondrous Sacrifice.
ff Then, one and all, &c.

Carol 132.

mf Shin - ing o'er Beth - le - hem, to faith - ful Watch - ers given, The
cr Star a - bove the mid - day light il - lumed the vault of Heaven.
mf East - ern Sag - es, each a King, Mys - tic sym - bols
of - fer - ing, cr Re - gal gold, and priest - ly frank - in -

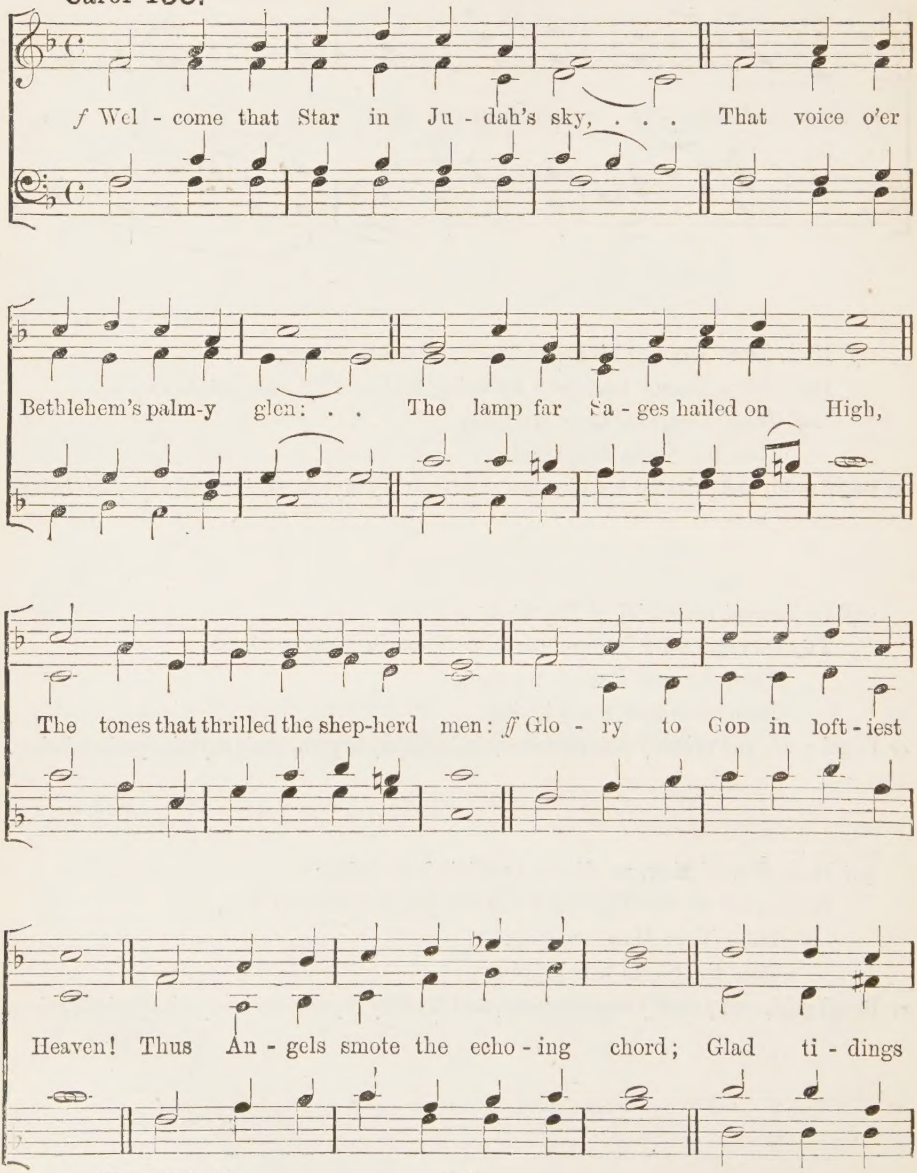


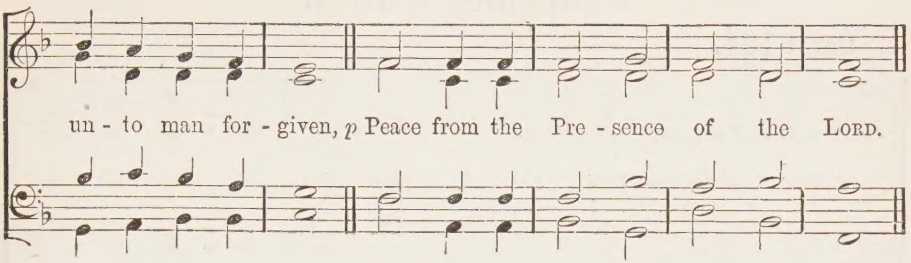
f Hail, Jesu, King of kings, to Thee no bauble crown,
But all our hearts' best gold we bring, and at Thy feet cast down,
mf Thee, Incarnate God, we sing,
Thee the Sages worshipping
cr Regal gold, and priestly frankincense, and deathly myrrh, their mystic symbols bring.

mf Lo! sweet memorial of Thy atoning Love
Thy servants offer here on earth, as Thou in Heaven above.
Thee, Eternal Priest, we sing,
Thee the Sages worshipping
cr Regal gold, and priestly frankincense, and deathly myrrh, their mystic symbols bring.

pp Hail, Son of Man, in all our conflicts here below
Remember us, for Thou hast felt the pangs of mortal woe.
p Thee, Very Man, we sing,
Thee the Sages worshipping
cr Regal gold, and priestly frankincense, and deathly myrrh, their mystic symbols bring.

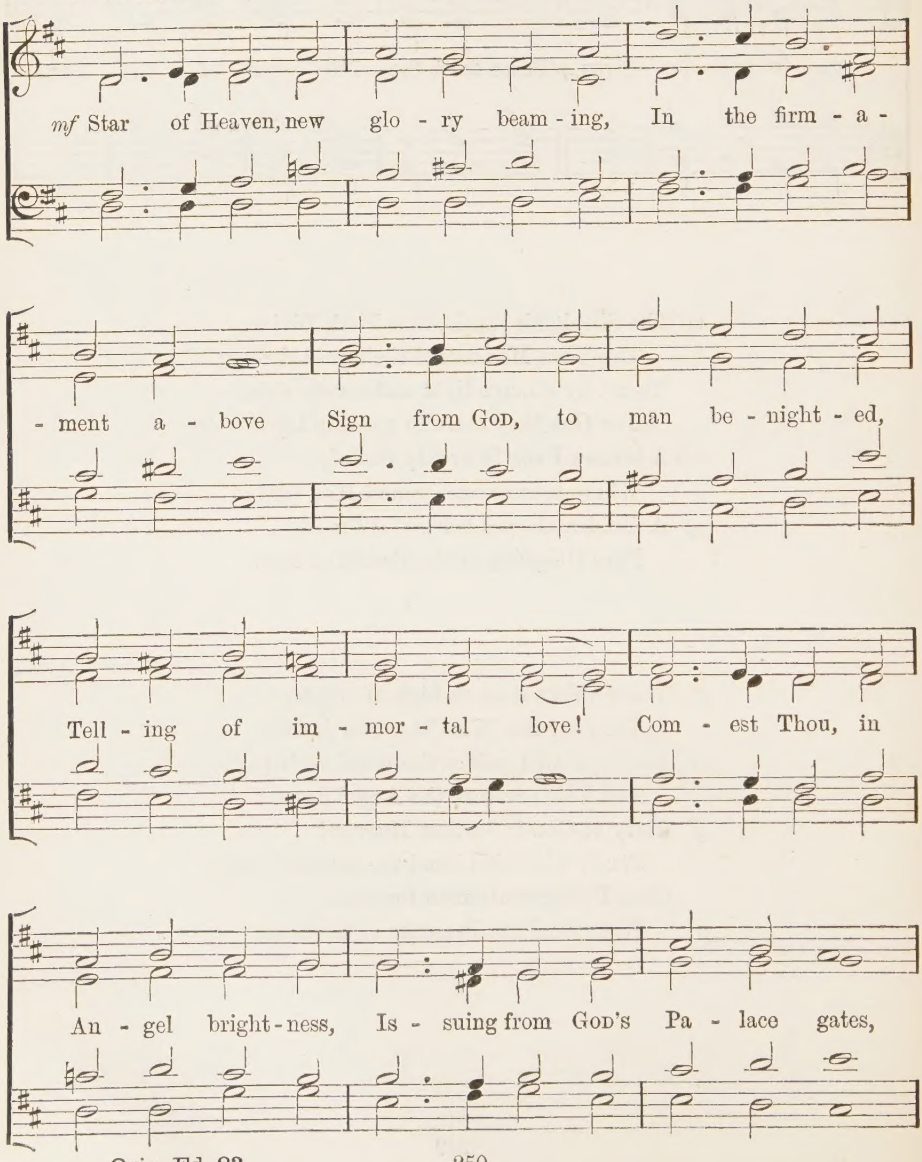
Carol 133.

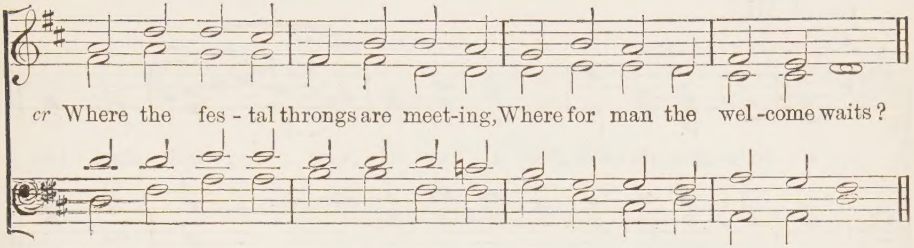

f Wel - come that Star in Ju - dah's sky, . . . That voice o'er
Bethlehem's palm-y glen: . . The lamp far Sa - ges hailed on High,
The tones that thrilled the shep-herd men: ff Glo - ry to God in loft - iest
Heaven! Thus An - gels smote the echo - ing chord; Glad ti - dings



mf The Shepherds sought that Birth Divine,
The Wise Men traced their guided way;
There, by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay.
dim A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod:
pp A Maiden clasped her awful Child,
Pure Offspring of the Breath of God.

p Those voices from on high are mute,
The Star the Wise Men saw is dim:
cr But hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And Faith renews the Angel hymn:
ff Glory to God in loftiest Heaven!
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord,
Good Tidings unto man forgiven,
p Peace from the Presence of the Lord.

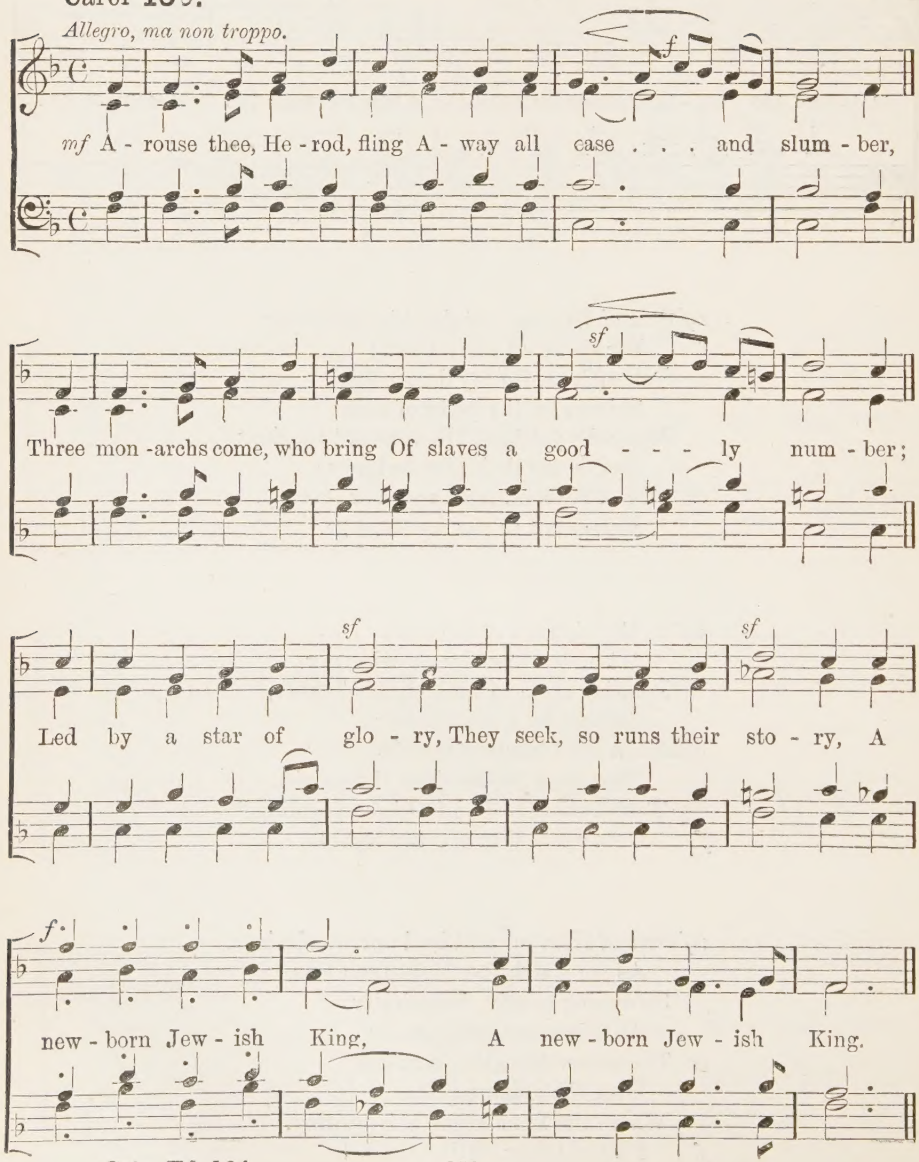
Carol 134.

mf Star of Heaven, new glo - ry beam - ing, In the firm - a -
- ment a - bove Sign from God, to man be - night - ed,
Tell - ing of im - mor - tal love! Com - est Thou, in
An - gel bright - ness, Is - suing from God's Pa - lace gates,



mf Star of Heaven, not fixed in splendour
Far above all mortal ken;
But with gentle ray descending
Shining on the paths of men,
Men who yet have Heavenward longings,
And desire their GOD to know;
cr Star of Heaven, light now our journey,
Homeward as our footsteps go.

mf In the distance of the ages,
Wise Men saw thy cheering ray,
Pointing them to Bethlehem's INFANT,
Guiding by a secret way;
dim Midst the tumult of the city,
Thou wast hidden from their sight,
'Parted thence—(*cr*) "O joy exceeding,"
f Once again they see thy light!

mf Star of Heaven, still lead our wanderings,
As we watch the Light from GOD,
Streaming calmly, beautifully,
All along our lonely road;
cr Till we see the glory standing
Over the abiding place,
Where the LORD Himself is waiting,
f Full of Glory, full of Grace!

Carol 135.

Allegro, ma non troppo.
mf A - rouse thee, He - rod, fling A - way all case . . . and slum - ber,
Three mon - archs come, who bring Of slaves a good - - - ly num - ber;
Led by a star of glo - ry, They seek, so runs their sto - ry, A
new - born Jew - ish King, A new - born Jew - ish King.

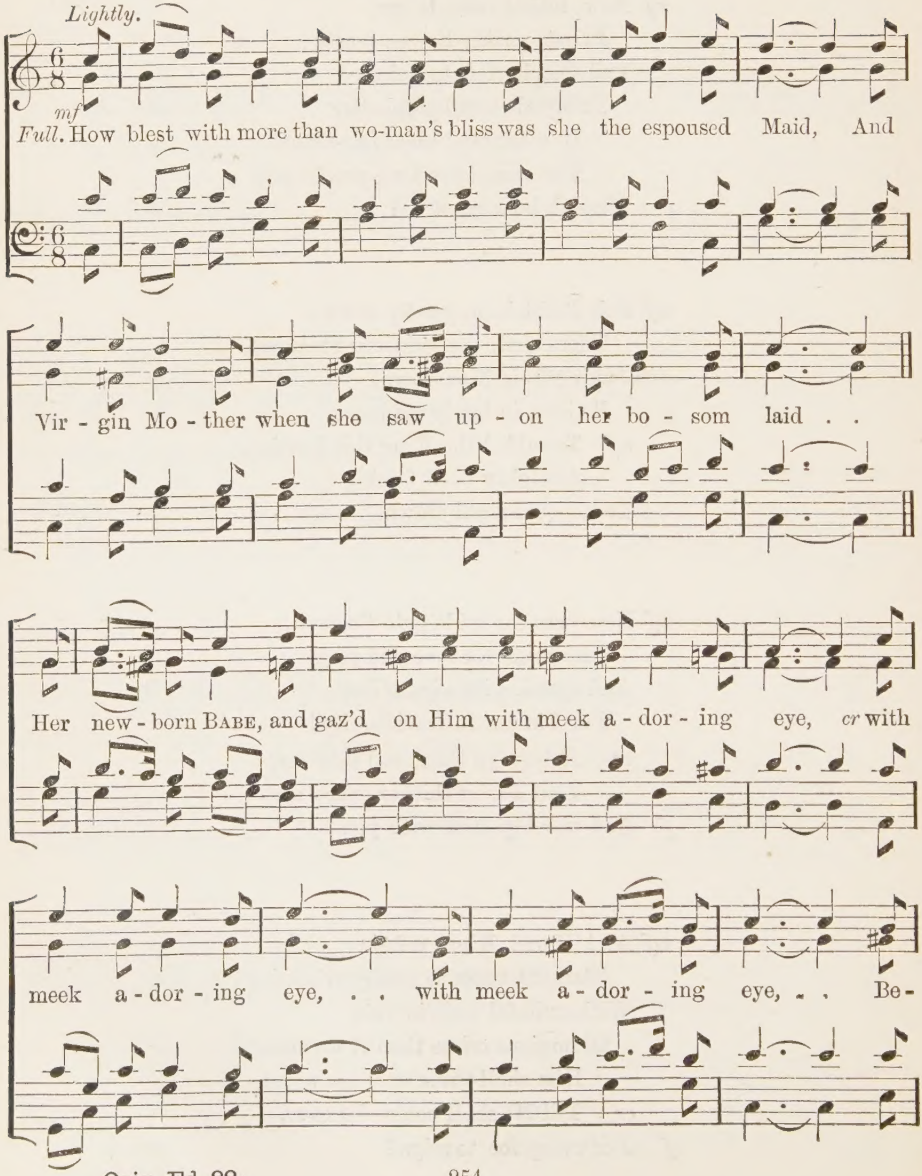
mf Now, hither come to me,
Priest, scribe, Essene ascetic,
And search ye out, and see
In mystic scroll prophetic,
In what blest place fair-famed,
The seers have long proclaimed
f Messiah born must be!

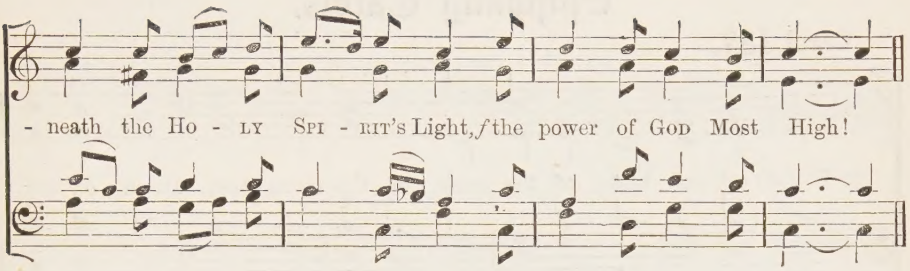
mf Fair Bethlehem, goodly town!
There shall the Princely Stranger,
dim Coming from Zion down,
p Be born in lowly manger!
mf Trembled the King this hearing,
A mighty peril fearing
To his own royal crown.

mf Now pass the wide gate through,
And haste for love and pity,
And search with vigour due
For CHRIST, in David's city!
cr Return ye then, and lead me,
That I may thither speed me,
f And worship Him with you!

mf Ah! Herod, King, refrain
'Gainst CHRIST so fondly scheming!
With guileful craft in vain
Of impious crime thou'rt dreaming!
Him shall thine eyes see never,
cr Till He shall come, for ever,
f O'er every foe Sovereign!

Carol 136.


Lightly.
mf
Full. How blest with more than wo-man's bliss was she the espoused Maid, And
Vir - gin Mo - ther when she saw up - on her bo - som laid . .
Her new - born Babe, and gaz'd on Him with meek a - dor - ing eye, cr with
meek a - dor - ing eye, . . with meek a - dor - ing eye, . . Be-



Dec. *mf* Methinks I see thee, Mary, look on Him with fixed gaze,
And ponder in thy secret heart the Almighty FATHER's ways,
As to thy thoughts in contrast strong the past and present rise,
f The glory whence thy INFANT came, (*p*) the stable where He lies!

Can. *mf* Fit birth for Him, Who, when with GOD and man in favour grown,
His FATHER's glory shall display,—His FATHER's and His Own;
When at His Will the crystal stream to generous wine shall turn,
f And from His Lips the astonished poor GOD's glorious Gospel learn :—

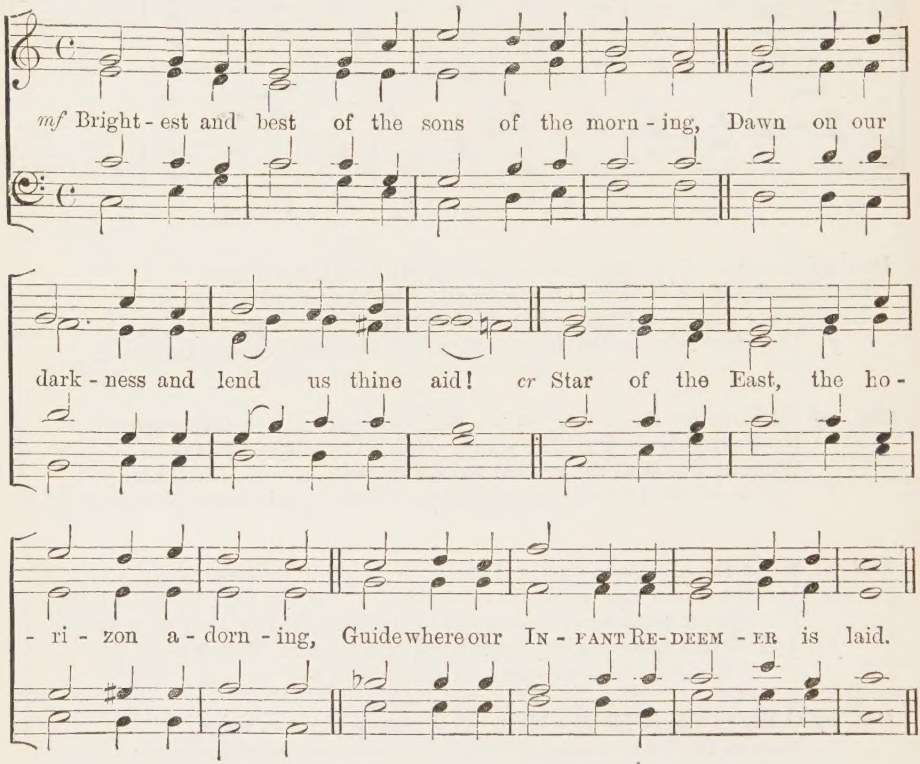
Full *mf* When the blind eye unclosed shall see its great Restorer near,
cr And the dumb tongue His Praise proclaim, and the deaf ear shall hear,
The leprous taint be cleansed, and death beneath His Feet be trod,
f And subject fiends their prey release, and own the SON of GOD.

Dec. *mf* O Mary, Virgin Mother blest, what rapture shall be thine,
Thus in thy CHILD to see fulfilled each Heaven-appointed sign;
p Although a sword thy bosom pierce amid the mighty throes,
cr While o'er thy loved, thy worshipped SON, the glooms sepulchral close,

Can. *mf* Thy heart shall joy to know that He, the OFFSPRING of thy womb,
cr Thy SAVIOUR, Mary, and thy LORD, hath burst the rock-hewn tomb,
And soared His Heritage to claim high o'er the realms of light,
f The Bosom of His FATHER's love the Right Hand of His Might.

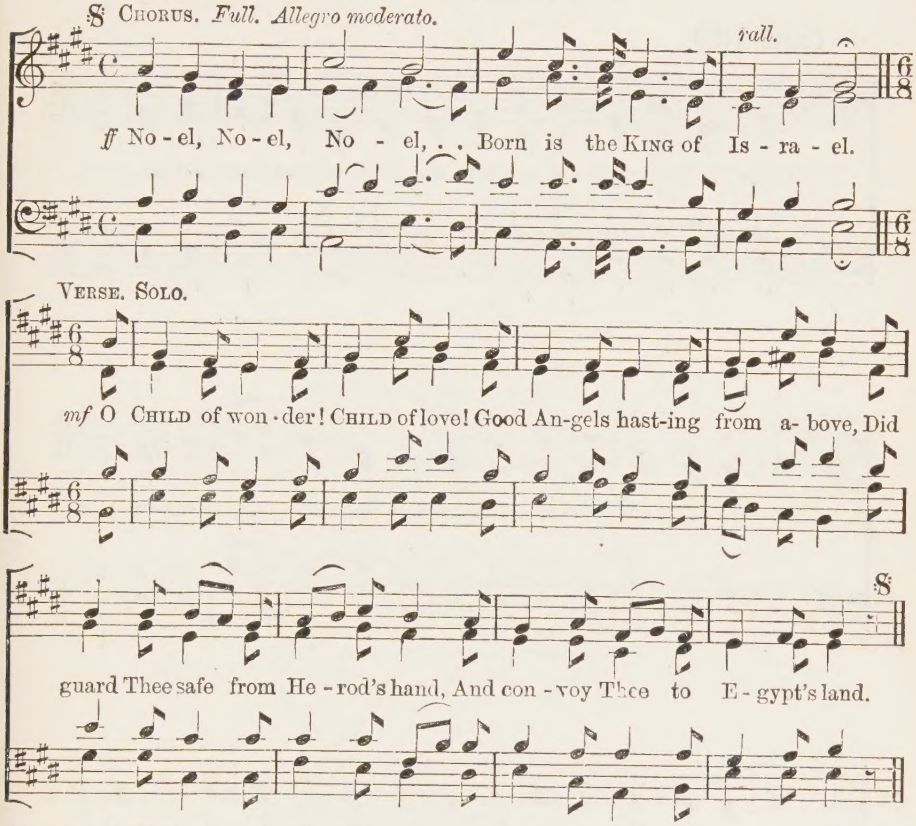
Full *pp* But hold! thy INFANT sleeps, and there, beside the Holy CHILD,
Take thou thy slumber, Maiden meek, blest Mother undefiled :
Sleep thou, while Angels wake around, and conscious Whom they tend
With folded wings and shaded eyes in sign of worship bend!

Carol 137.


mf Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us thine aid! cr Star of the East, the ho -
- ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our In - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

p Cold on His Cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beast of the stall;
cr Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

mf Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings Divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

mf Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His Favour secure;
cr Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

S Chorus. Full. Allegro moderato.
rall.
ff No - el, No - el, No - el, . . Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
Verse. Solo.
mf O Child of won - der! Child of love! Good An-gels hast-ing from a- bove, Did
S
guard Thee safe from He - rod's hand, And con - voy Thee to E - gypt's land.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

f To Egypt's land our Lord was brought
When Judah's King His life had sought,
There God full soon a work had done,
And then from Egypt called His Son.

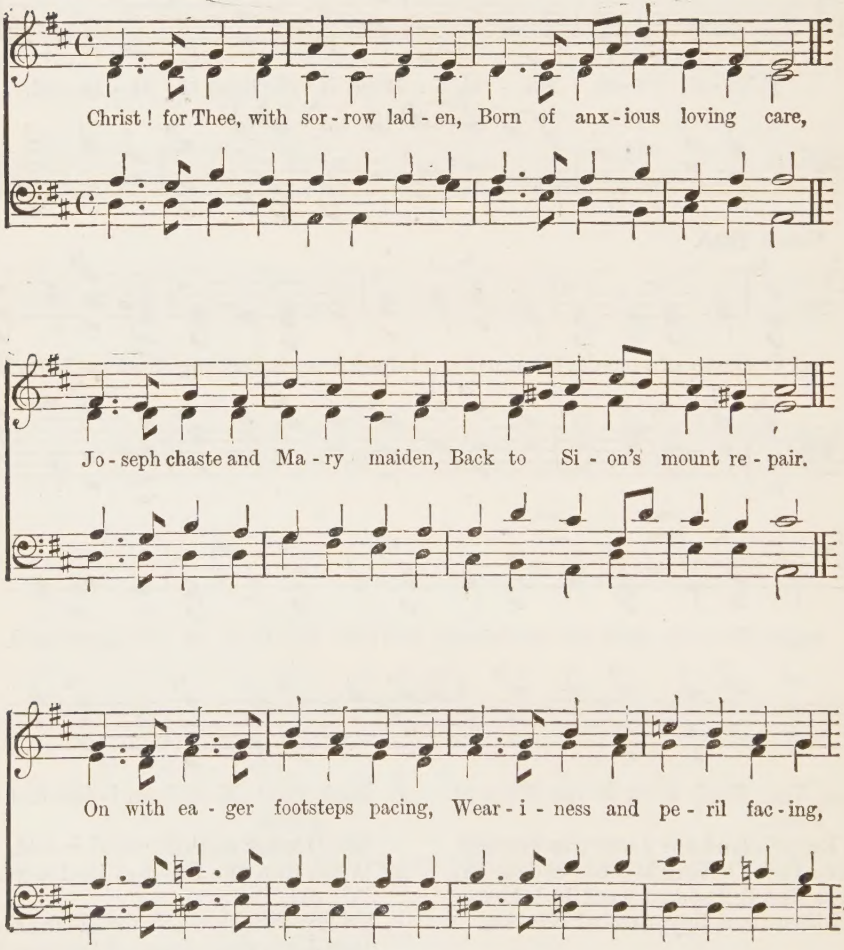
Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

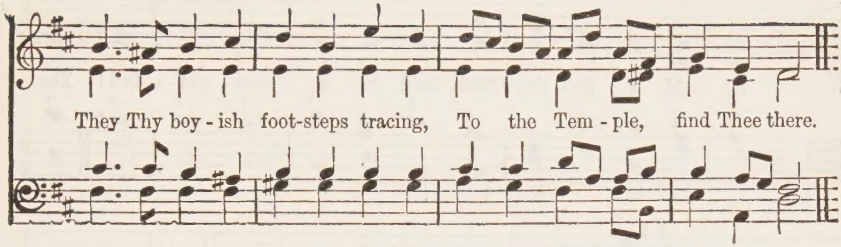
f For what had Egypt known like this,
Marvel of Heliopolis—
When prostrate idols fell before
Christ coming to their temple floor!

ff Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.
But O what mightier deed is told,
mf When God, the Child of twelve years old,
To His own Temple's dread surprise
Cast down the wisdom of the wise?

ff Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

mf O Child of Bethlehem! man's delight;
cr O Glorious Child of Egypt's flight;
O Child, Who in the Temple stood,
ff We praise Thee, Wisdom of our God!

Carol 139.

Christ! for Thee, with sor-row lad-en, Born of anx-ious loving care,
Jo-seph chaste and Ma-ry maiden, Back to Si-on's mount re-pair.
On with ea-ger footsteps pacing, Wear-i-ness and pe-ril fac-ing,

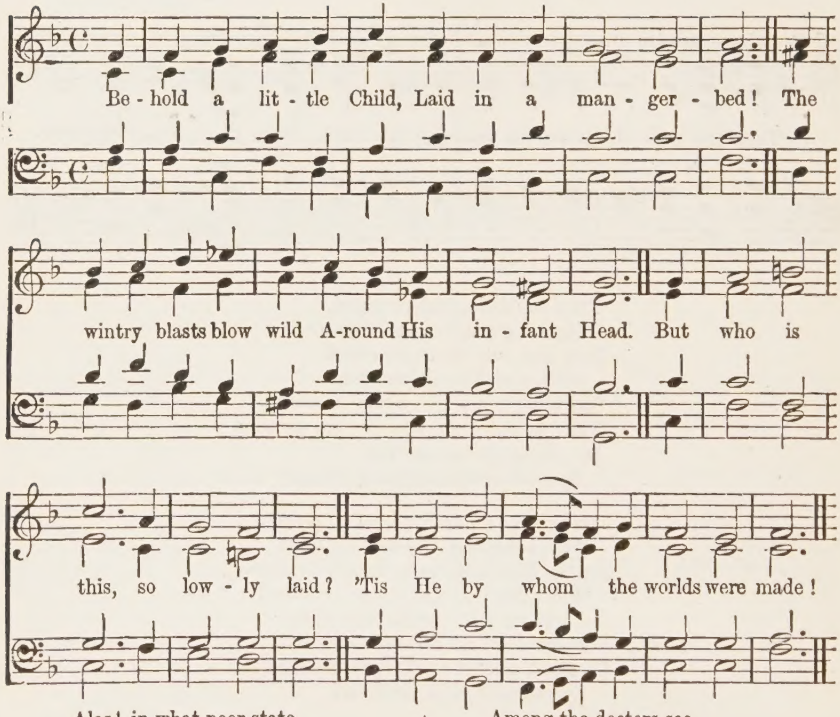


Thou, amid the doctors seated,
Heavenly teaching dost expound,
Task and duty there are meted
With a wisdom all profound.
Sparkling truths like jewels strowing.
Thou, bright words with fervour glowing,
In a living torrent flowing,
Speak'st to listening ears around.

Through the group Thy mother pressing;
Why, sweet Son, she cries, with me
Deal'st Thou thus, those hearts distressing,
Which aye love and reverence Thee?
Unto whom with utterance meekest:
Wist thou not the Son thou seekest
On His Fathers's work, thou speakest,
Evermore engaged must be?

Child Divine! Each faint endeavour
In all loving Christians bless,
Others to encourage ever
In the paths of holiness;
Suffering and pain assuaging,
Weary hearts with love engaging,
In our Father's business waging
Mortal strife with wickedness.

Carol 140.

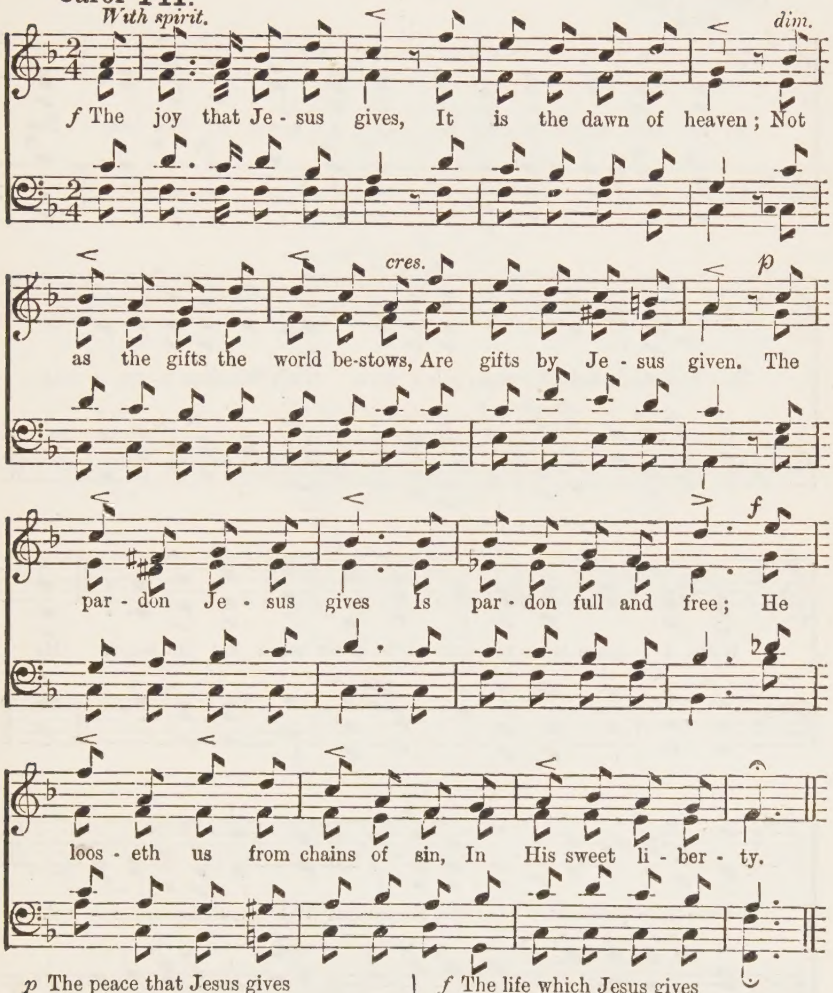

Be - hold a lit - tle Child, Laid in a man - ger - bed! The
wintry blasts blow wild A-round His in - fant Head. But who is
this, so low - ly laid? 'Tis He by whom the worlds were made!

Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen!
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The Hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue:
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace!
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

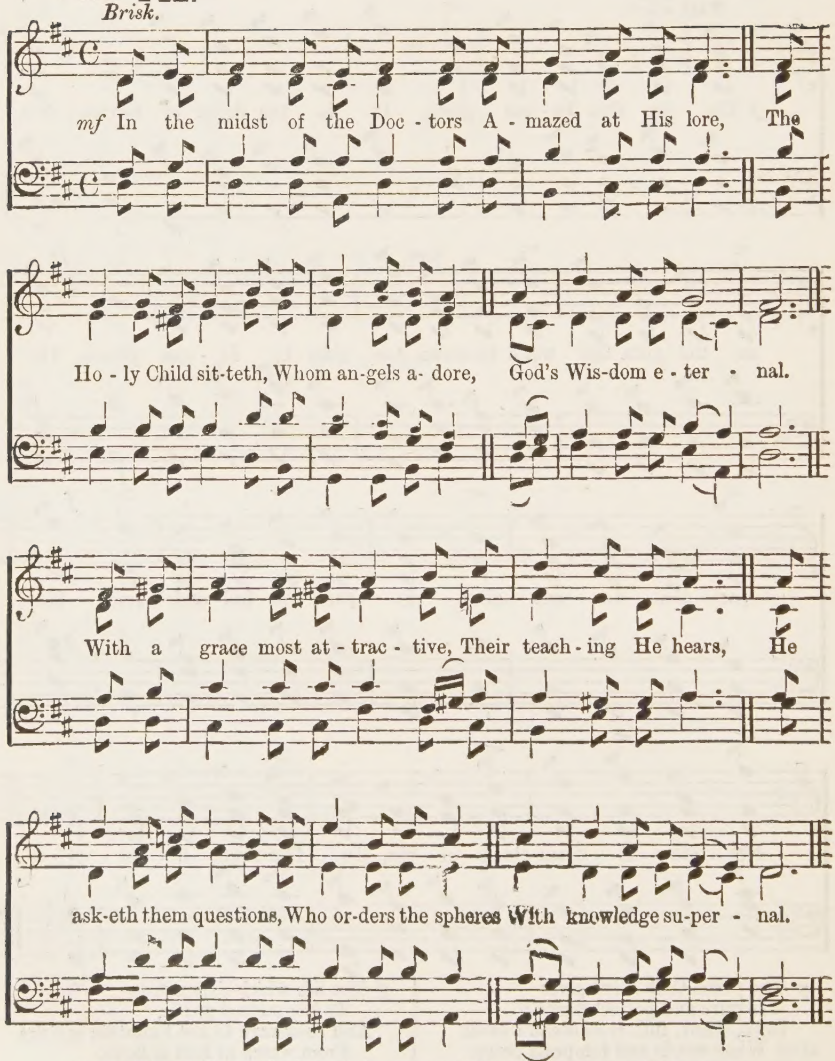
Christ! once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide:
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide:
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee!

Carol 141.

With spirit.
dim.
f The joy that Je - sus gives, It is the dawn of heaven; Not
cres.
p
as the gifts the world be-stows, Are gifts by Je - sus given. The
f
par - don Je - sus gives Is par - don full and free; He
loos - eth us from chains of sin, In His sweet li - ber - ty.

p The peace that Jesus gives
Is pure and perfect peace;
Deep, silent, full, *cr* as ocean's swell,
dim When winds and tempests cease.
The rest that Jesus gives
Is like the blessed rest,
cr Which the beloved disciple knew
Upon the Master's breast.

f The life which Jesus gives
To life eternal grows,
And backward to the Fountain springs
From which at first it flows.
Lord Jesus, from Thy Hand
These gifts we Thee implore;—
dim Joy, pardon, peace, eternal rest,
cr And life for evermore!

Carol 142.

Brisk.

mf In the midst of the Doc - tors A - mazed at His lore, The
Ho - ly Child sit-teth, Whom an-gels a- dore, God's Wis-dom e - ter - nal.
With a grace most at - trac - tive, Their teach - ing He hears, He
ask-eth them questions, Who or-ders the spheres With knowledge su-per - nal.

Note.—The small notes in bar 6 to be sung by half the Trebles and half the Tenors.

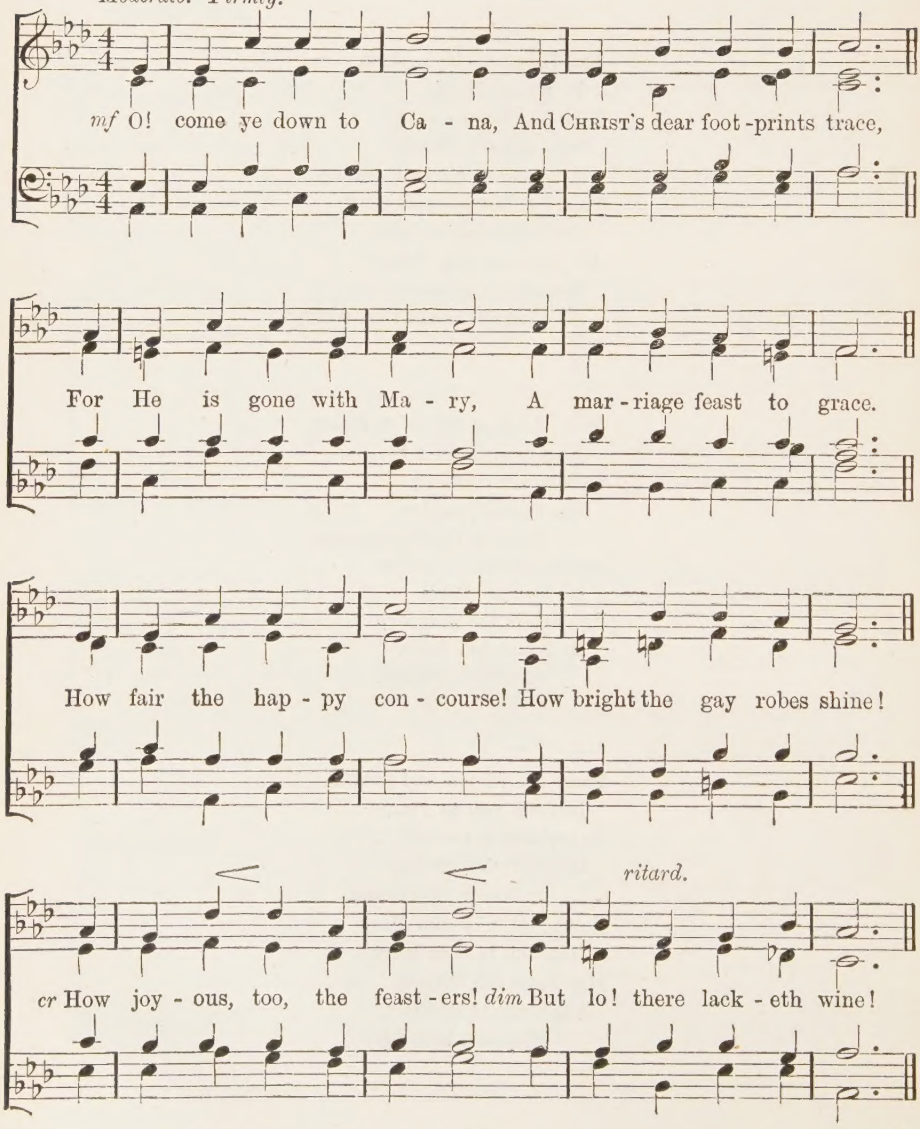
And His sorrowing parents
In wonder behold
Their Jesus conversing
With learning untold,
Deep mysteries revealing.
Then His Mother most gently
Her Child doth upbraid,
And says how His absence
Has made her afraid,—
And chides His thus dealing.

With His Eyes full of sweetness,
That brought back her joy,
He tells her that only
His Father's employ
Must be His high mission.
But to her His subjection
He lovingly yields
To dwell in the workshop
By Nazareth's fields,
In lowly condition.

There His wisdom and stature
Increase year by year,—
To God and to mortals
He groweth most dear—
In favour progressing.
Now to all, who with Mary
Hide this in their heart,
May Jesus our Saviour
Vouchsafe to impart
Epiphany blessing.

Carol 143.

(Marriage Processional.)

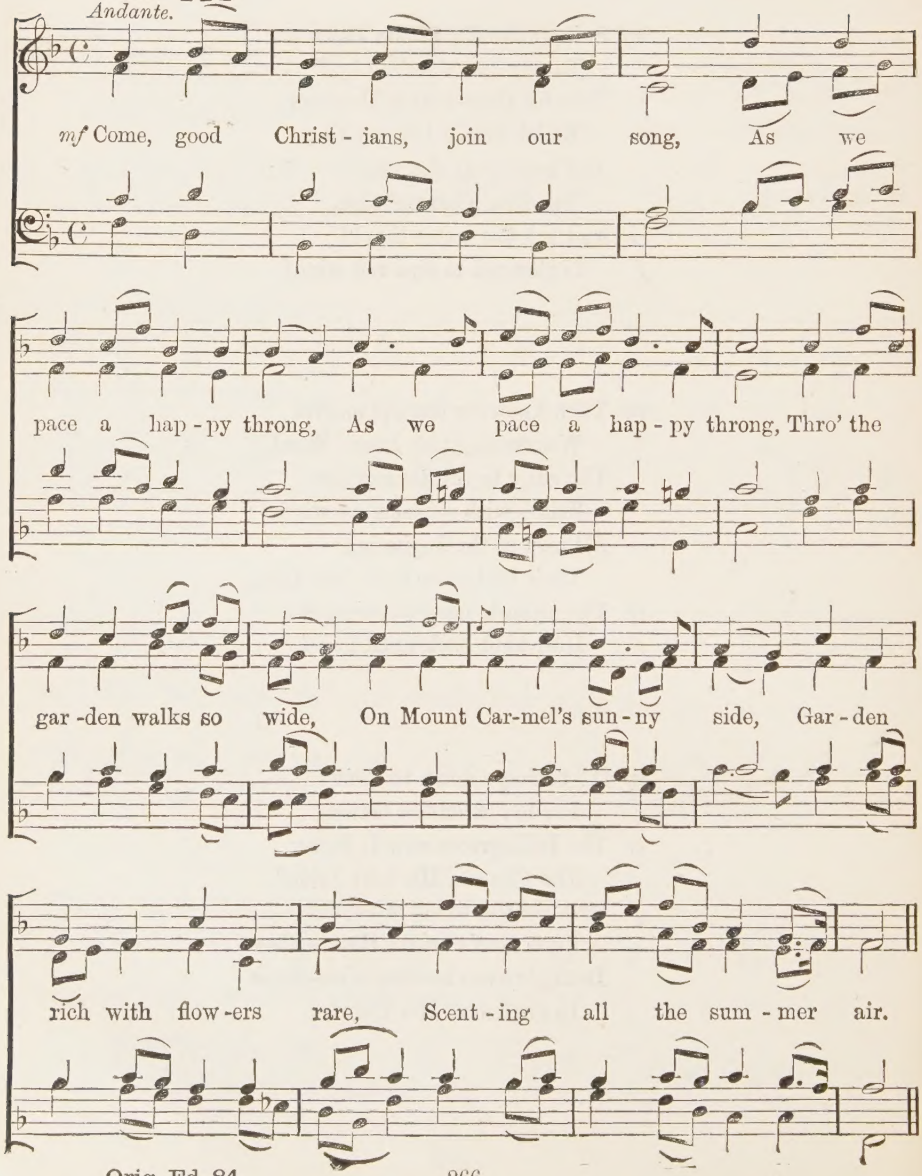
Moderato. Firmly.

mf O! come ye down to Ca - na, And CHRIST'S dear foot-prints trace,
For He is gone with Ma - ry, A mar-riage feast to grace.
How fair the hap - py con - course! How bright the gay robes shine!
ritard.
cr How joy - ous, too, the feast-ers! dim But lo! there lack - eth wine!

mf Soft speaks the kindly Jesus
To servants standing by:
Now fill these pots with water,
Which here all empty lie;
And bear ye to the ruler.
'Tis done at Jesus' sign,
cr And lo! the water limpid
f Is changed to ripe red wine!

mf Then knowing not the marvel
Was wrought by Jesus' Word,
The ruler to the bridegroom
Saith, with amazement stirred:
All men at the beginning
Their best wine give, but Thou
cr The richest, noblest, sweetest,
f Hast kept back until now!

mf O! come ye down to Cana!
For lo! whate'er betide,
cr The Bridegroom now is Jesus,
The Church, His holy bride!
f And He the living streamlet
From God's bright throne above,
Doth give as cheering wine-drops
In chalice of His Love!

Carol 144.


Andante.
mf Come, good Christ - ians, join our song, As we
pace a hap - py throng, As we pace a hap - py throng, Thro' the
gar - den walks so wide, On Mount Car-mel's sun - ny side, Gar - den
rich with flow - ers rare, Scent - ing all the sum - mer air.

mf Gather, Christian, blossoms gay,
Gather fruit this gladsome day;
All bright flowers, my gentle bride,
On Mount Carmel's sunny side,
Serve for thine adorning well,
Mystic lessons while they tell.

mf Gather first the sunflower bright,
Turning ever to the light;
Stock and wall-flower sweet, that fling
On the breeze their offering;
Gather lilies, stainless, pure,
Everlastings that endure.

mf Cull the woodbine that entwines,
Tulips gay in flaming lines,
Pansies blue, and primrose pale;
Gather violets without fail,
That beneath the leafage hide,
On Mount Carmel's sunny side.

mf Carmel's garden, oh, how fair!
Countless flowers are blooming there,
Flowers of varied odour blow,
Flowers of every lustre glow;
cr Lo! the garden we have trod
f Surely is the Church of God.

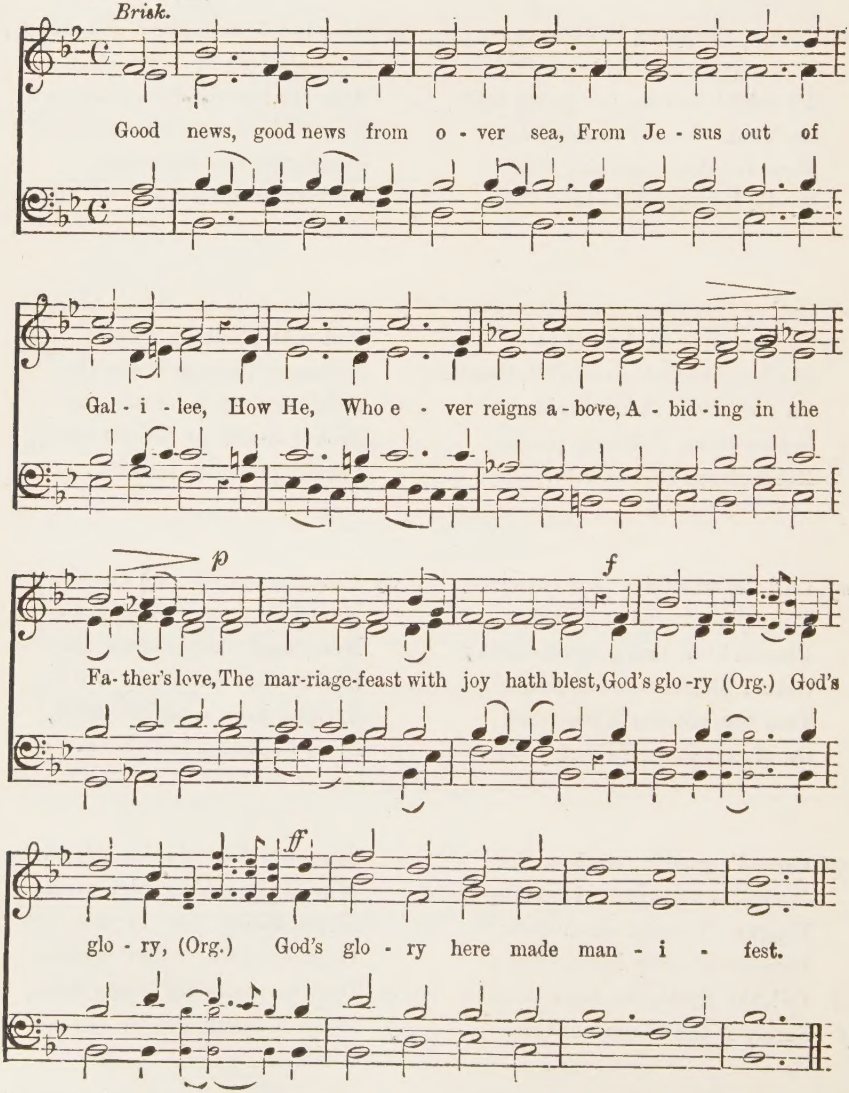
mf Here the doctors stand and gaze,
Clear-eyed on the solar blaze;
Here the hermits from their rock
Waft their virtues like the stock;
Virgins are the lily white,
Martyrs' wounds the tulip bright.

p Humble souls are violets blue,
Wet with penitential dew;
Meekness like a primrose lies,
Constancy nor fades nor dies;
Broken hearts by heaven dyed,
Pansies peaceful, satisfied.

mf Clinging spirits, that entwine
Round the cross, are eglantine;
Here, from out monastic cell,
Shakes the Canterbury bell;
Prelates here, a gallant flock,
Blaze as stately hollyhock.

There's a fountain, limpid, clean,
Waters Carmel's garden green,
Never failing, year by year,
Opened by the soldier's spear.
cr Once he smote the living Rock,
f Forth it spouted at the shock.

Repeat the second line of each verse.

Carol 145.

Brisk.
Good news, good news from o - ver sea, From Je - sus out of
Gal - i - lee, How He, Who e - ver reigns a - bove, A - bid - ing in the
p
f
Fa - ther's love, The mar-riage-feast with joy hath blest, God's glo - ry (Org.) God's
ff
glo - ry, (Org.) God's glo - ry here made man - i - fest.

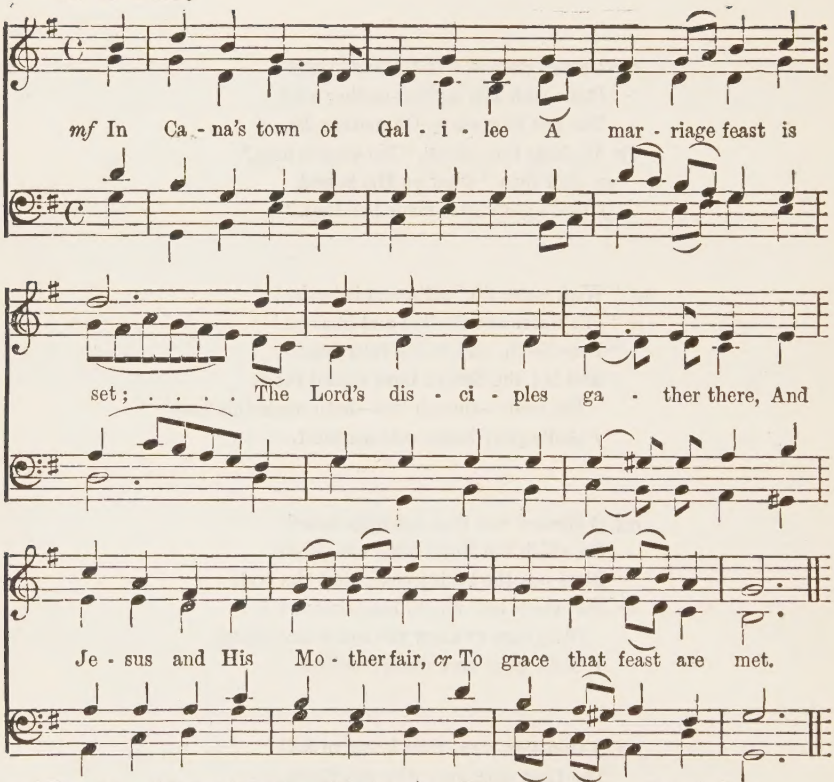
mf Oh tell we how sweet Mary's Child
Came with His maiden-mother mild
The rite to grace ;—Oh mother dear,
p We hear thee speak, "No wine is here,"
cr And then "Obey ye His behest,
f God's glory here made manifest."

mf "With water fill," all sound is hushed ;
cr 'The water saw its God and blushed,'
"Draw forth, and to the ruler bear."
And lo ! the Sun of Love smiled there,
His smile—though last—hath made this best,
f God's glory here made manifest.

mf O Blessed was that marriage board
On which the Royal wine was pour'd,
Blest was the bridegroom, blest the bride
cr For whom first flowed the crimson tide ;
Blest here to know the soul's true Guest,
f God's glory here made manifest.

mf O Christian men, then know ye well
The Lord doth ever with you dwell,
For you the marriage-feast is spread,
For you the wine of God runs red :
cr For ever be He here confest,
f God's glory here made manifest.

p For ever poureth from His side
cr That stream to cheer His chosen Bride,
That stream that shed its ruddy glow
Upon His eve of life below :
mf Here still, His sweetest *last* bequest,
f God's glory here made manifest.

Carol 146.

mf In Ca - na's town of Gal - i - lee A mar - riage feast is
set; . . . . The Lord's dis - ci - ples ga - ther there, And
Je - sus and His Mo - ther fair, cr To grace that feast are met.

mf Then when they wanted wine, saith she,—
The Mother to the Son—
"They have no wine," for well she knows
The bounty that His word bestows
Who "spake, and it was done."

mf She knoweth too, that fair Ladye,
How in all time of need
The crown of her maternal bliss,
cr The glory of her heaven is this,
With Christ to intercede.

nf "What have I yet to do with thee?"
Her Son doth make reply;
"Though thou in prayer with Me shouldst strive,
Until My time and hour arrive
No miracle work I."

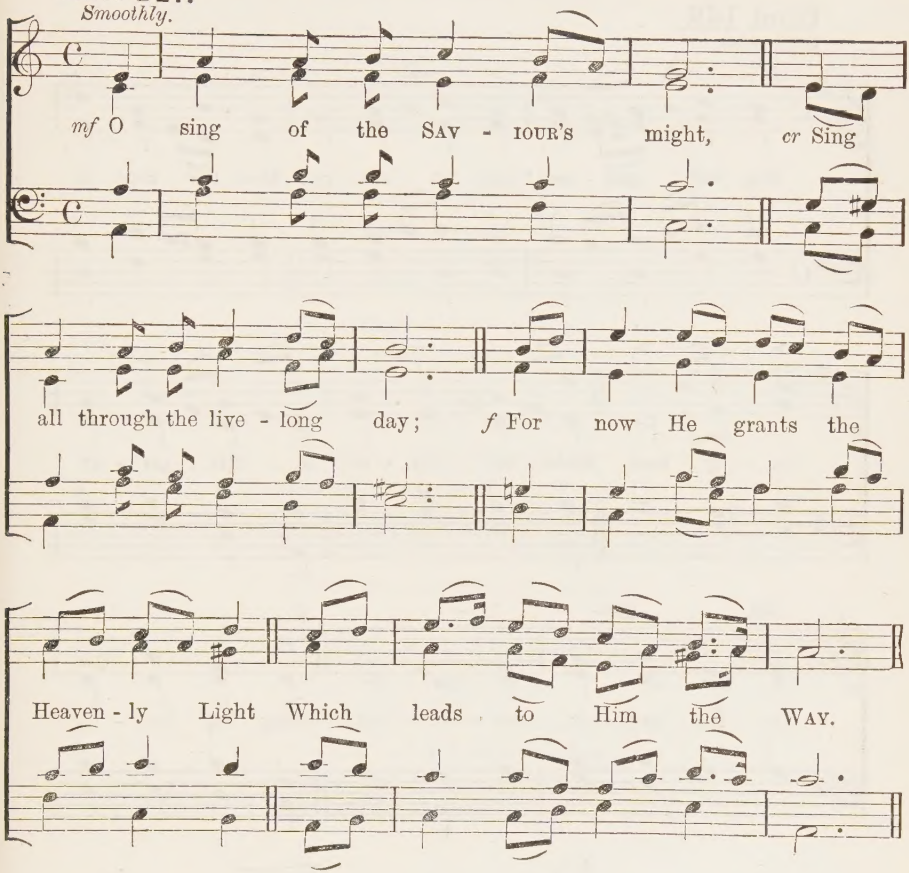
mf Then to the servants spake Marie
In words of wisdom true,
cr Still thrilling us with joy to-day,
"Whate'er to you my Son shall say,
That thing observe and do:"

mf Six waterpots at hand there be,
And these He bids them fill:
They pour the water to the brim,
At Mary's word obeying Him,—
cr Then draw it at His will."

f And now the miracle they see
Of water turned to wine,
And none but they, the servants, knew
From whence that wondrous wine they drew
In mystery divine.

f Lord, in this glad Epiphany
p Vouchsafe to be our Guest;
We have no wine; *cr* but at Thy Will
Our waterpots brimful we fill,
f And Thou wilt do the rest!

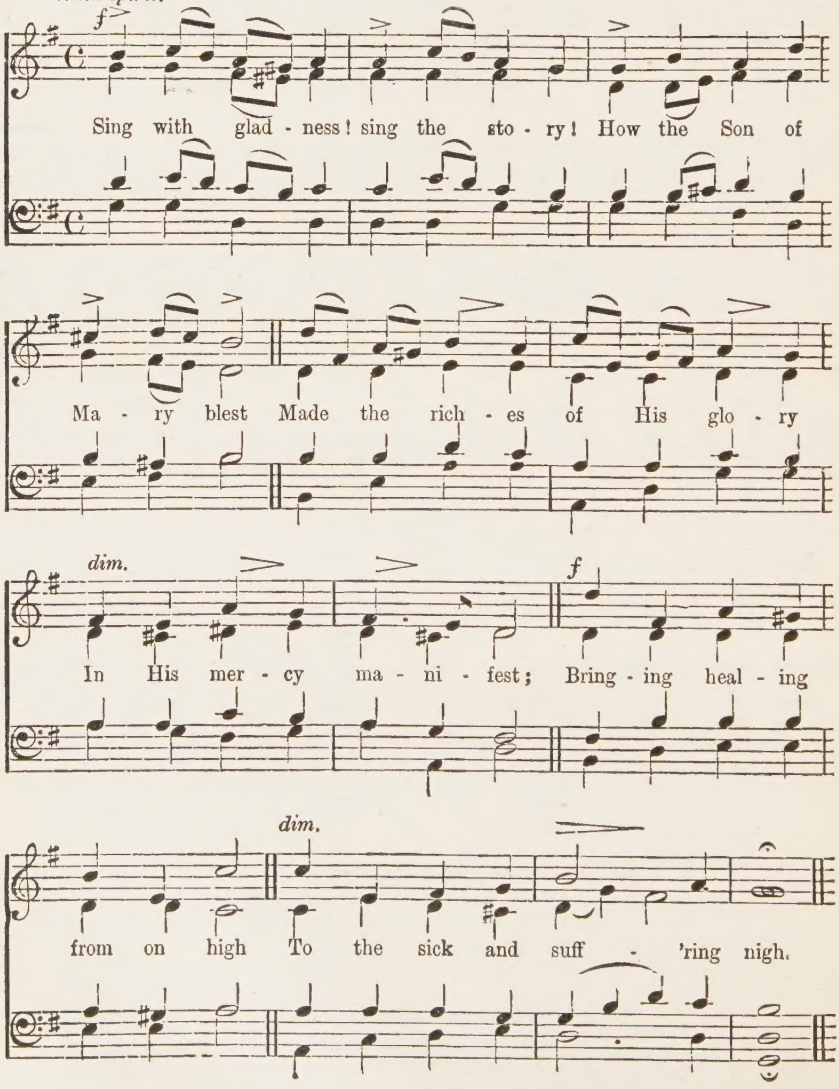
Carol 147.

Smoothly.

mf O sing of the Sav - iour's might, cr Sing
all through the live - long day; f For now He grants the
Heaven - ly Light Which leads to Him the Way.

mf O muse on His Holy Word,
Revealed by His Love for you—
The Truth which is by all adored,
f To Whom is homage due.

f O give we our hearts to Him,
Who brought us from God rich store,
And died upon the Cross for sin,
Our Life for Evermore.

Carol 148.

With spirit.

f
Sing with glad - ness! sing the sto - ry! How the Son of
Ma - ry blest Made the rich - es of His glo - ry
dim.
f
In His mer - cy ma - ni - fest; Bring - ing heal - ing
dim.
from on high To the sick and suff - 'ring nigh.

mf Lo! He cometh from the mountain,"
Shew'th the brightness of His Face,
Openeth the sealèd Fountain
cr Overflowing with His Grace,
Speaketh but the loving word,
And the healing stream is pour'd.

f Sion's daughter, thy salvation
Cometh now! in holy mirth
Raise the strain of jubilation,
He will make thee praise of earth;
As a bridegroom doth his bride,
dim Draw thee to His wounded Side.

p To His Side whence mercy flowing
Gently on the stricken soul,
Comes its pardon sweet bestowing,
Makes the wounded sinner whole,
cr When His accents sweet are heard,
Where speaks still the Living Word.

mf Mayst Thou, Lord, still faithful find us,
Here, in this Thine Israel!
Thou canst loose, and Thou canst bind us,
Still with us Thy power doth dwell:
p Still is breathed Thy pardon blest,
Still Thy love made manifest.

mf Thou dost give us Bread of gladness,
Bowing from Thy Throne to bless,
With Thy Wine dost cheer our sadness,
In Thy courts of holiness:
cr Here, in this Thy place of rest,
To our worship manifest!

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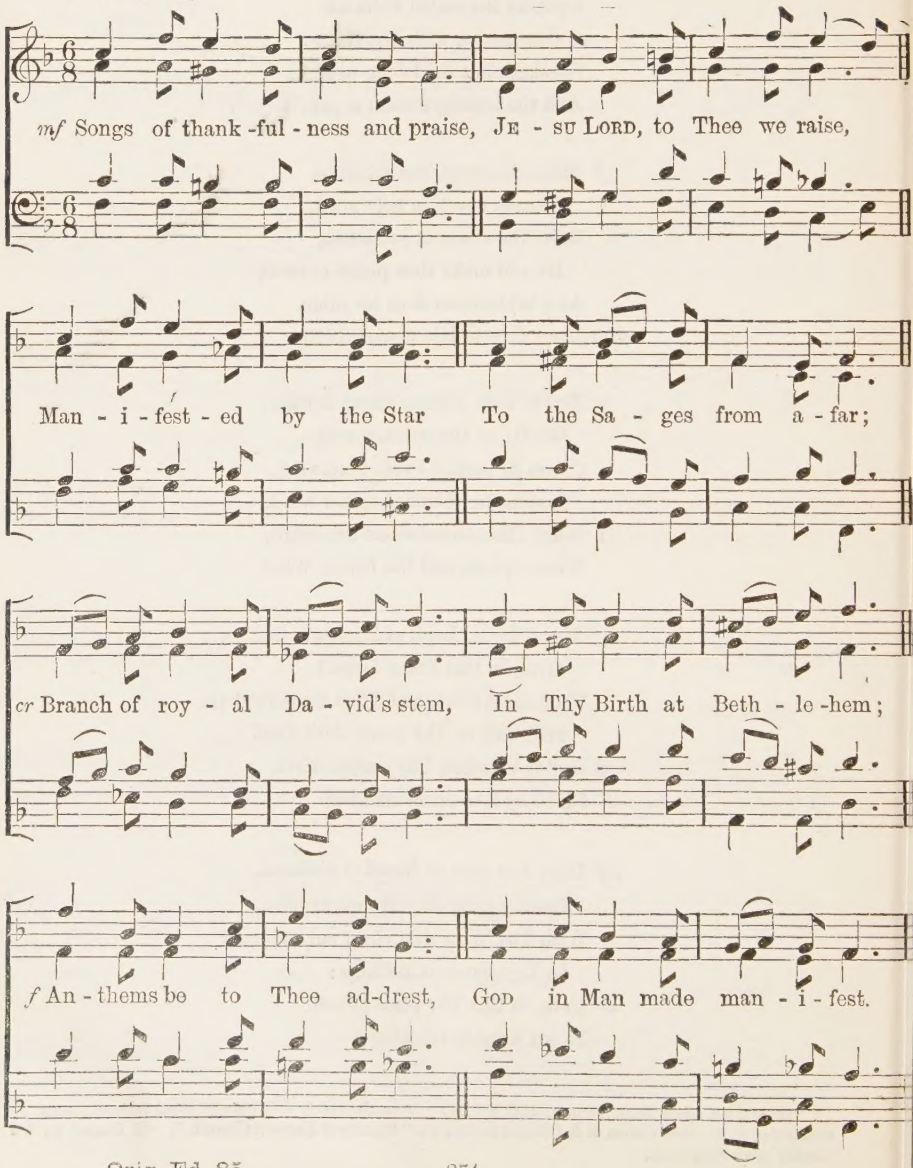
[a] "God shall come from Teman, and the Holy from the thick and cloudy mountain of Paran."—Habakkuk ii. 3. (See Canon of S. Cosmas in Neale's "Hymns of Eastern Church.") Cf. Gospel for 3rd Sunday after Epiphany.

Carol 149.

mf Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise, Je-su Lord, to Thee we raise,
Man-i-fest-ed by the Star To the Sa-ges from a-far;
cr Branch of roy-al Da-vid's stem, In Thy Birth at Beth-le-hem;
f An-thems be to Thee ad-drest, God in Man made man-i-fest.

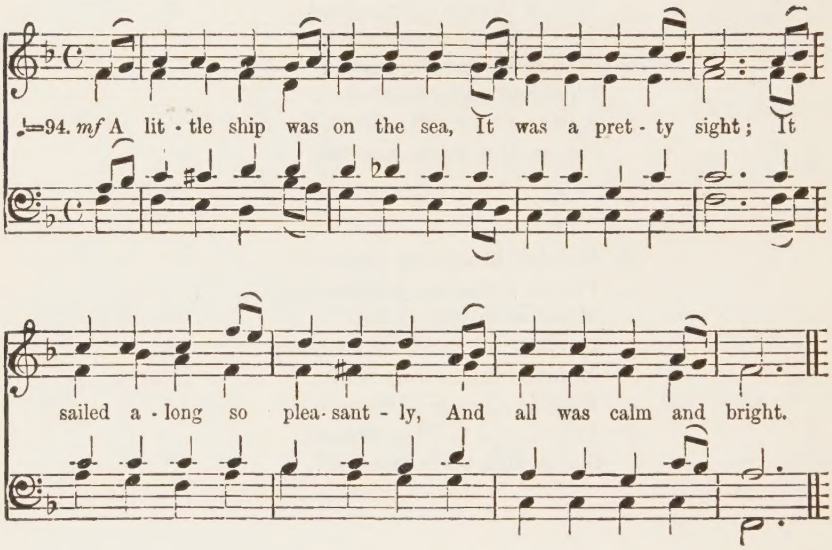
mf Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
f Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

mf Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious Will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
f Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heaven shall flee;
cr Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
f Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

p Grant us Grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
f And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Carol 150.



mf When lo! *cr* a storm began to rise,
f The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

mf And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
dim His head was on a pillow laid,
p And He was fast asleep.

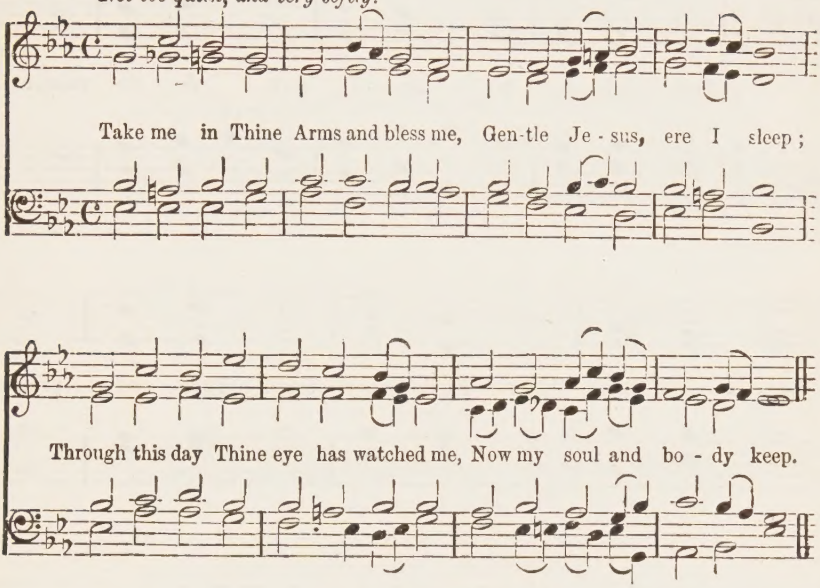
f "Master, we perish!—Master, save!"
They cried,—their Master heard;
He rose, *ff* rebuked the wind and wave,
pp And stilled them with a word.

mf He to the storm says, "Peace, be still,"
p The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.

mf O, well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend,
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, *cr* never end.

Carol 151.

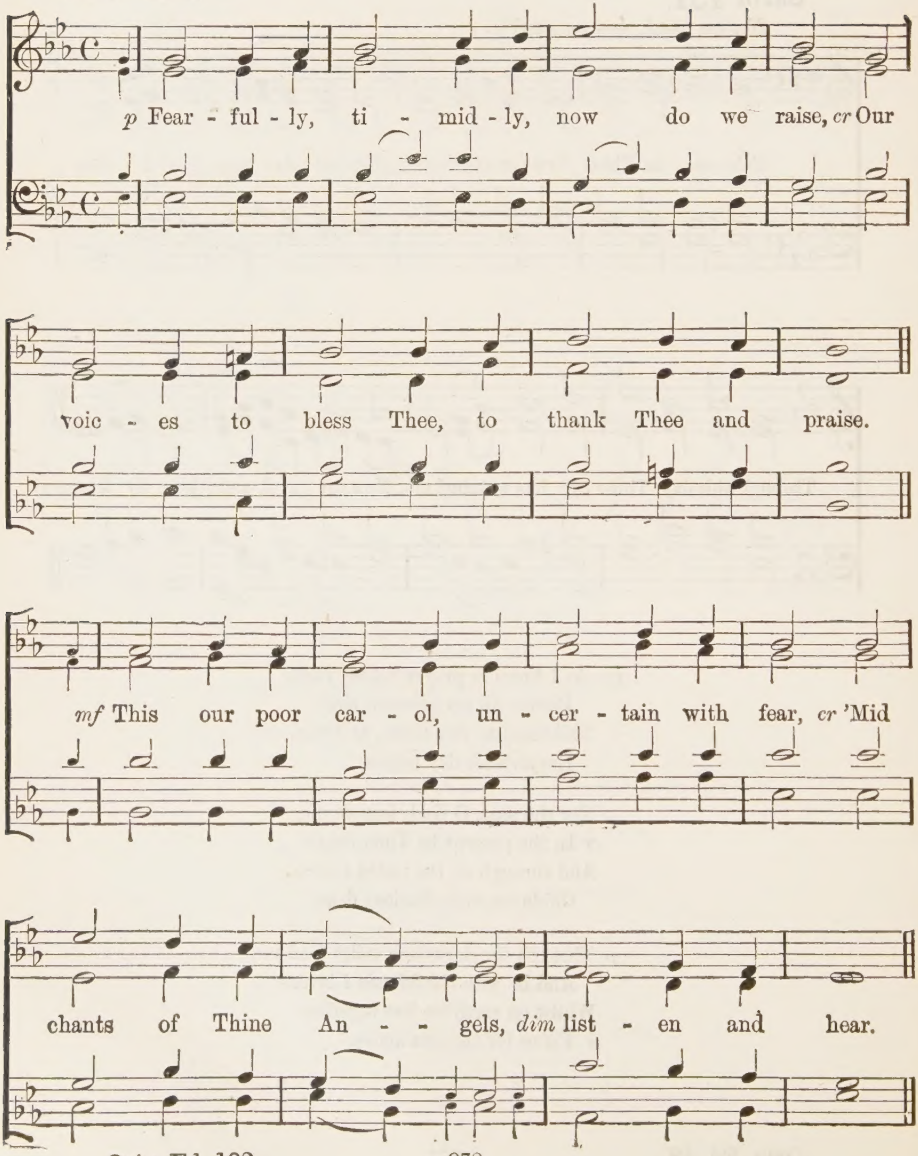
Not too quick, and very softly.


Take me in Thine Arms and bless me, Gen-tle Je - sus, ere I sleep;
Through this day Thine eye has watched me, Now my soul and bo - dy keep.

pp As I kneel in prayer before Thee,
Pardon all my grievous sins,
Nail them to Thy Cross, O Jesus,
Ere another day begins.

p For the past, O God, forgive me,
cr In the present be Thou near;
And through all the veiléd future
Guide me ever, Saviour dear.

p Through the darksome valley lead me,
And be with the friends I love,—
Whilst on earth we live together
cr Fit us for the rest above.

Carol 152.

p Fear - ful - ly, ti - mid - ly, now do we raise, cr Our
voic - es to bless Thee, to thank Thee and praise.
mf This our poor car - ol, un - cer - tain with fear, cr 'Mid
chants of Thine An - - gels, dim list - en and hear.

p We plead for the fallen, Thy mercy we seek,
For those who have left Thee, fainthearted and weak,
O give us more patience, more hope, and more faith,
To hold fast Thy promise through sorrow and death.

mf By Thy blessed descending, Thy glorious birth,
p Thy sorrows and suffering, Thy life upon earth,
pp By Thy parting words spoken, Thy last awful sigh,
f By Thy bright resurrection, Thy dwelling on high;

mf We pray Thee to hear us, to pardon and save,
And for our soul's cleansing to trouble the wave.
Thy Church is in sorrow, in danger and fear—
O stretch forth Thy hand, for the breakers are near.

mf Once more send the message the shepherds heard then—
p Be peace on the earth, and good will unto men.
cr May a new star shine o'er us, a new life begin,
A new era dawning from sorrow and sin.

mf Poor, sinful, and weak, with no power of our own,
We trust in Thy mercy, in Thee, Thee alone,
We ever confide in Thy wonderful love,
That brought Thee to suffer, from glory above.

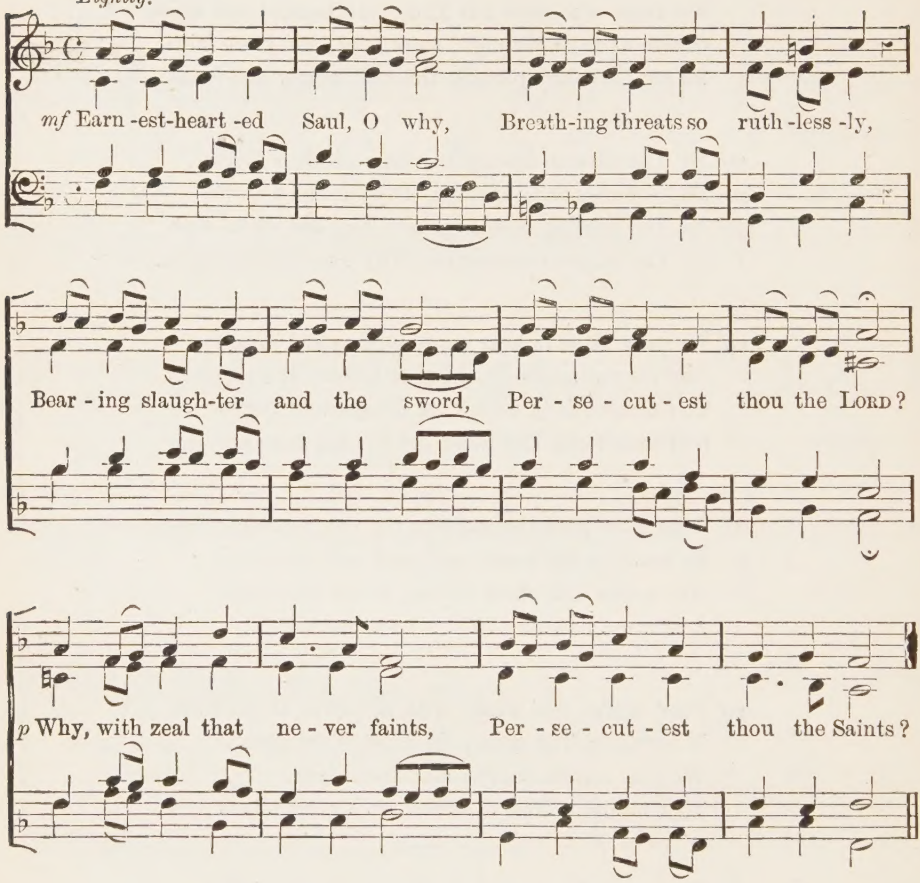
f We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
We praise the Eternal, the glorious THREE;
While Angels announce the Immaculate Birth,
O hear our weak praises, the voices of earth.

See Treble Part, Edition E or F, for division of words.

Conversion of Saint Paul.

Carol 153.

Lightly.


mf Earn-est-heart-ed Saul, O why, Breath-ing threats so ruth-less-ly,
Bear-ing slaugh-ter and the sword, Per-se-cut-est thou the Lord?
p Why, with zeal that ne-ver faints, Per-se-cut-est thou the Saints?

mf Old Damascus' gates within
Peered the wolf of Benjamin,
Hasting, brooking no delay,
Eager to devour the prey.

cr Rise, O Lord, avert the shock,
Seize the wolf, protect the flock.

mf Fear not, little flock, but pray;
Jesus may the tyrant stay,
May the smiter smite with grace,
May make fiercest foes embrace.

p Darkness now may fill your home,
But (*f*) "arise, thy light is come."

Gen. xlix. 27

mf Up within the city-wall
cr Springs the cry from Christians all;
Jesu, Shepherd of the sheep,
From this Saul Thy servants keep!
f Lo! He hears the voices there,
Grants the Proto-martyr's prayer.

mf Light, upon that darkened mind,
Set Saul free, who came to bind:
Light of more than earthly day,
Light beyond the noon-tide ray.
Though thine eyes are sealed in gloom,
f See, for thy Light too is come.

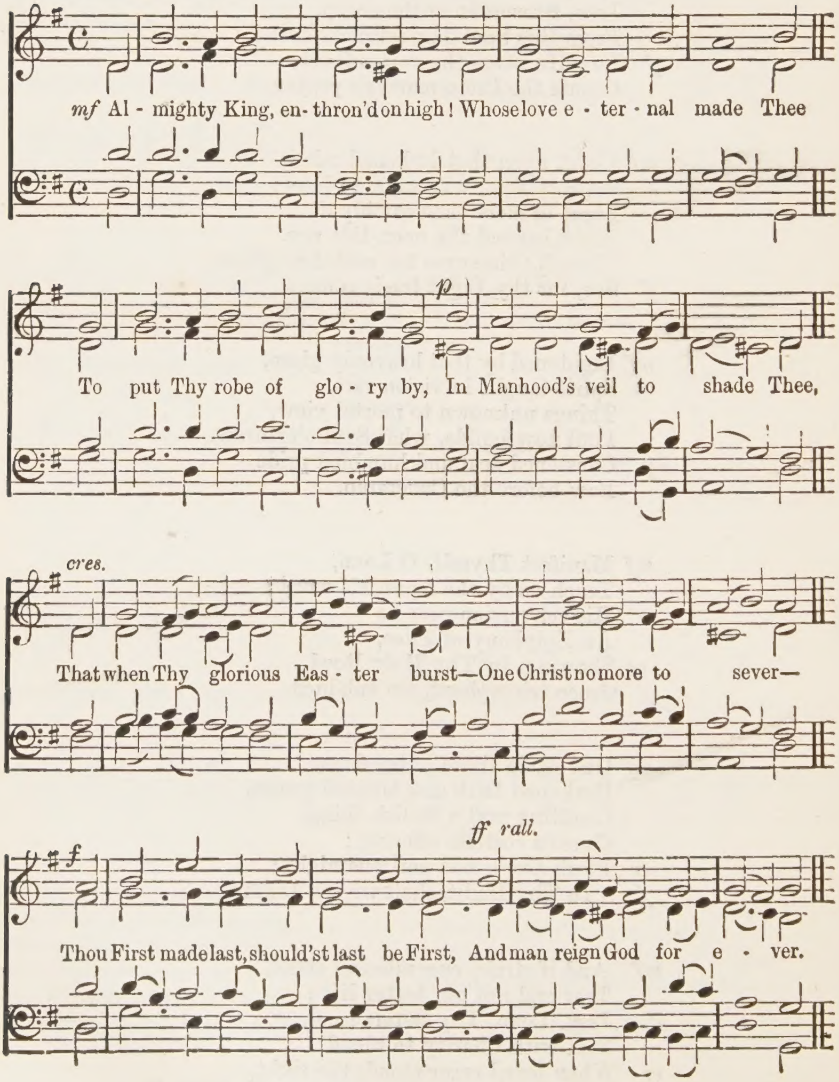
mf Lightened by that heavenly glare,
Spirit-taught in vision rare
Things unknown to mortal view,
Paul now builds, what Saul o'erthrew.
p Chastened zeal and humbled pride
Bow before the Crucified.

mf Manifest Thyself, O Lord,
Teach us by the Apostle's word;
His conversion ever be
An Epiphany of Thee,
cr Showing, by Thy Holy Rood,
f Grace triumphant, sin subdued.

mf Oh! if, in these latter days,
Darkened faith and languid praise,
Counting zeal a foolish thing,
Cause a costless offering;
cr Flash across our perilous night;
f "In Thy Light, shall we see Light."

mf And if strife, engendering strife,
Tear and soil our better life;
dim Jesu, Lord, Thy Spirit send,
Zeal with Charity to blend.
cr When loved error clouds the sight,
Speak the word, (*ff*) "Let there be Light."

Conversion of Saint Paul.

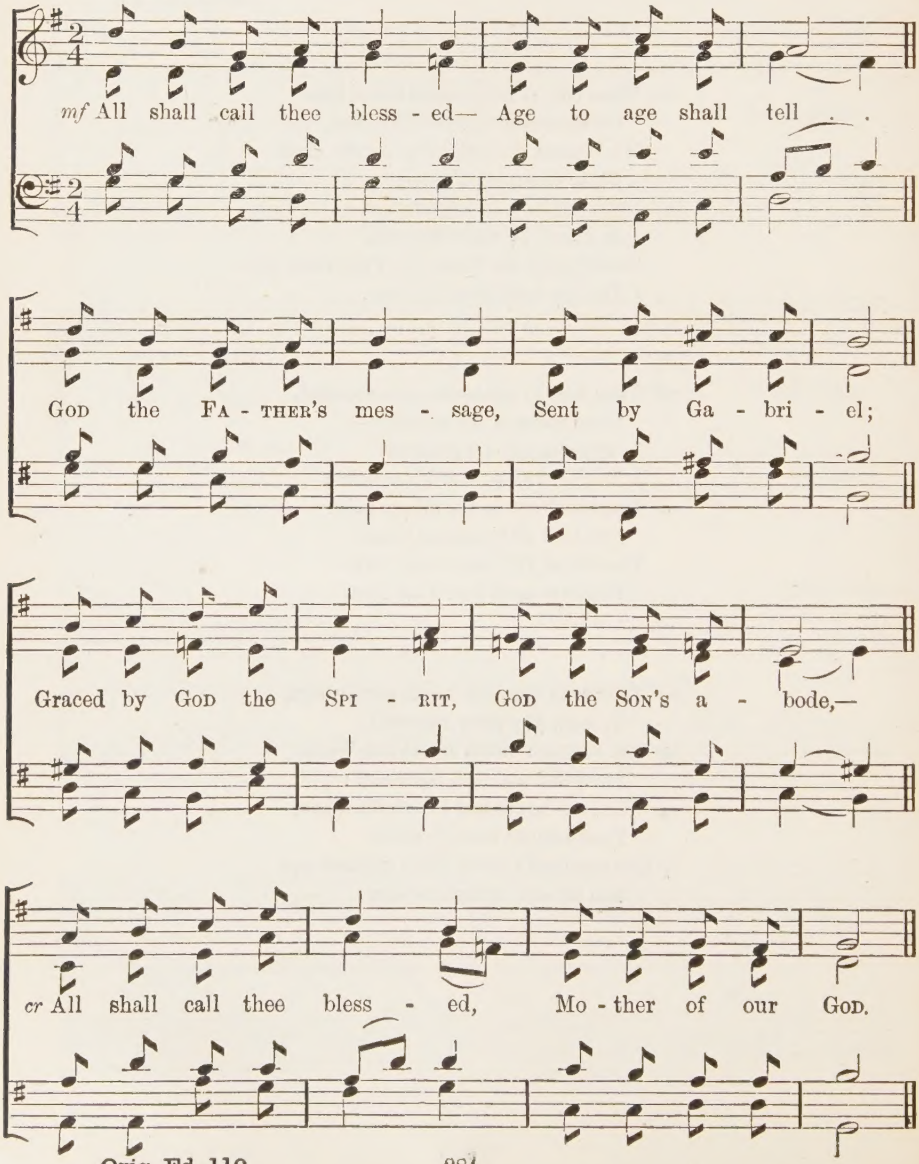
Carol 154.

mf Al - mighty King, en - thron'd on high! Whose love e - ter - nal made Thee
p
To put Thy robe of glo - ry by, In Manhood's veil to shade Thee,
cres.
That when Thy glorious Eas - ter burst—One Christ no more to sever—
f
ff rall.
Thou First made last, should'st last be First, And man reign God for e - ver.

mf 'Twas one, O Lord, called out of time
On whom pour'd down Thy glory,
Who spread through every Gentile clime
Thine Incarnation's story :
In travels long, in labours vast,
In grace's strong endeavour,
Shew'd forth the Truth, the First made last,
f The last made First for ever.

mf Thou here in light—for aye concealed,
From vision of the scornful—
In loving mercy art revealed
p To glad Thy poor and mournful ;
cr Like raindrops on the thirsty earth
Still here all bounteous Giver,
The dew of Thy pure virgin birth
Pours on meek hearts for ever.

mf Thou Lord ev'n here 'neath earthly sign,
To faith Thy glory shewest ;
cr Thy very self 'neath Bread and Wine
Thou God and man bestowest :
p Who once 'neath angel hosts didst bow,
From man no more to sever,
f Our manhood's crown Thou reignest now
God thron'd on high for ever.

Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Carol 155.

mf All shall call thee bless - ed— Age to age shall tell . .
God the Fa - ther's mes - sage, Sent by Ga - bri - el;
Graced by God the Spi - rit, God the Son's a - bode,—
cr All shall call thee bless - ed, Mo - ther of our God.

mf Blessèd, for thou barest
Jesus in thy womb;
Blessèd from the manger,
Onwards to the tomb,
And since thou returnedst
To Saint John's abode;—
cr All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

mf Thinking how the glory,
Of the Highest, sat
Overshadowing Mary,
Our Magnificat
dim Echoes hers, as meekly
From her voice it flowed;
cr All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

mf Hath not God Almighty
Done for thee great things?
Making thee the mother
Of the King of kings?
p Thou the first to know Him,
Veiled in flesh and blood!—
cr All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our God.

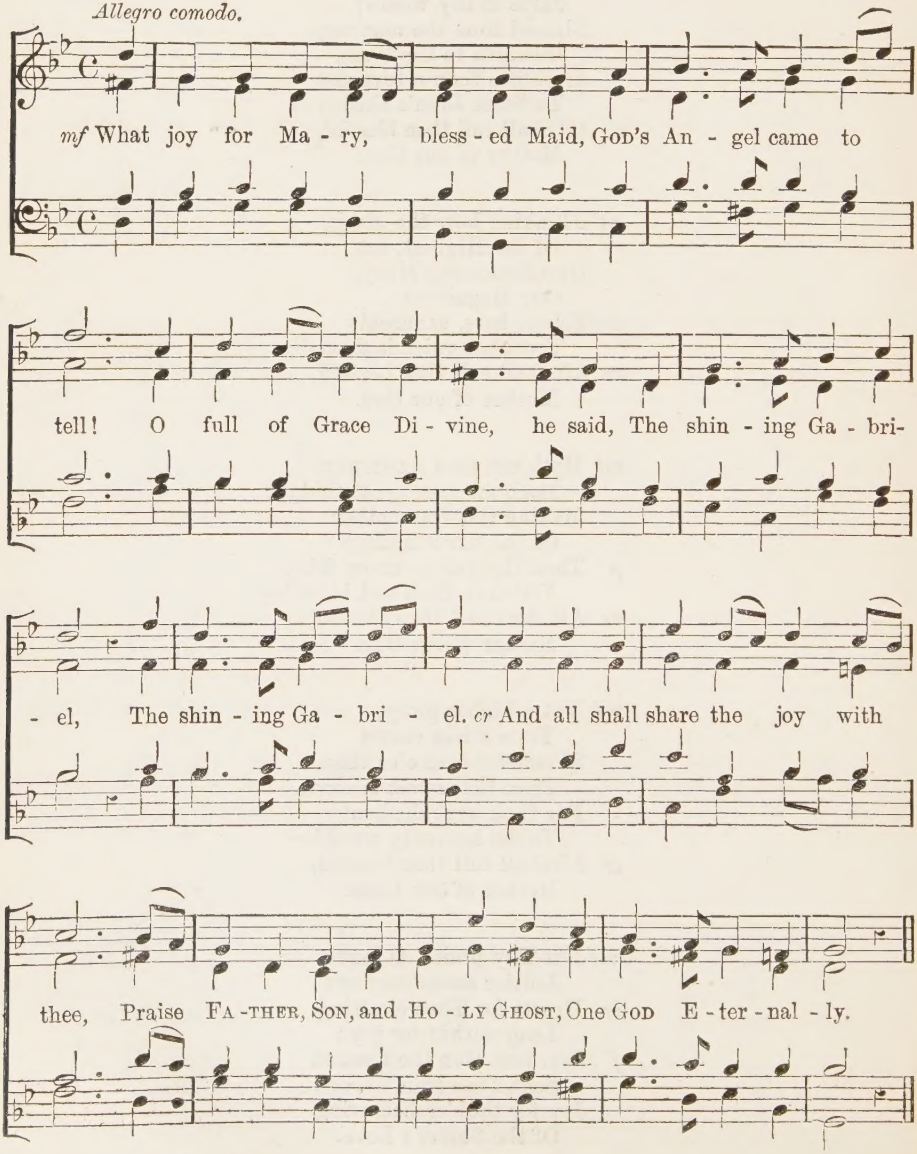
mf Yet a higher glory,
Yet a fairer crown,
Shines for ever o'er thee,
Than that sweet renown.
For thou wast obedient
To the heavenly word!—
cr All shall call thee blessèd,
Mother of our Lord.

mf But Thy praise, O Jesus,
Loftier songs employ;
cr Hearts for Thee exulting,
Leap within for joy;
f Joy, that God the Father
Sent Thee from above;
Joy for the o'ershadowing
Of the Spirit's Love.

Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Carol 156.

Allegro comodo.


mf What joy for Ma - ry, bless - ed Maid, God's An - gel came to
tell! O full of Grace Di - vine, he said, The shin - ing Ga - bri-
- el, The shin - ing Ga - bri - el. cr And all shall share the joy with
thee, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God E - ter - nal - ly.

mf The LORD is with thee, blessed Maid,
The LORD shall be thy CHILD,
Behold Thy handmaid, Mary said,
To bear the UNDEFILED.
cr And all shall hail the joy for thee,
f Praise FATHER, &c.

mf What joy to Mary, Mother-Maid,
Beneath o'er-shadowing GOD;
All joy, for while she knelt and prayed,
CHRIST came to her abode!
And all shall hail the joy for thee,
f Praise FATHER, &c.

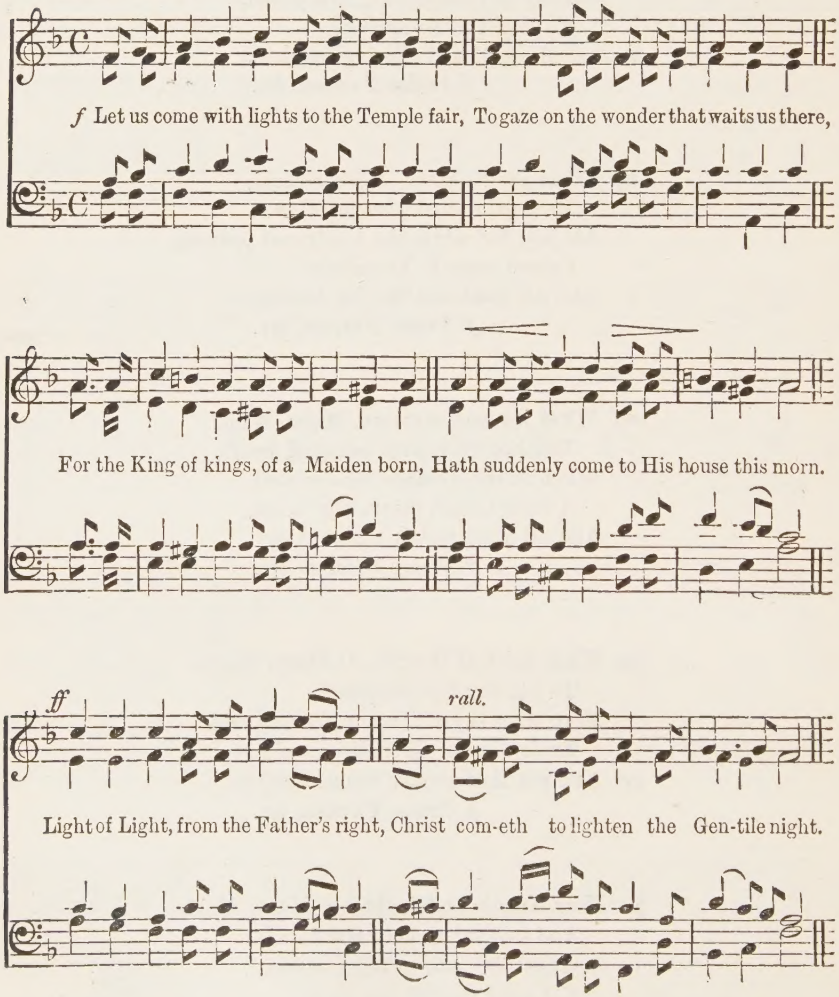
mf What joy and mystery, Mary, Maid,
Touched thee with mingled smart,
When in the Temple Simeon said,
A sword shall pierce thy heart,
And all shall watch that mystery,
f Praise FATHER &c.

pp What grief of Heaven, O Mary, Maid,
To see thy SON despised
More than thyself, when scoffers said
Their taunts, all undisguised;
cr And yet that sorrow brings our joy.
f Praise FATHER, &c.

p How Angels watched thee, Mary, Maid,
And soothed thee in thy loss!
And Gabriel, not in light arrayed,
Yet near thee at the Cross:
cr And all shall hail that mystery!
f Praise FATHER, &c.

Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

[Candlemas.]

Carol 157.

f Let us come with lights to the Temple fair, To gaze on the wonder that waits us there,
For the King of kings, of a Maiden born, Hath suddenly come to His house this morn.
ff
rall.
Light of Light, from the Father's right, Christ com-eth to lighten the Gen-tile night.

mf Let us come with lights to the holy shrine
Where the Virgin hath carried her Son Divine,
With the tender young of the turtle-dove,
As a token true of the Spirit's love.
ff Light of Light, from His glory bright,
Christ cometh to lighten the Gentile night.

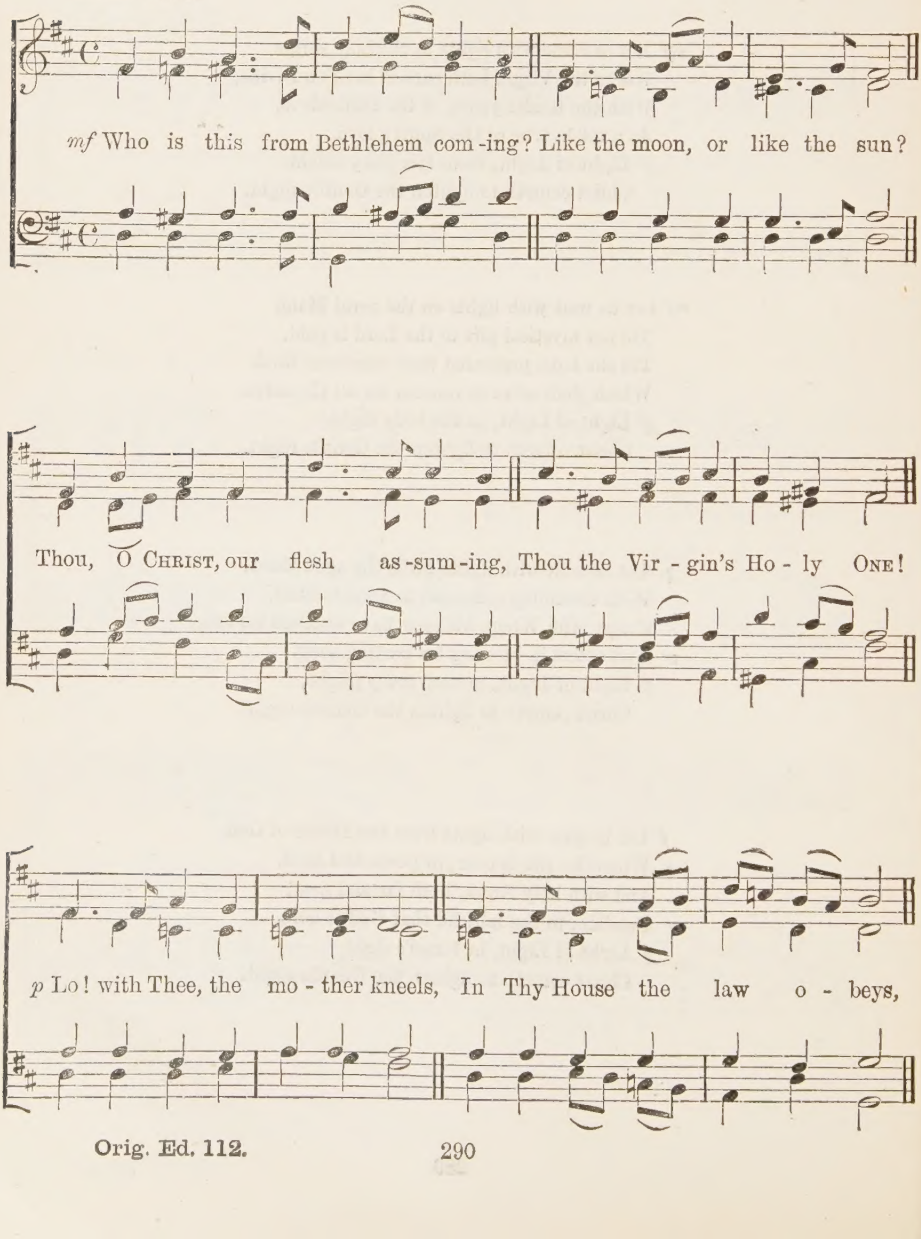
mf Let us wait with lights on the royal Maid,
Till her mystical gift to the Lord is paid,
Till she hath presented that wondrous Birth
Which shall serve as ransom for all the earth.
ff Light of Light, in the body dight,
Christ cometh to lighten the Gentile night.

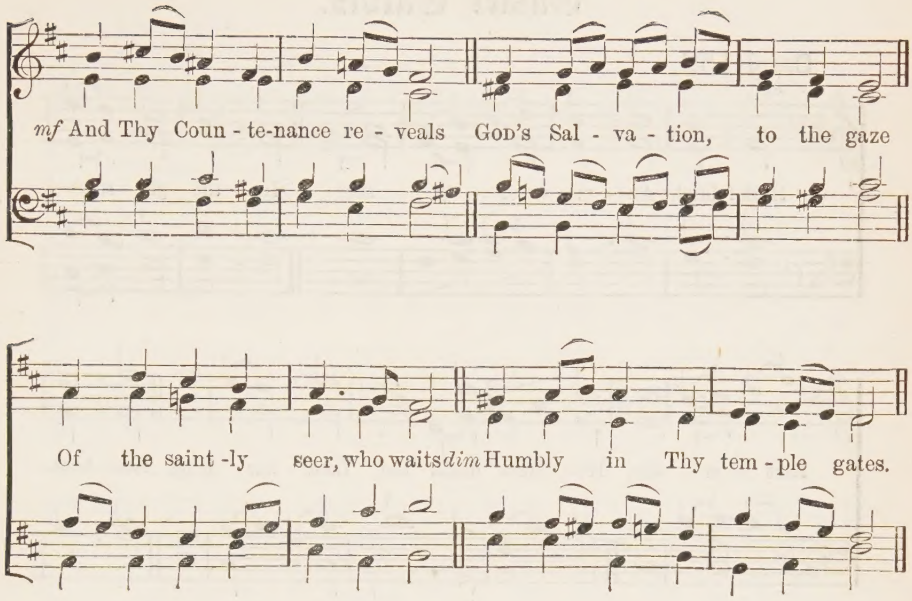
p Let us wait with lights while the aged Saint,
With trembling arms and in accents faint,
Clasps Him Whom his eyes have watched for long,
cr And utters in blessing his parting song.
ff Light of Light, in such lowly plight,
Christ cometh to lighten the Gentile night.

f Let us pass with lights from the House of God,
p When the rite is over, in peace and laud,
And with holy Anna, both far and near,
cr Proclaim to the faithful that God is here.
ff Light of Light, in Israel's sight,
Christ cometh to lighten the Gentile night.

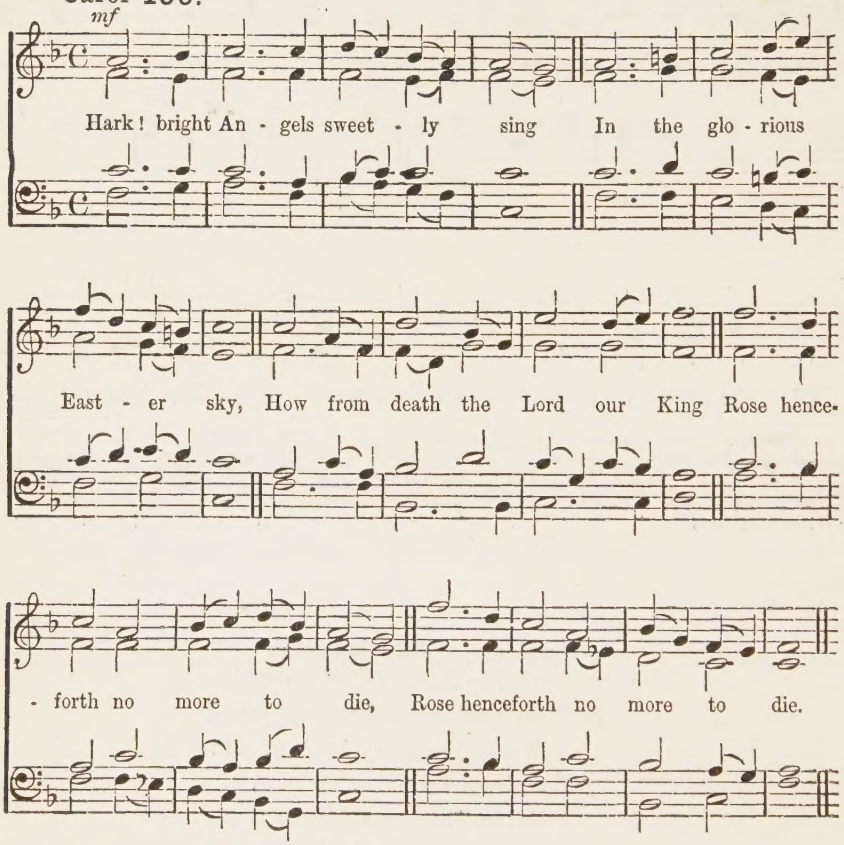
Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Carol 158.


mf Who is this from Bethlehem com-ing? Like the moon, or like the sun?
Thou, O Christ, our flesh as-sum-ing, Thou the Vir-gin's Ho-ly One!
p Lo! with Thee, the mo-ther kneels, In Thy House the law o-beys,



mf Suddenly, O King immortal,
As Thy Prophets had foretold,
cr Thou hast passed the sacred portal,
Where Thy glory dwelt of old:
f Temple, priest, and altar now,
All in Thee are purified;
Splendour of all worship, Thou
Wilt with all Thy Saints abide.
ff Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

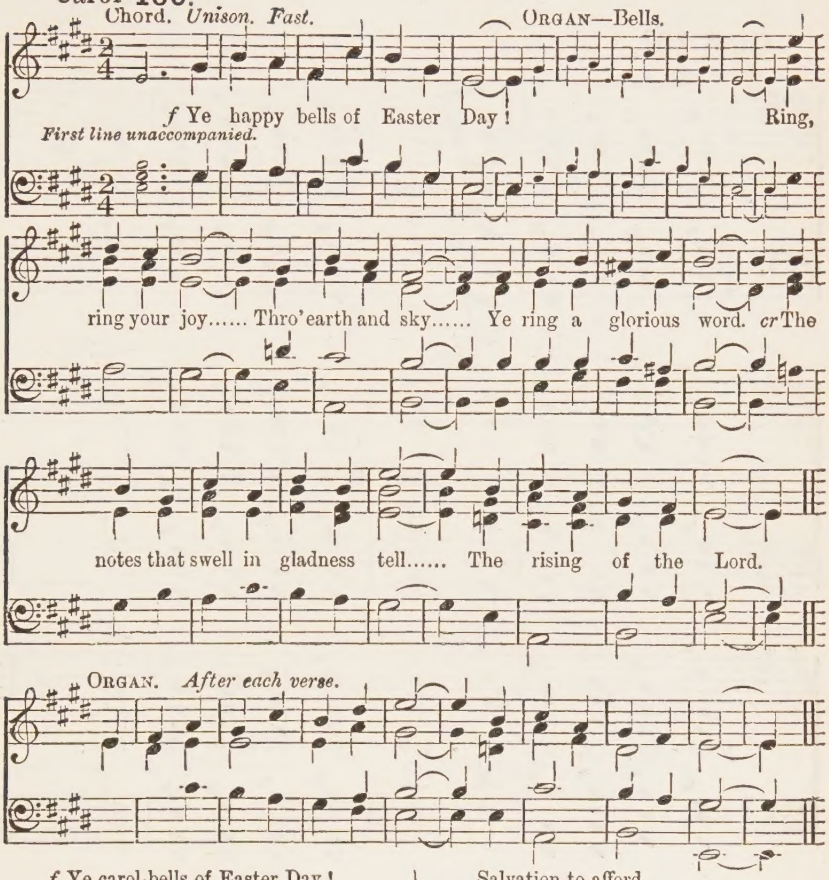
Carol 159.

mf
Hark! bright An - gels sweet - ly sing In the glo - rious
East - er sky, How from death the Lord our King Rose hence-
- forth no more to die, Rose henceforth no more to die.

mf Vainly soldiers tried to hold
p Holy Jesus in the grave,
mf Sealed the stone, as they were told,
At the entrance to the cave.

mf For on this day, Jesus said,
cr He would rise in triumph high;
f Rise all glorious from the dead,
Clothed with light and majesty.

p We must die as Jesus died,
cr But we hope with Him to rise,—
And in bodies glorified
f Reign with Him beyond the skies.

f Alleluia! evermore,
Alleluia! Angels sing
Alleluia! we adore
ff Thee, O Christ, our God, and King!

Carol 160.

Chord. Unison. Fast.
ORGAN—Bells.
f Ye happy bells of Easter Day! Ring,
First line unaccompanied.
ring your joy..... Thro' earth and sky..... Ye ring a glorious word. cr The
notes that swell in gladness tell..... The rising of the Lord.
ORGAN. After each verse.

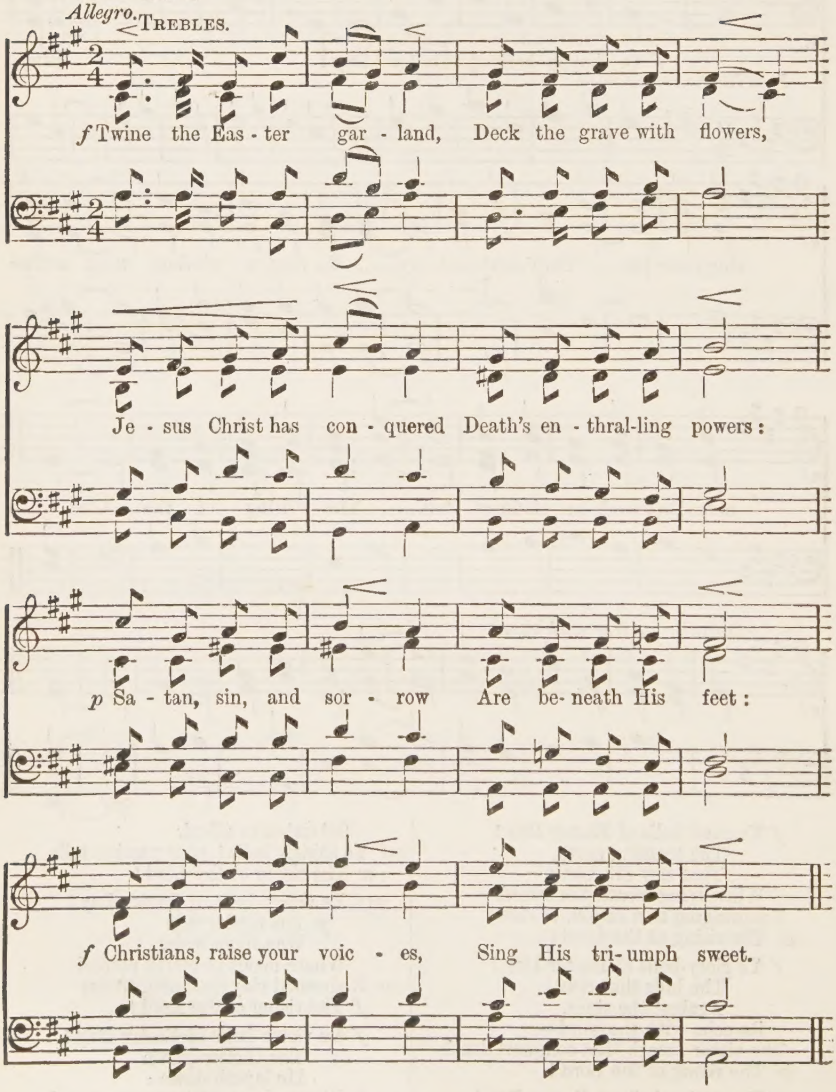
f Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sward,
Upspringing now in joy, to show
cr The rising of the Lord!

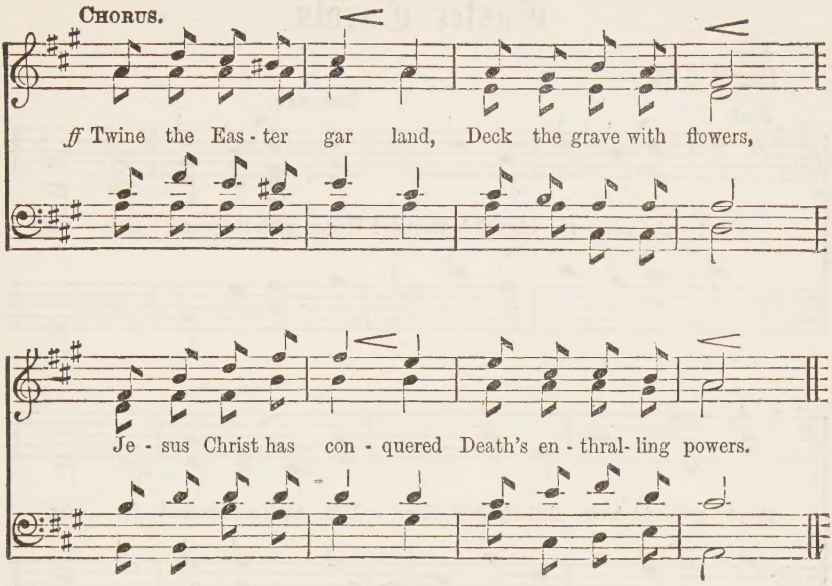
f Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
cr The rising of the Lord!

p Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
pp The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford.
mf Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
cr The rising of the Lord!

mf Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
p His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured;
cr Redeemed clay doth sing to day
f The rising of the Lord!

f Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
ff Ring! ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
cr The rising of the Lord!

Carol 161.

Allegro.
TREBLES.
f Twine the Eas - ter gar - land, Deck the grave with flowers,
Je - sus Christ has con - quered Death's en - thral-ling powers:
p Sa - tan, sin, and sor - row Are be- neath His feet:
f Christians, raise your voic - es, Sing His tri- umph sweet.



f Like a mighty victor
Rose the Lord that morn;
Brighter light and purer
On this earth was born:
Rays of hope and mercy
Round His form were shed,
Scattered doubt, and showered
Glory on the dead.

Chorus.

mf We are brother pilgrims
Marching on to life,
Following our Leader
Thro' the mortal strife:
p Grave and pain before us
Cannot quench our love:—
cr Christians, we can triumph,
Through the might above.

Chorus.

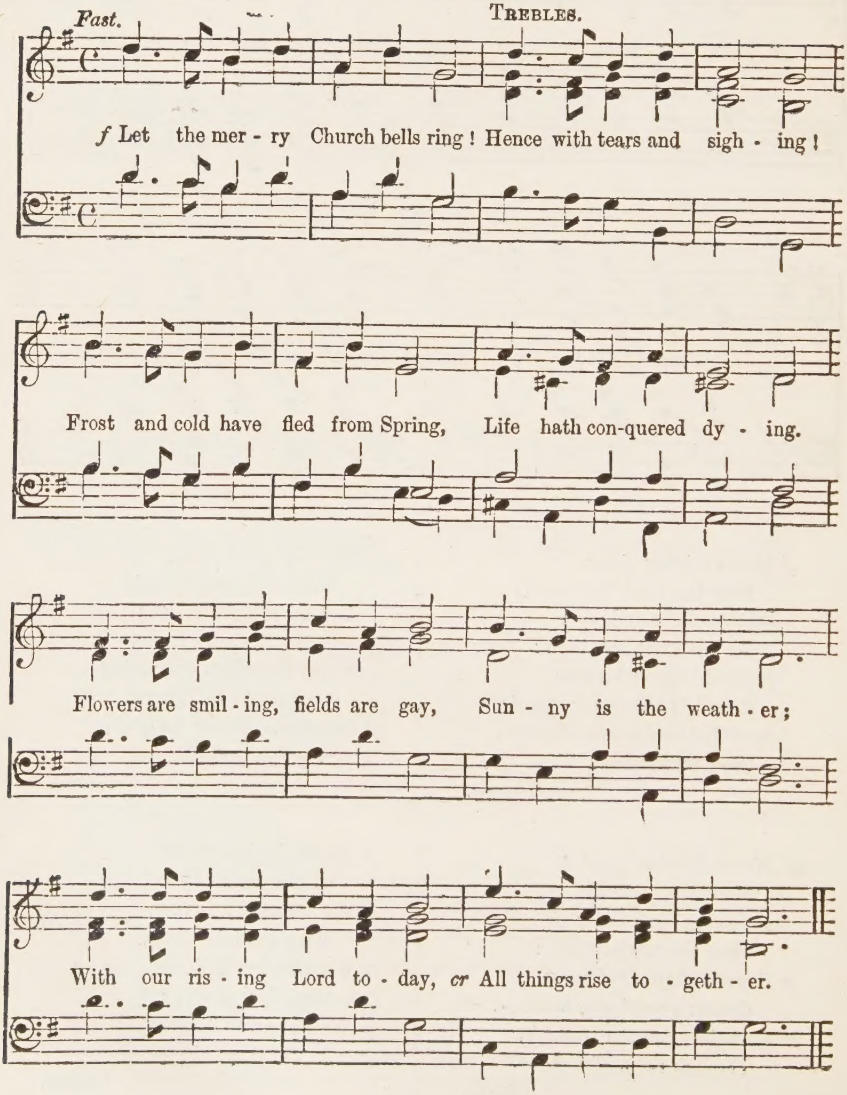
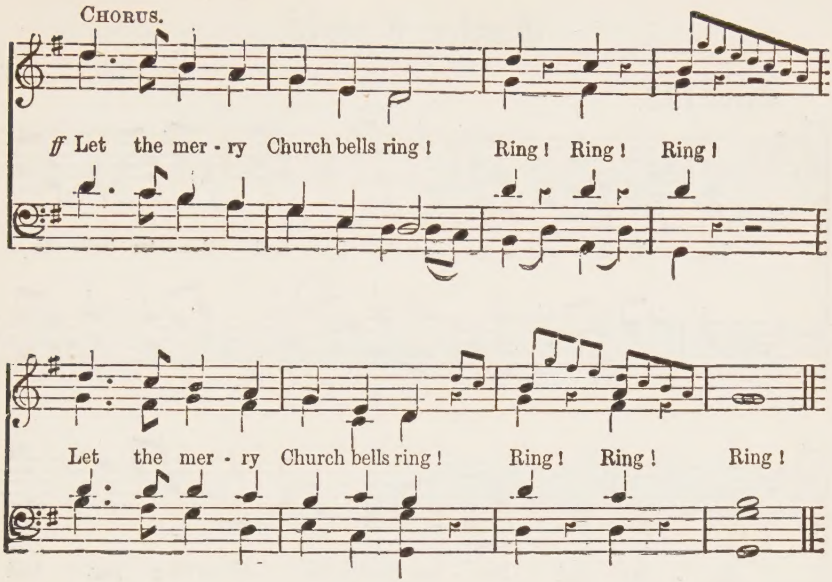
mf Faith, a ray of glory,
Shows the empty tomb,
And the many mansions
Of the Saviour's home,
p Where the saints are resting
After death and grave:—
cr Christians, we can conquer,
Sing His power to save.

Chorus.

f By the joyful tidings
Of this sacred Day,
We have got a Surety,
None can take away,
cr We will show it, living
Holy lives of love;
p We will prove it, dying
In the Hope above.

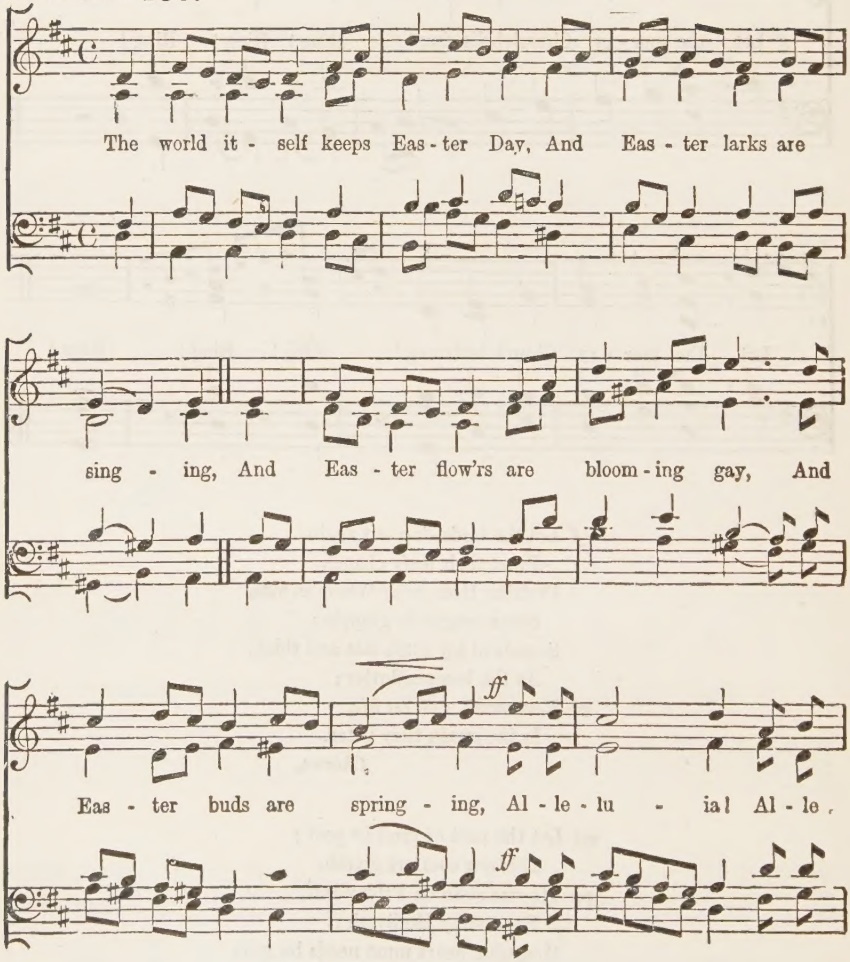
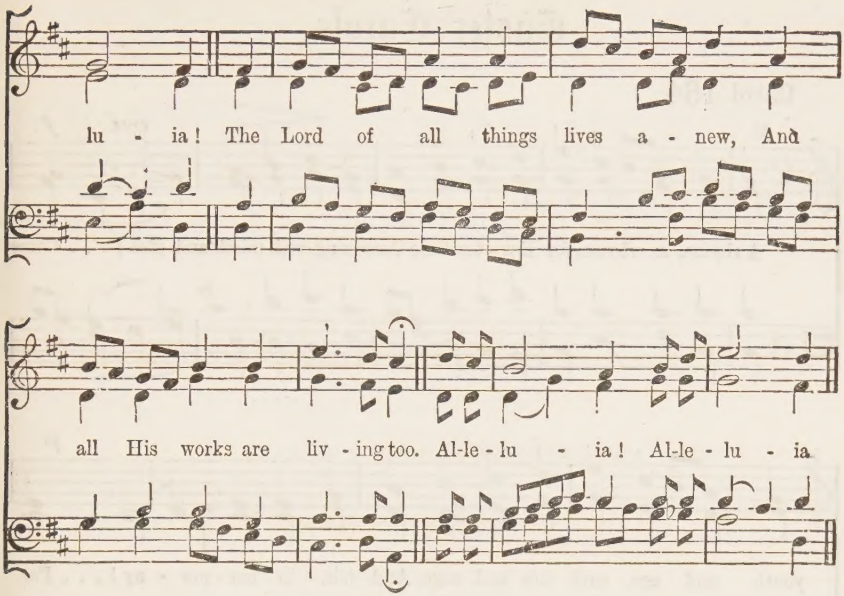
Chorus.

Carol 162.


Fast.
TREBLES.
f Let the mer - ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing!
Frost and cold have fled from Spring, Life hath con-quered dy - ing.
Flowers are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er;
With our ris - ing Lord to - day, or All things rise to - geth - er.

f Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple ;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter ;
cr Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Chorus.

mf Let the past of grief be past ;
This our comfort giveth,
pp He was slain on Friday last,
f But to-day He liveth :
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say.
cr Christus resurrexit.
Chorus.

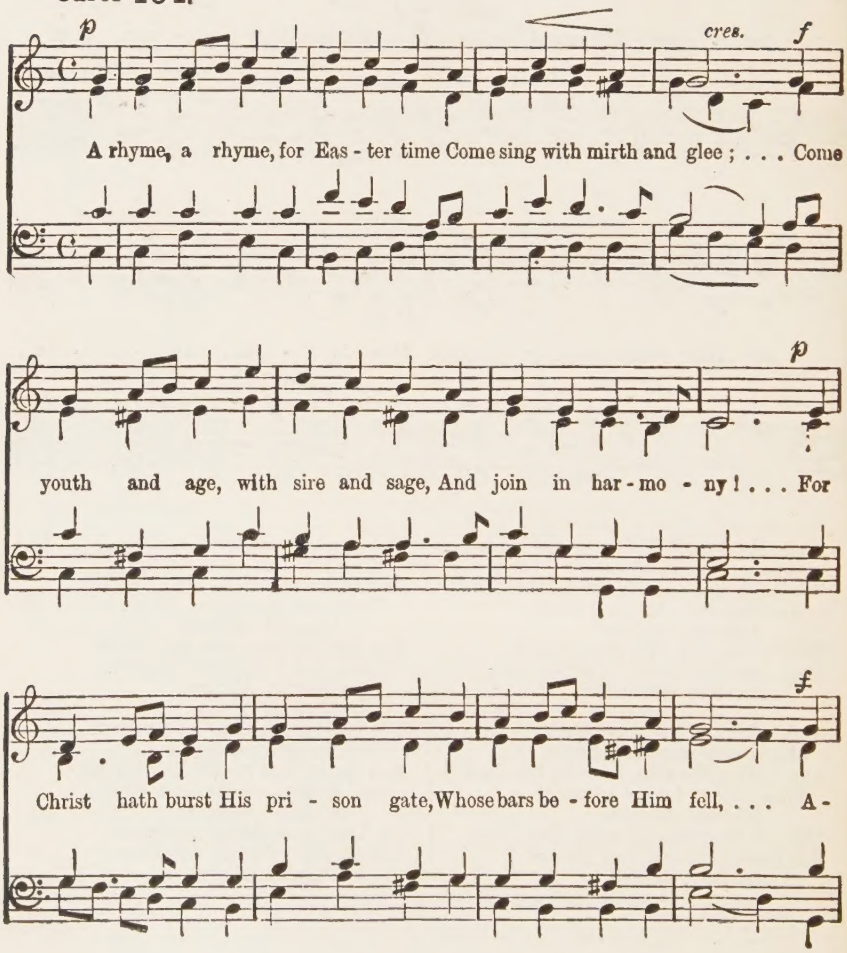
Carol 163.

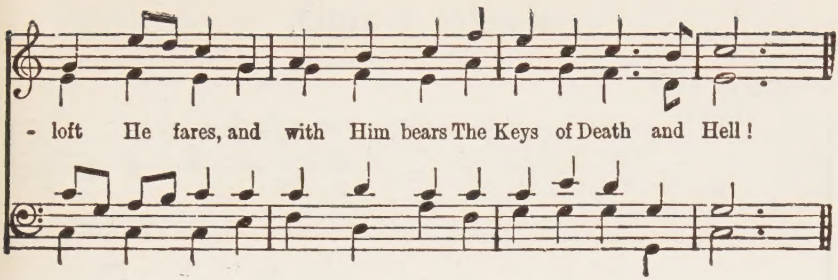

The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are
sing - ing, And Eas - ter flow'rs are bloom - ing gay, And
ff
Eas - ter buds are spring - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
ff

There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early—
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving, but with erring, mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a higher joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay
And Easter buds are springing
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

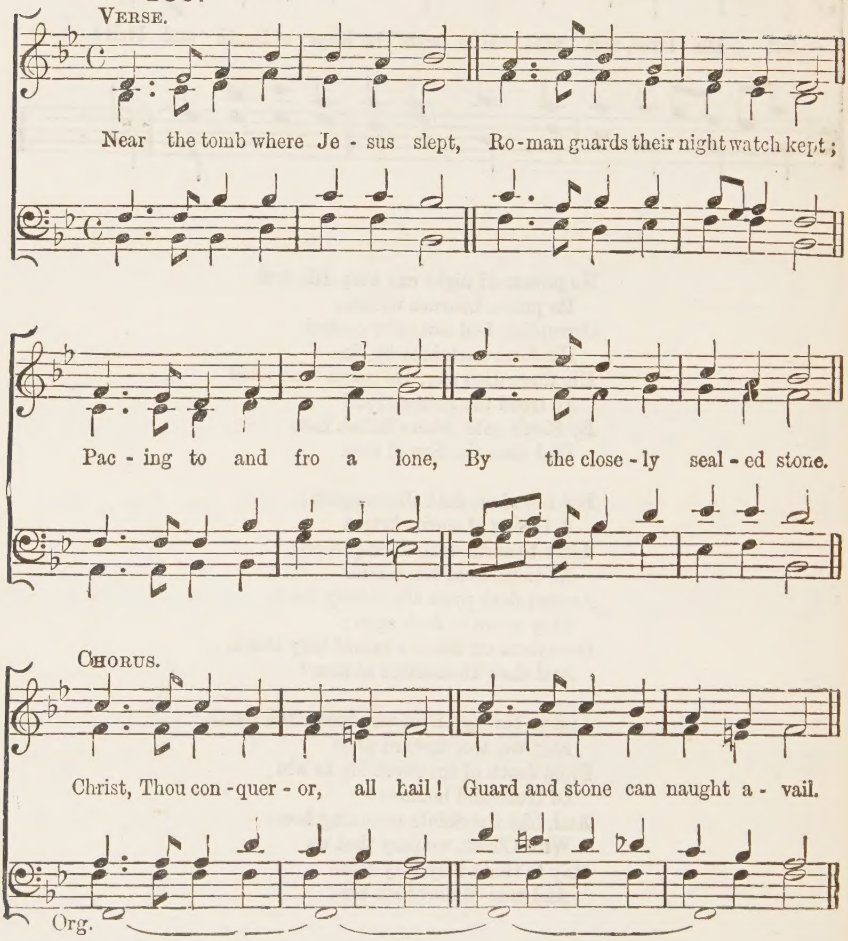
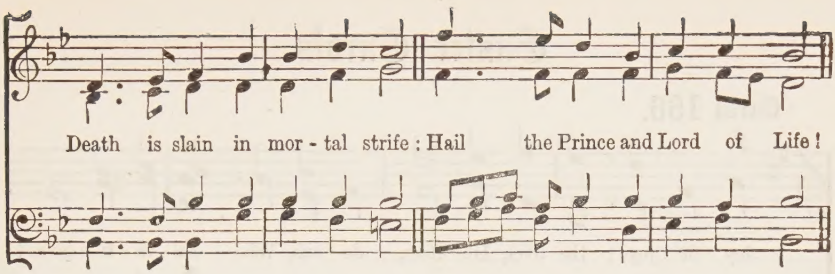
Carol 164.

p
cres.
f
A rhyme, a rhyme, for Eas - ter time Come sing with mirth and glee ; . . . Come
p
youth and age, with sire and sage, And join in har - mo - ny ! . . . For
f
Christ hath burst His pri - son gate, Whose bars be - fore Him fell, . . . A -



No powers of night can keep His soul
Its prison bournes within;
Corruption foul can ne'er control
His form unstained by sin.
His three days o'er, He comes once more
To tread the hallowed sod
By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
Had slain the Son of God.

But not alone doth Jesus speed;
A throng of spirits bright
Away to earth with Him proceed,
As trophies of His might.
Around doth press the saintly band,
They move in flesh agen;
Once more on Salem's mount they stand,
And shew themselves to men!

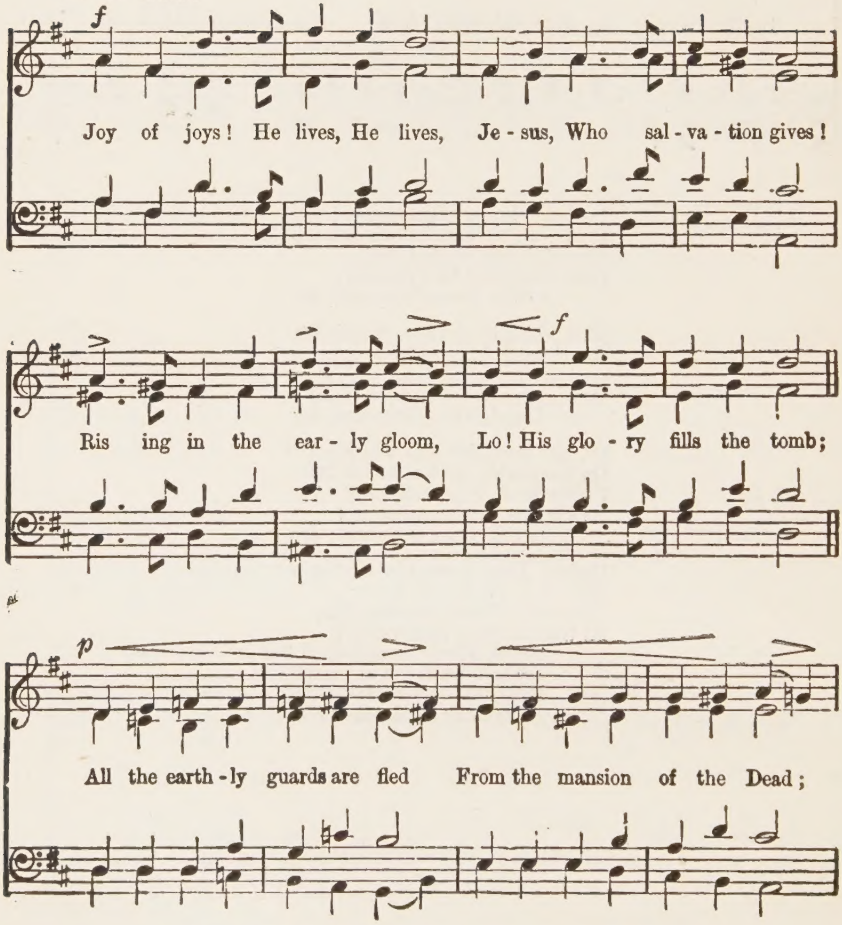
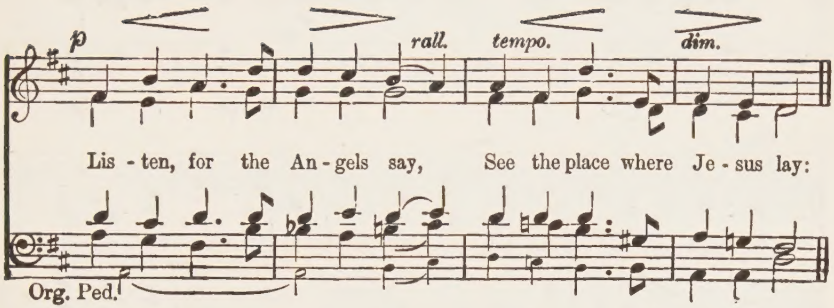
And so, through Him who conquered Death
May we, too, upward press
From death of sin sweet life to win
Of truth and holiness!
And, like the Saints returning home
With Christ, we pray that we
May to God's holy City come
And true Mount Sion see!

Carol 165.

Verse.
Near the tomb where Je - sus slept, Ro - man guards their night watch kept;
Pac - ing to and fro a lone, By the close - ly seal - ed stone.
Chorus.
Christ, Thou con - quer - or, all hail! Guard and stone can naught a - vail.
Org.

In the darksome midnight, lo !
Hark ! an earthquake rolls below !
Sign of deadly conflict o'er,
Death despoiled for evermore !
Christ, Thou Conqueror, &c.

That which by the cave-mouth lay,
Angel hands have rolled away ;
And the Lord, His three days sped,
Comes triumphant from the dead !
Christ, Thou Conqueror, &c.

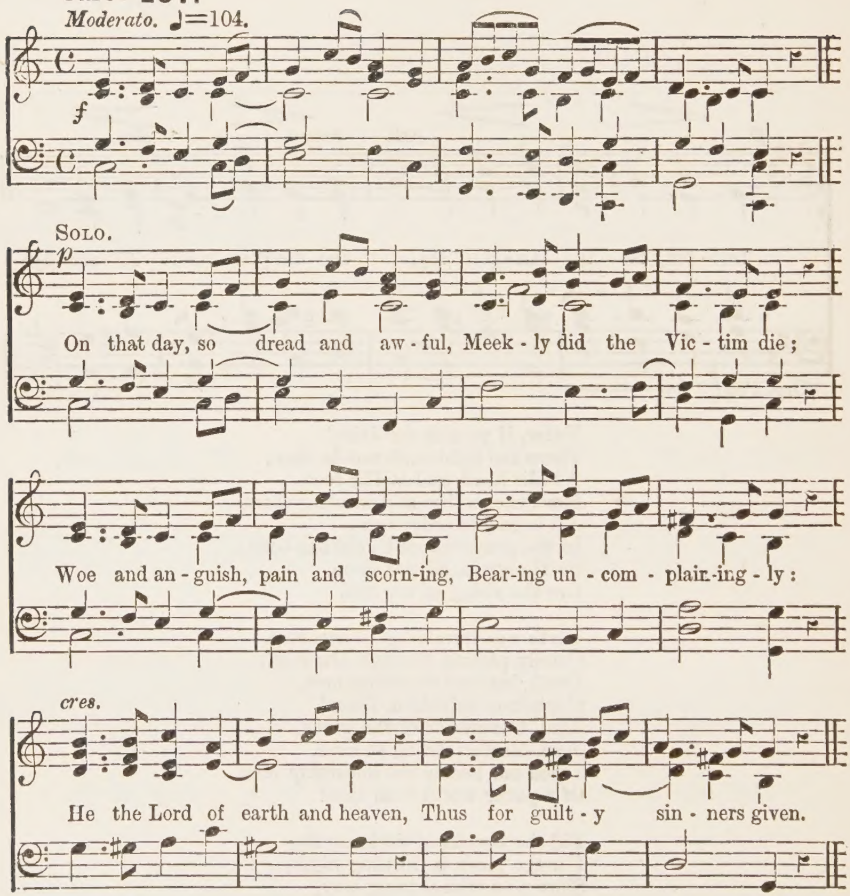
O ! the breathless fear which fell
On the guards, no tongue can tell :
Prostrate all, in sore dismay,
As He rose and passed away !
Christ, Thou Conqueror, &c.

Christ ! Thou Victor o'er the tomb,
Save us in the day of doom ;
Take us to Thine own dear side,
At the last great Easter-tide !
Christ, Thou Conqueror, all hail
Let not death o'er us prevail :
Help us in our mortal strife ;
Bring us to the Land of Life !

Carol 166.

f
Joy of joys! He lives, He lives, Je - sus, Who sal - va - tion gives!
Ris ing in the ear - ly gloom, Lo! His glo - ry fills the tomb;
p
All the earth - ly guards are fled From the mansion of the Dead;

Enter, if ye seek for Him!
There the light shall not be dim;
At His head, and at His feet,
Mark the clothes and winding sheet,
All in sacred order seen,
In the grave where Christ has been;
So He left it, all was done,
Ere the rising of the sun.

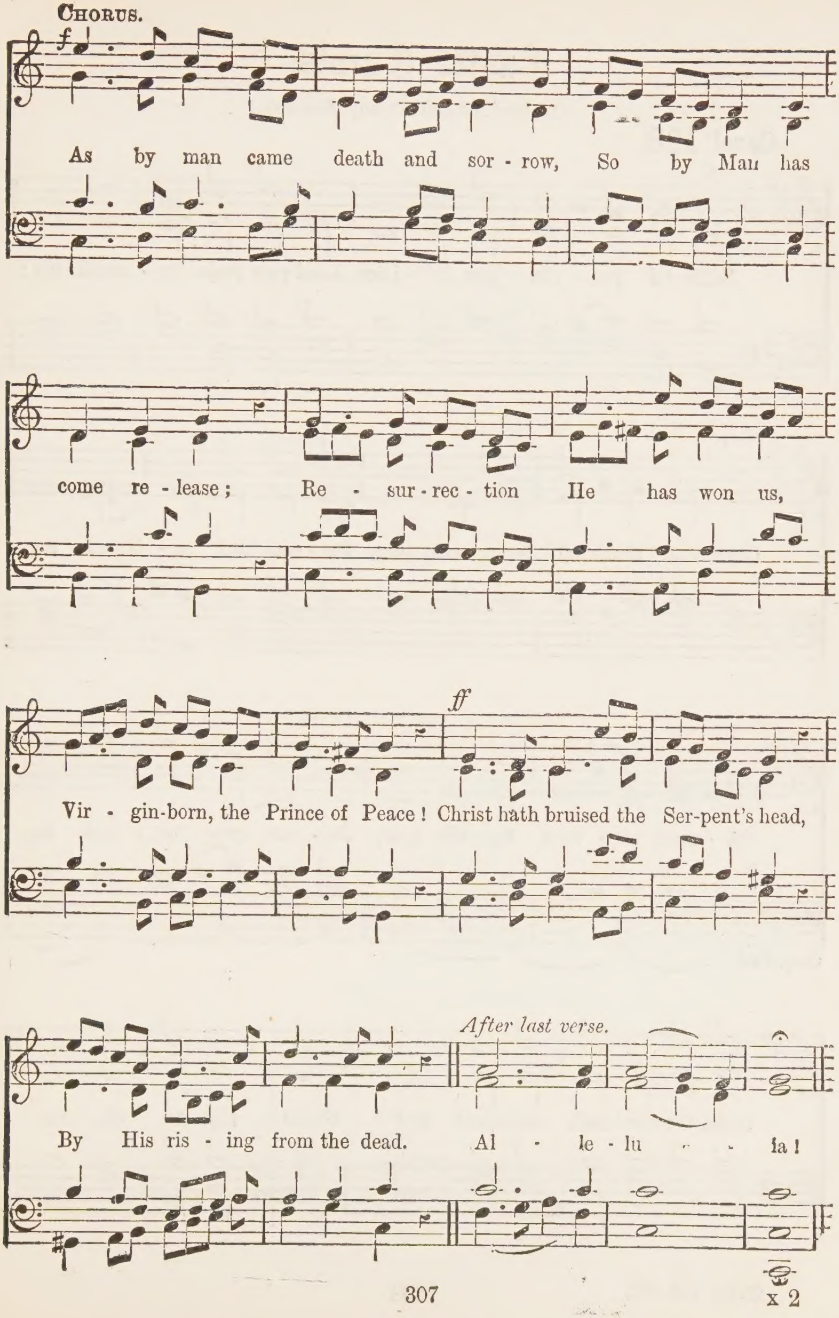
Earth was trembling—Jesus rose,
Calmly passing through His foes;
Death hath no dominion now,
Captain of salvation, Thou!
Jesu, Conqueror of the grave,
Jesu, Master, strong to save,
Teach our hearts the unearthly bliss
Of a purer world than this!

Bid the powers of darkness fly,
For the morn is drawing nigh;
Shew to us the shining way,
Us the children of the day;
Onward, onward, in the road
Radiant with the light of God,
God the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, ever One!

Carol 167.

Moderato. ♩=104.
f
Solo.
p
On that day, so dread and aw - ful, Meek - ly did the Vic - tim die;
Woe and an - guish, pain and scorn-ing, Bear-ing un - com - plain-ing - ly:
cres.
He the Lord of earth and heaven, Thus for guilt - y sin - ners given.

Then the sun was veiled in darkness,
And the earth in twain was rent,
When to save the lost and sinful,
Died the Pure and Innocent;
Sealing, even with His life,
All His days of pain and strife.
As by man, &c.

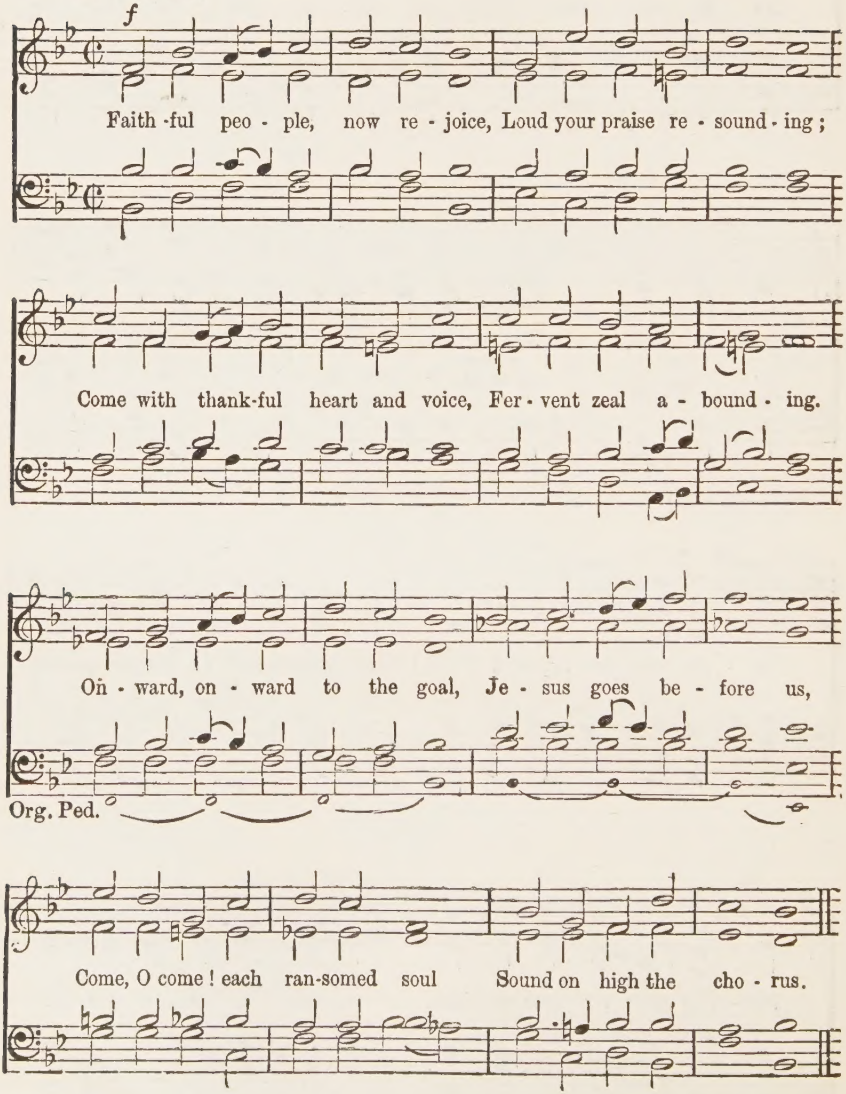
Now the Lenten fast is over
Easter joys may well begin;
Celebrate the glorious victory
Over death, and hell, and sin.
Jesus Christ for us that died,
Rose again at Easter-tide.
As by man, &c.

May we then, if risen with Him,
Seek those things that are above;
Setting all our best affections
On His pure, unchanging love:
When He maketh all things new,
Dwell with Him in glory too.
As by man, &c.

Chorus.
f
As by man came death and sor - row, So by Man has
come re - lease; Re - sur - rec - tion He has won us,
ff
Vir - gin-born, the Prince of Peace! Christ hath bruised the Ser-pent's head,
After last verse.
By His ris - ing from the dead. Al - le - lu - ia!
x 2

Easter Carols.

(Or Processional at any Season).

Carol 168.


f
Faith-ful peo-ple, now re-joice, Loud your praise re-sound-ing;
Come with thank-ful heart and voice, Fer-vent zeal a-bound-ing.
On-ward, on-ward to the goal, Je-sus goes be-fore us,
Org. Ped.
Come, O come! each ran-somed soul Sound on high the cho-rus.

We are soldiers of the cross,
Ours the old, old story;
Counting all our gain as loss
But the gain for glory.
In the path our fathers trod
With their faith unswerving;
Heroes of the Church of God—
So would we be serving.

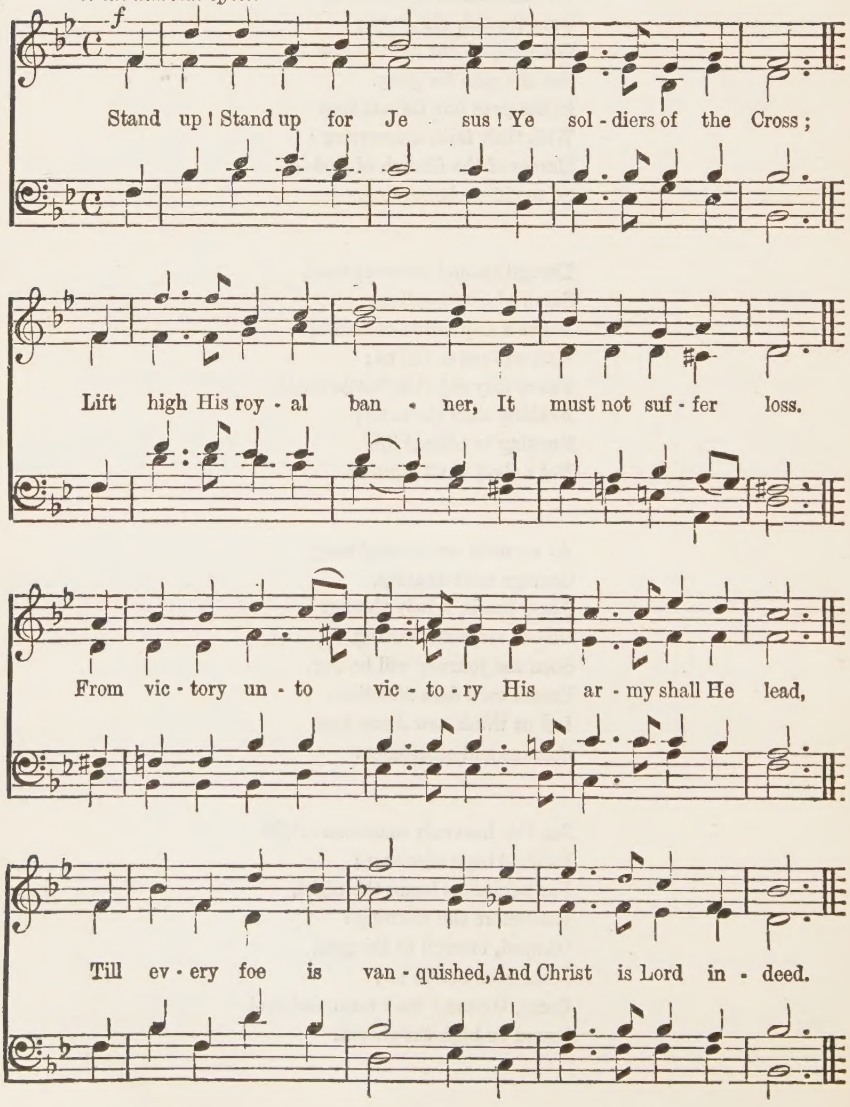
Though around on every hand
Satan's hosts assail us,
We've a Captain in command
Who will never fail us;
Fierce may rage the battle strife,
Nothing shall alarm us;
Pressing to eternal life
Not a shaft shall harm us.

As we raise our martial song,
Courage ne'er abating,
Angel bands, a holy throng,
On our steps are waiting.
Soon the journey will be o'er,
Passed each dark affliction;
Let us think how Jesus bore
Scourge and crucifixion.

See the heavenly mansions bright
Faithful hope adorning;
Far behind us looms the night,
But before the morning:
Onward, onward to the goal,
Jesus goes before us;
Come, O come! each ransomed soul
Sound on high the chorus.

(Or Processional at any Season).

Carol 169.

With martial effect.

f
Stand up! Stand up for Je sus! Ye sol-diers of the Cross;
Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss.
From vic-tory un-to vic-to-ry His ar-my shall He lead,
Till ev-ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear,
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

CHORUS.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

CHORUS.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

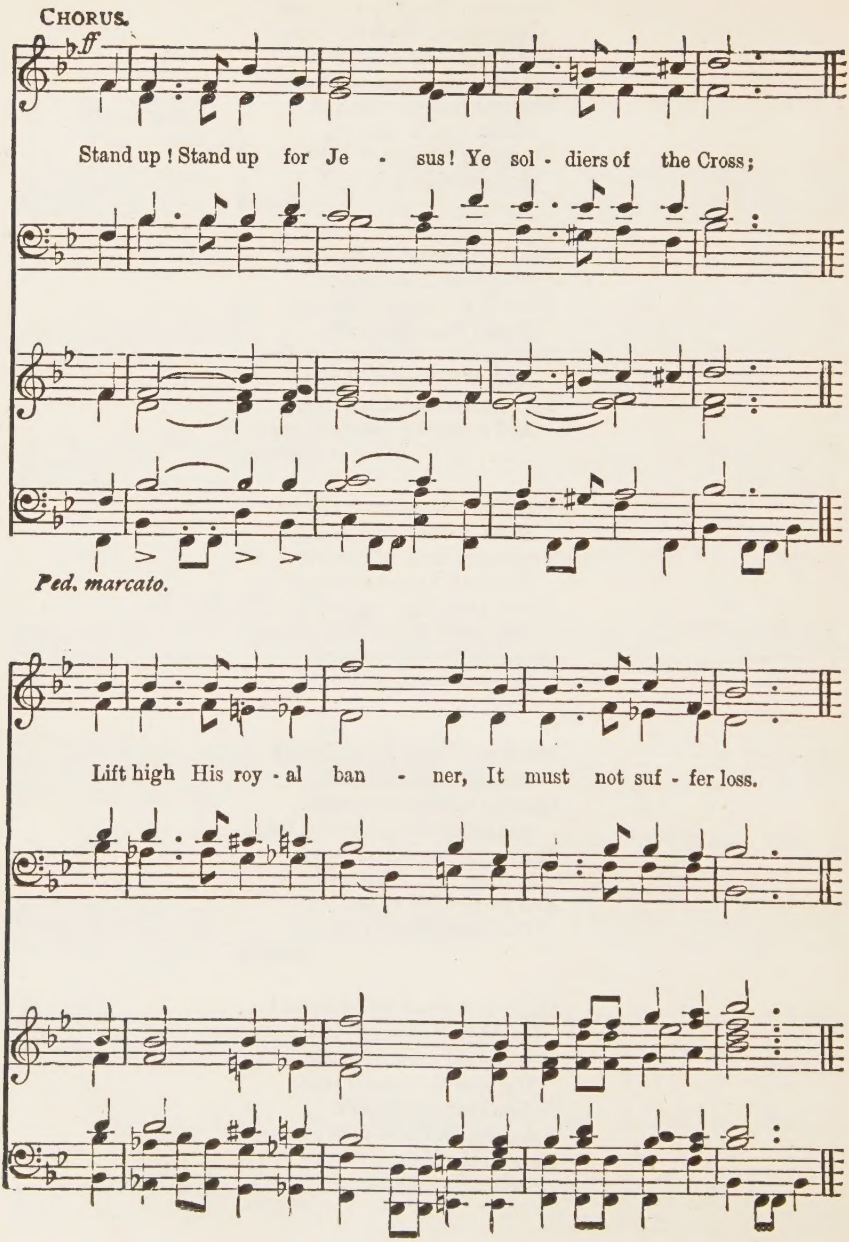
CHORUS.

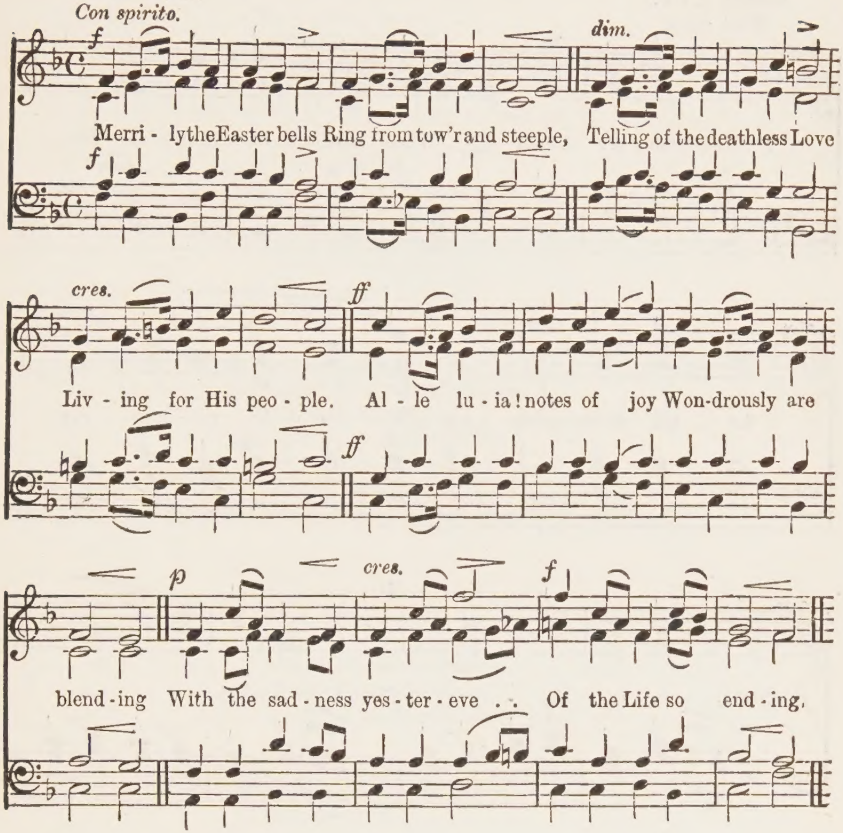
Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

CHORUS.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

CHORUS.

[TURN OVER FOR CHORUS.

CHORUS.
ff
Stand up ! Stand up for Je - sus ! Ye sol - diers of the Cross;
Ped. marcato.
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.

Carol 170.

Con spirito.
f
dim.
Merri - lythe Easter bells Ring from tow'r and steeple, Telling of the deathless Love
cres.
ff
Liv - ing for His peo - ple. Al - le lu - ia! notes of joy Won-drously are
p
cres.
f
blend - ing With the sad - ness yes - ter - eve . . Of the Life so end - ing.

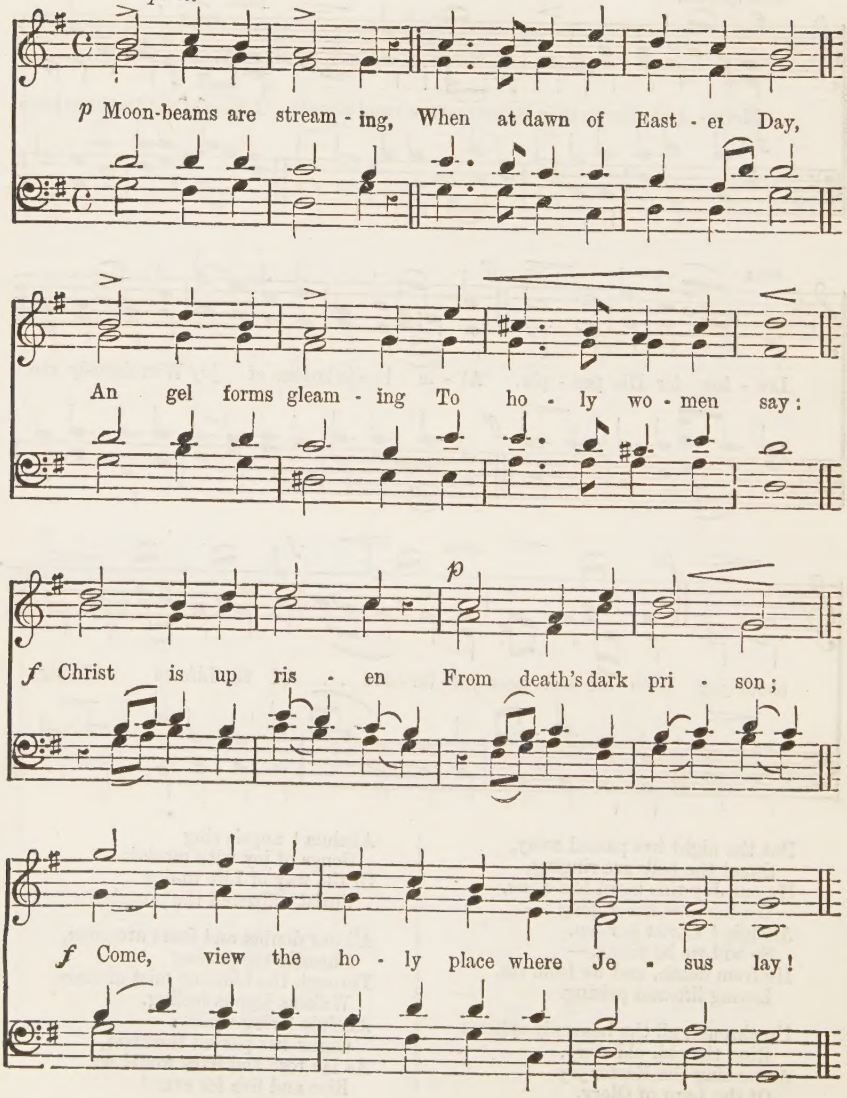
But the night has passed away,
Sweet the bells are ringing,
He our Joy this morn has come,
We too now are singing :—
Alleluia ! Christ is risen,
So will we be rising,—
He from death, and we from sin,
Loving life and prizing.

Up through all the heavenly spheres
Ring the old, old story,
As we sing the Easter joy
Of the Lord of Glory.

Alleluia ! angels sing
Songs of joy with mortals—
Of the way of Life to-day
Christ unbarred the portals.

All our doubts and fears are gone,
Cheerily the pealing
Through the blinding mist of tears
Wakens joyous feeling.
Alleluia ! ring again,
Christ has passed the river,
As He rose and lives would we
Rise and live for ever !

Carol 171.

With spirit.

p Moon-beams are stream - ing, When at dawn of East - er Day,
An gel forms gleam - ing To ho - ly wo - men say:
p
f Christ is up ris - en From death's dark pri - son;
f Come, view the ho - ly place where Je - sus lay!

p Magdalen weeping
Sees two angels of the sky
Watch softly keeping,
As Jesus draweth nigh.
mf Rise, Mary, speed thee!
Lone hearts now need thee;
Go, tell My brethren I ascend on high!

p To Peter wailing,
Who his Lord had thrice denied,
Comes Love unfailing—
Comes Christ, the Crucified.
Dark scruples clearing
cr With accents cheering,
f All Peter's penitential tears He dried!

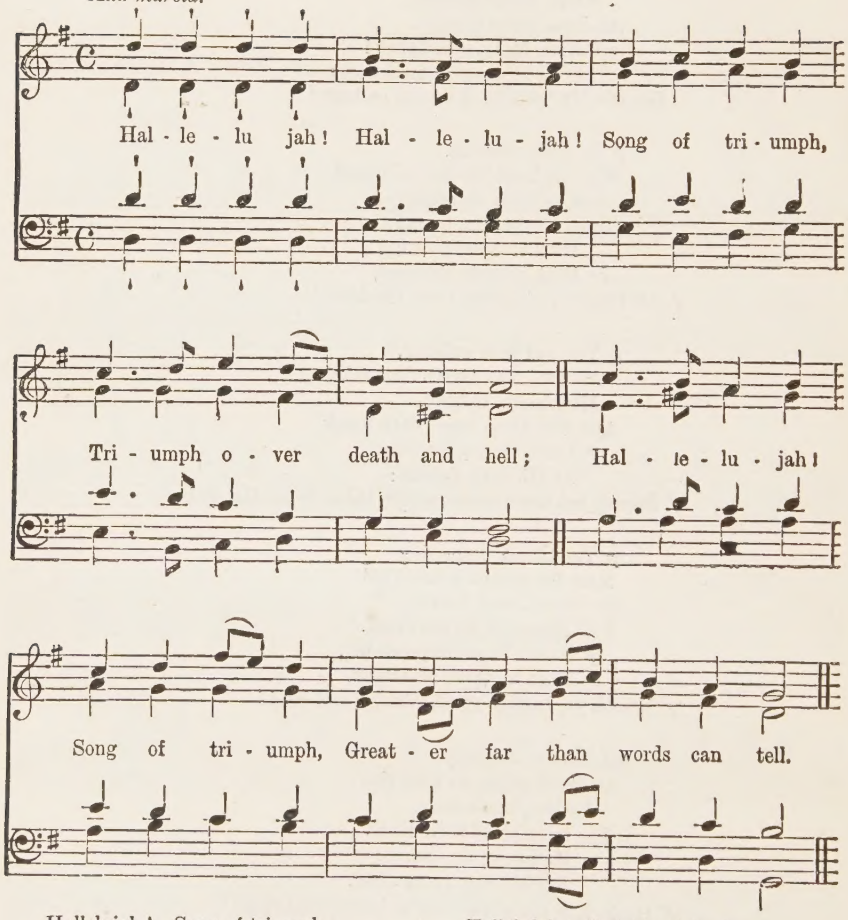
p Two sad ones walking,
Sorrowing for Christ's dear sake,
He joineth, talking,
And with them bread doth break.
cr Faith their sight aideth,
As His form fadeth:
f Burned not their hearts within them, while He spake?

p Ten Saints despairing
Meet for mutual solace kind;
cr Comes Jesus, bearing
Fair hope and joy entwined.
p Sweet Peace bequeathing,
cr Then on them breathing,
f Preach ye, baptize ye all, absolve and bind!

mf Golden the glory
Of the Seraphs, as they sing
Redemption's story,
f The triumph of their King.
With joys abounding,
Bright notes resounding,
ff Hark, how the silver bells of heaven out ring!

f We, in glad chorus,
Sing to Him in blest accord,
Who would restore us
To life, and love's reward.
ff Bright songs upraise we;
Christ risen praise we;
Hymn we a grateful strain to Christ our Lord!

Carol 172.

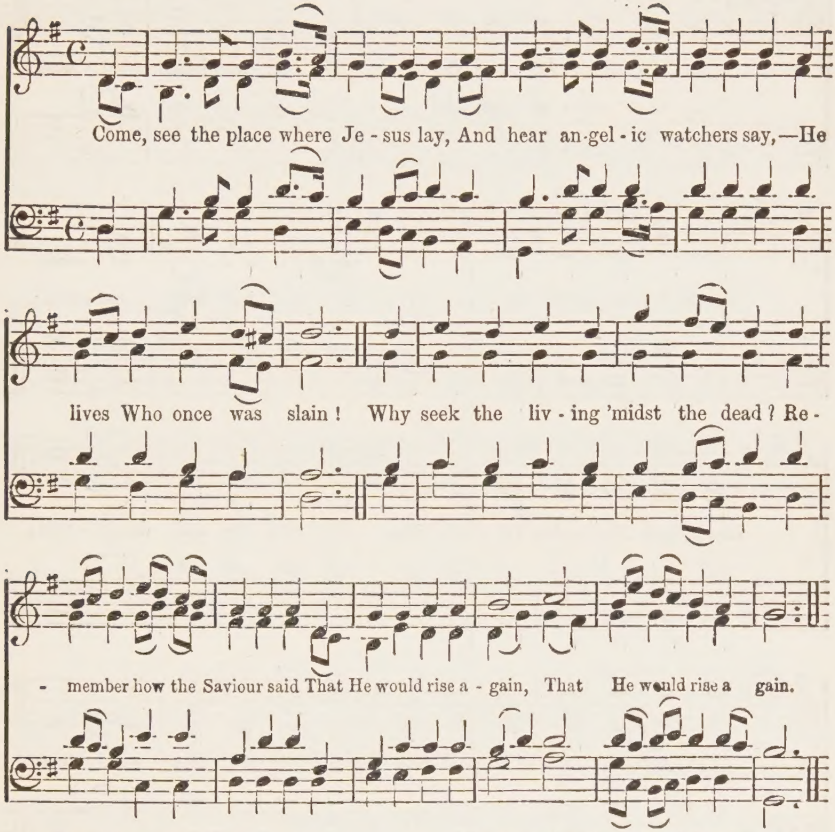
Alla marcia.

Hal - le - lu jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Song of tri - umph,
Tri - umph o - ver death and hell; Hal - le - lu - jah!
Song of tri - umph, Great - er far than words can tell.

Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Christ, Who came the lost to save,
Hallelujah! now hath risen,
Mighty Conqueror o'er the grave.

Hallelujah! Holy Angels
Came and rolled away the stone;
Hallelujah! now no longer
Death can claim Him for his own.

Hallelujah! Christ hath broken
Bars that none could break before;
Hallelujah! Death defeated,
Sinks to rise again no more.

Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Loud through all Creation rolls;
Hallelujah! Men and Angels
Sing the song of ransomed souls.

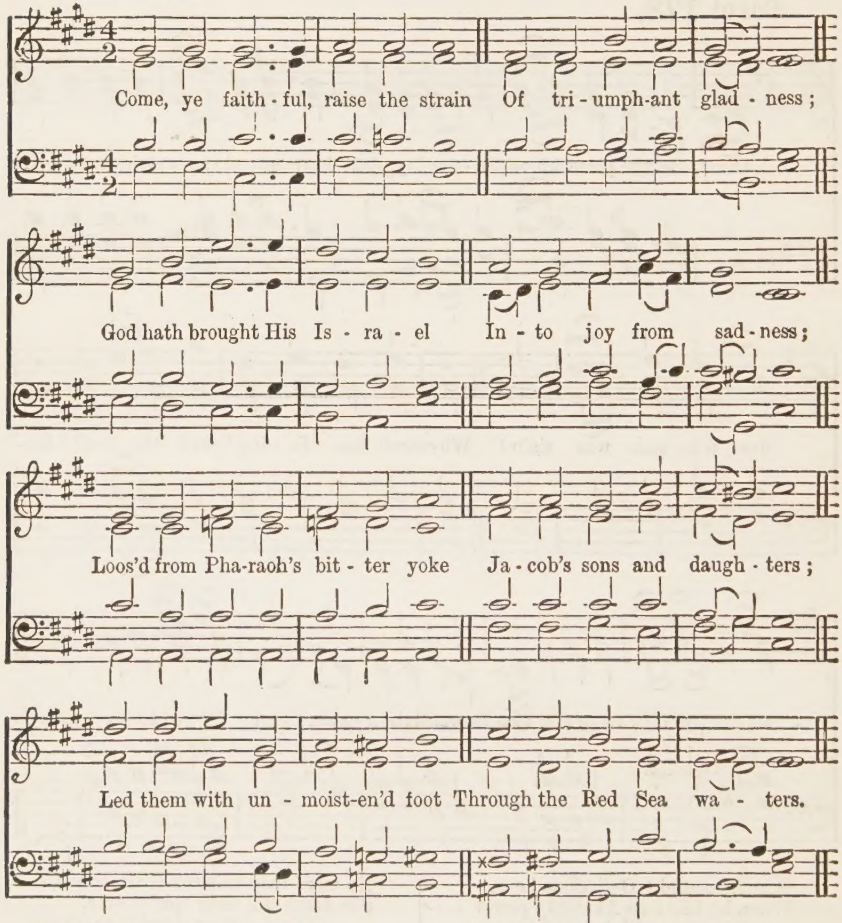
Carol 173.

Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an-gel - ic watchers say,—He
lives Who once was slain! Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead? Re -
- member how the Saviour said That He would rise a - gain, That He would rise a gain.

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust;
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

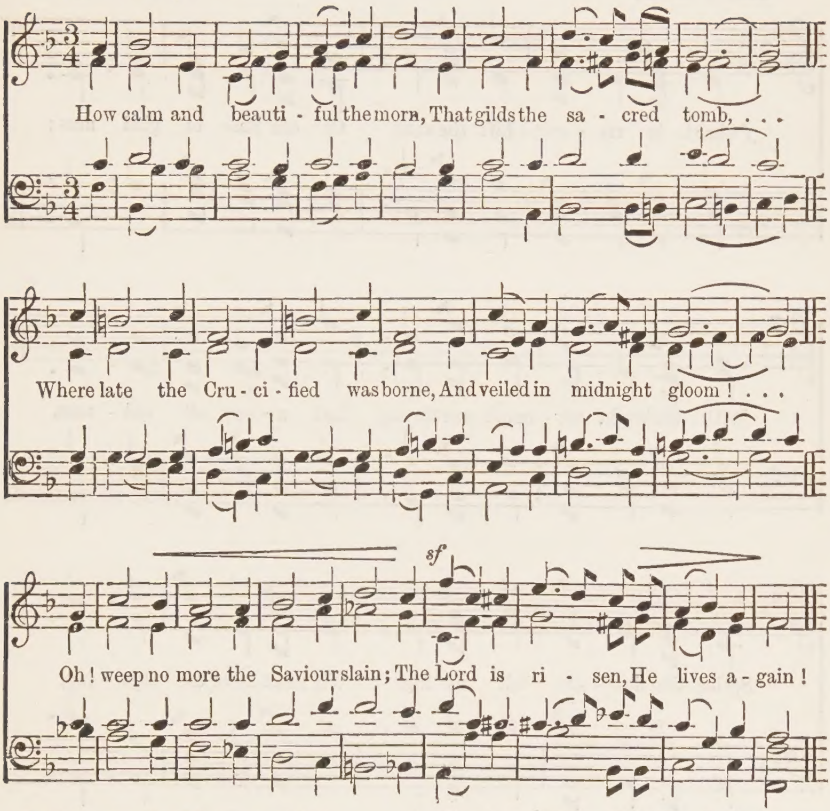
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

Carol 174.

Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph-ant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loos'd from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un - moist-en'd foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons bright,
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcome in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

Alleluia! Risen Lord!
Thou Thy sons and daughters
Hast delivered—"taking them
Out of many waters."
Praise we, then, with joyful strain
And bright Easter gladness,
Him Who died and rose again
Banishing our sadness.

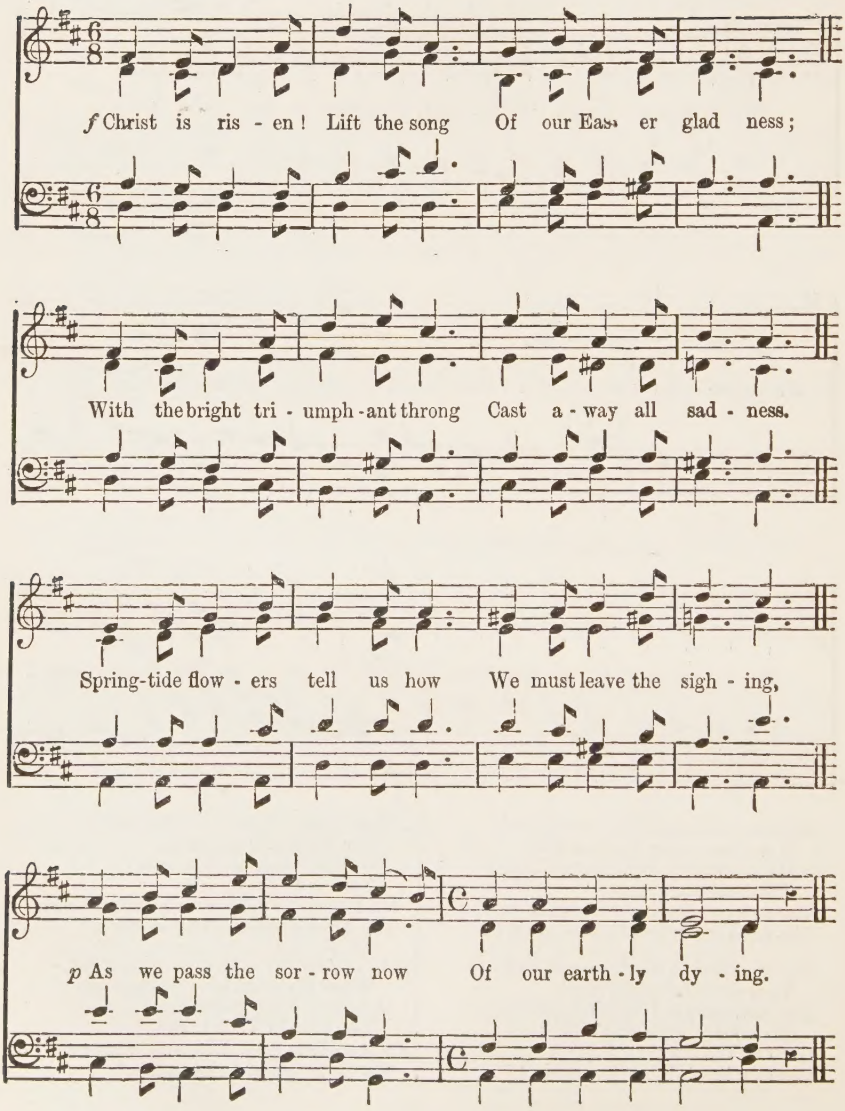
Carol 175.

How calm and beauti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb, . . .
Where late the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom ! . . .
sf
Oh ! weep no more the Saviour slain; The Lord is ri - sen, He lives a - gain !

Let tears be wiped from every face,
Nor mourn your Lord as dead,
"He is not here, behold the place,"
The tomb untenanted !
The gates of death are closed in vain :
The Lord is risen—He lives again !

Now cheerful to the House of Prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend ;
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again !

How tranquil now the rising day !
For Jesus still appears,
The risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears :
Oh ! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again !

p And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
In mercy, Jesu, grant us all
The bliss in Thee to die :—
f Since He is risen Who once was slain,
We die in Christ to live again !

Carol 176.

f Christ is ris - en! Lift the song Of our Eas- er glad ness;
With the bright tri - umph - ant throng Cast a - way all sad - ness.
Spring-tide flow - ers tell us how We must leave the sigh - ing,
p As we pass the sor - row now Of our earth - ly dy - ing.

p Lo, the Maries in the gloom
Weeping, bowed with sorrow,
Little dreaming at the Tomb
What their joy to-morrow—
cr Whom they sought the Lord they found
Now no more in sadness;—
mf Where did woe and grief abound
There He brought the gladness!

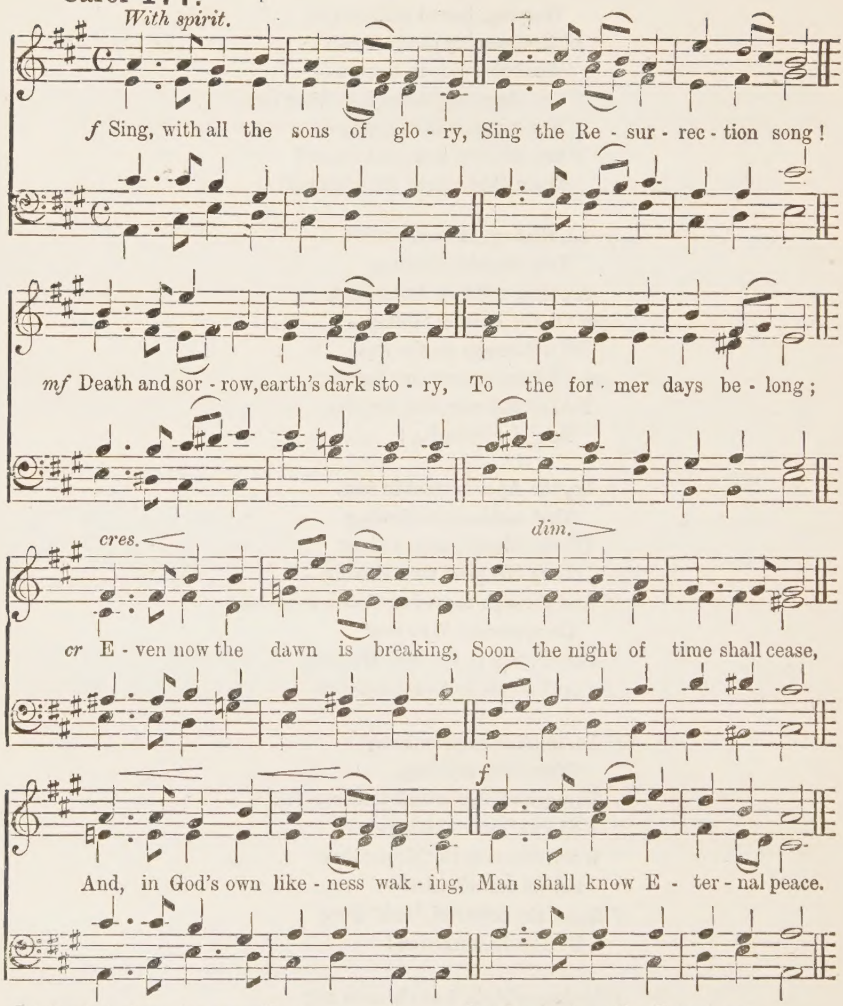
p Lo, that eve in sorrow went
Two disciples walking,
All their mind on Jesus bent,
pp Of His Passion talking—
Till a Stranger on the road
cr To those hearts now burning,
Told of suffering here for God
Into glory turning!

p Lo, the Apostles met in fear,
That same sorrow bearing
Till the Master came to hear
They His grief were sharing—
cr And through doors fast closed, once dead,
He appeared, Who ever
Loved them to the end, He said,
mf And would leave them never.

mf Lo, in all our sorrow here,
Often deep repining,
Through all doubt and darksome fear
Easter Sun is shining—
Wherefore now on things above
Set we our affection—
f Know the power of Jesus' Love
By His Resurrection!

f Gladsome birds, fresh breezes tell
With the sunny weather
That dear Creed we love so well,
'All things rise together'—
So the Angels joyfully
Taught the wondrous story,—
'Christ is risen! To Galilee
Go and preach His Glory'!

Carol 177.


With spirit.
f Sing, with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the Re - sur - rec - tion song!
mf Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long;
cres.
dim.
cr E - ven now the dawn is breaking, Soon the night of time shall cease,
f
And, in God's own like - ness wak - ing, Man shall know E - ter - nal peace.

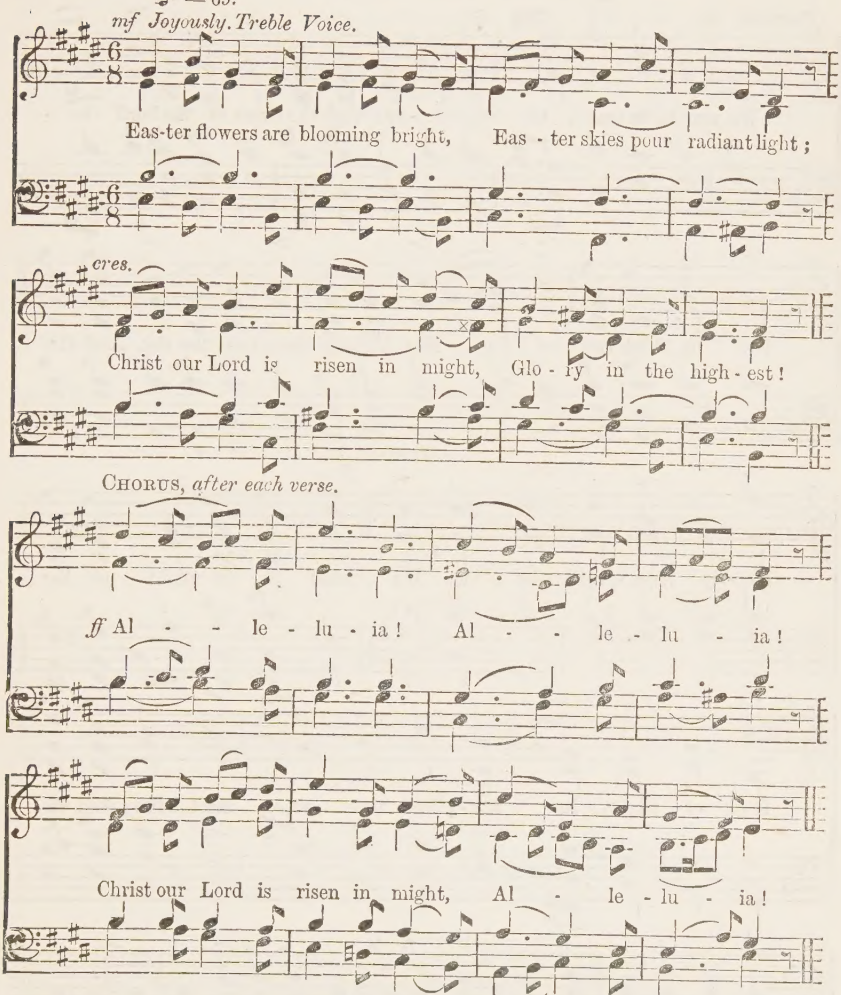
mf O what glory, far exceeding
Al' that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the Eternal gates.

mf Life Eternal! heaven rejoices,
cr Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
f Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints now longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

f Life Eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne.
O to enter that bright portal!
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent!

Carol 178.


♩. = 69.
mf Joyously. Treble Voice.
Eas-ter flowers are blooming bright, Eas - ter skies pour radiant light;
cres.
Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est!
Chorus, after each verse.
ff Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia!
Christ our Lord is risen in might, Al - le - lu - ia!

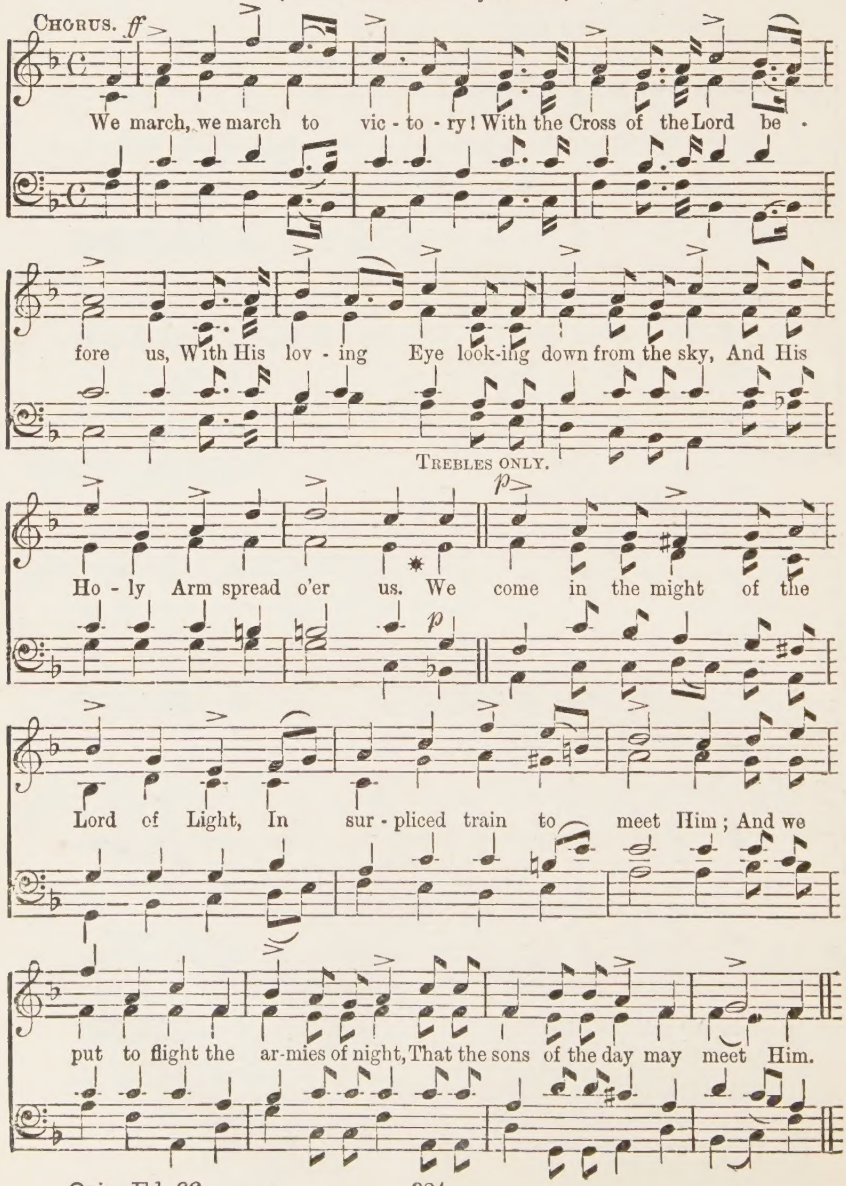
mf Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
f Glory in the highest!
Chorus. Alleluia! &c.

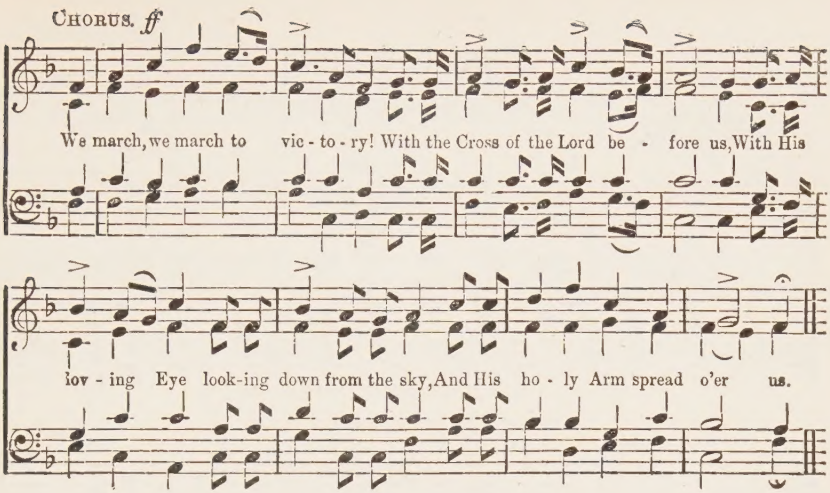
p He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
cr Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
f Glory in the highest!
Chorus. Alleluia! &c.

f As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest!
Chorus. Alleluia! &c.

Carol 179.

(Or Processional at any Season.)


Chorus. ff
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be -
fore us, With His lov - ing Eye look-ing down from the sky, And His
Trebles only.
Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the
Lord of Light, In sur - pliced train to meet Him; And we
put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the sons of the day may meet Him.


Chorus. ff
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His
lov - ing Eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly Arm spread o'er us.

mf The bands of the Alien flee away,
ff When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried array
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.

Chorus.

mf We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With watchword duly given;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
f To fight for the gates of Heaven.

Chorus.

mf Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His Salvation,
dim Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
p Our watchword—The Incarnation.

Chorus.

f We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain Himself guards well His coasts,
To defend His Church from evil.

Chorus.

f He marches in front of His Banner unfurled,
Which He raised that His own might find Him;
mf And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind Him.

Chorus.

mf And the Choir of Angels with song awaits
Our march to the Golden Sion;
f For our Captain has broken the brazen gates
And bursts the bars of iron.

Chorus.

f Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the Banner of Christ before us,
p With His Eye of Love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us!

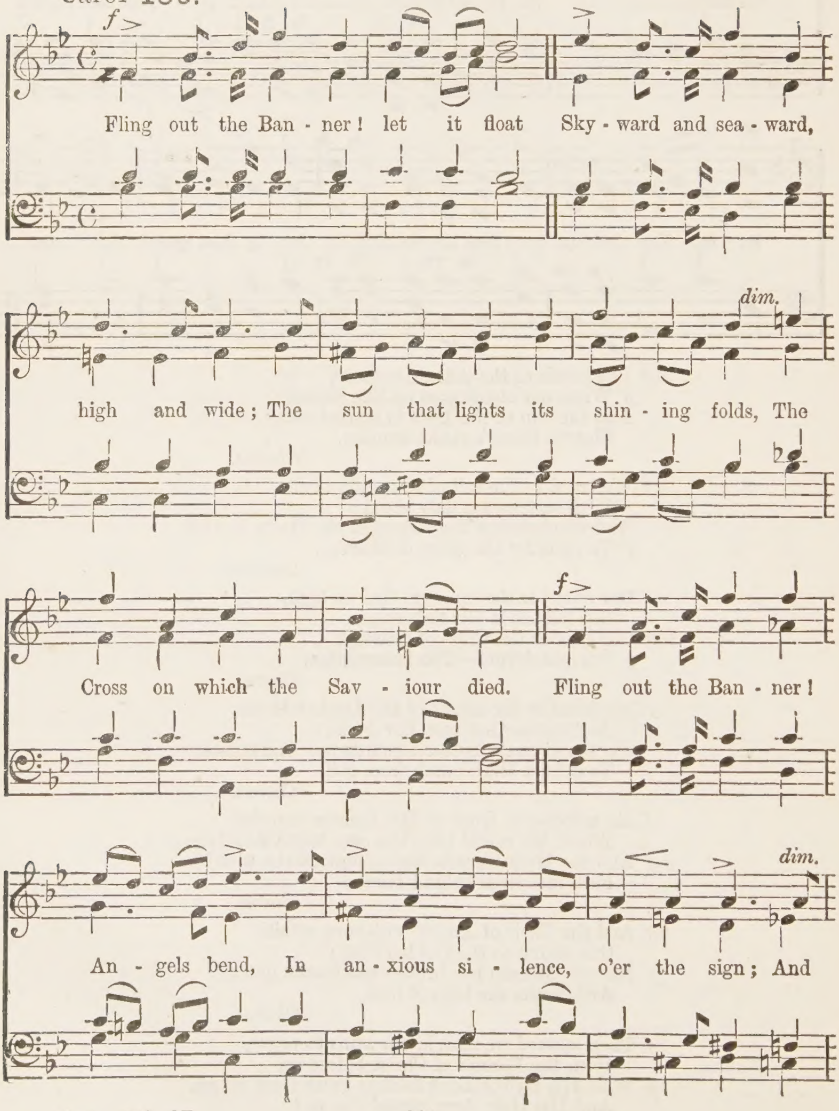
Chorus.

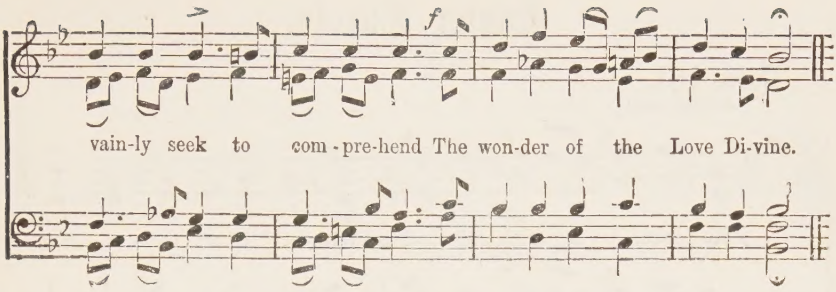
* *Begin the second and following verses here.*

Easter Carols.

(Or Processional at any Season.)

Carol 180.


f
Fling out the Ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward,
dim.
high and wide; The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The
f
Cross on which the Sav - iour died. Fling out the Ban - ner!
dim.
An - gels bend, In an - xious si - lence, o'er the sign; And

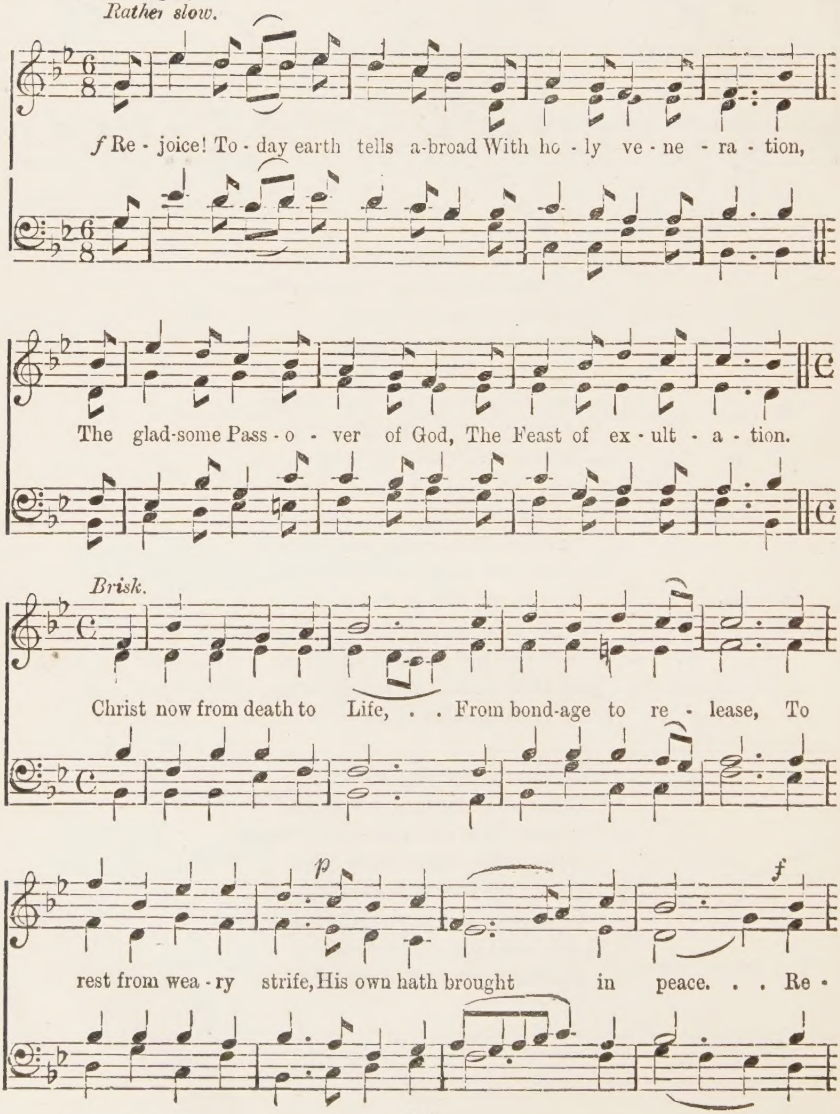


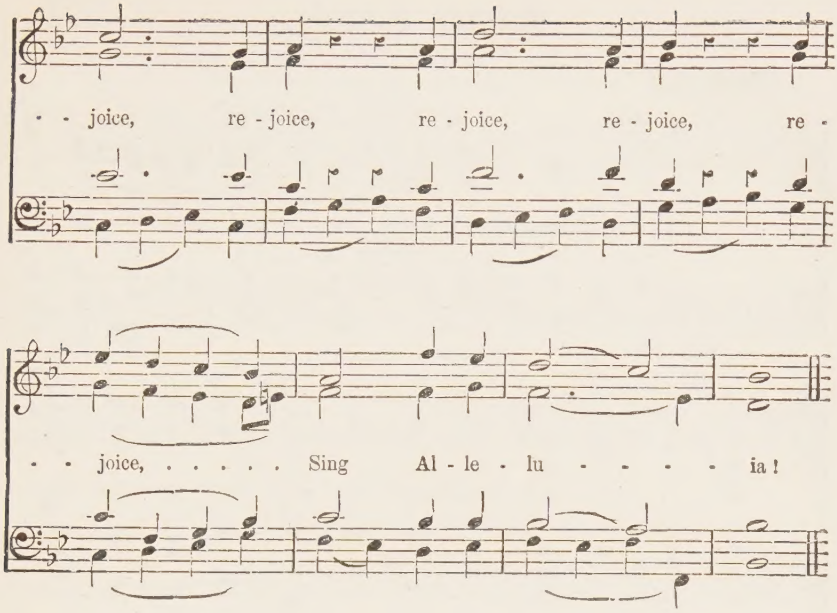
f Fling out the Banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross;
Our only hope the Crucified.
Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

f Fling out the Banner! wide and high,
Skyward and seaward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign.
Fling out the Banner! (*p*) sin-sick souls,
Who sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
cr And spring immortal into life!

f Fling out the Banner! manfully
Conquer the foe by Jesus' might,
cr The faith which stirs the soldier's breast,
Upholds the soldier in the fight.
ff Fling out the Banner! All the foes
Of earth or Hell can ne'er prevail;
In vain shall they contend with us,
For Jesus' promise cannot fail!

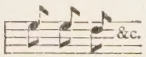
Carol 181.

Rather slow.

f Re - joice! To - day earth tells a-broad With ho - ly ve - ne - ra - tion,
The glad-some Pass - o - ver of God, The Feast of ex - ult - a - tion.
Brisk.
Christ now from death to Life, . . From bond-age to re - lease, To
p
rest from wea - ry strife, His own hath brought in peace. . . Re -
f

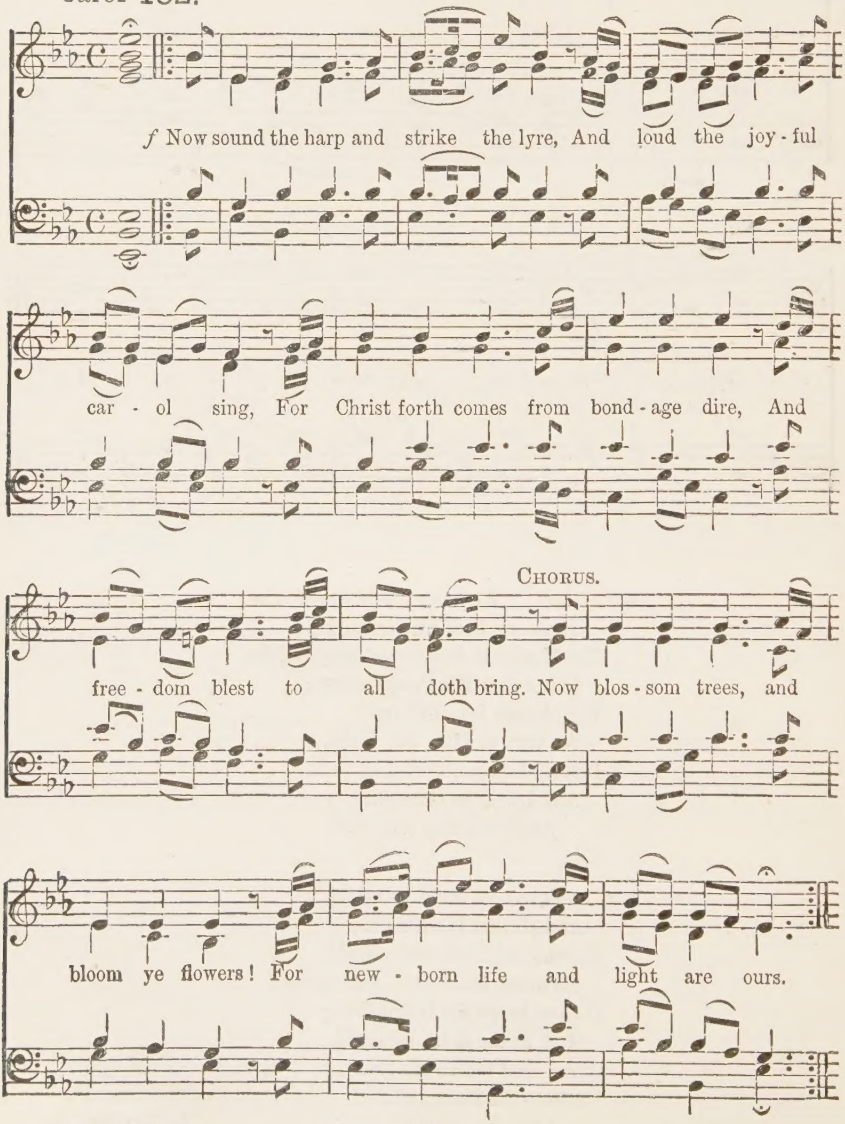


mf All hail We know the Master's voice,
Those words of true endearing ;
The Heavenly Bride must needs rejoice
In her dear King's appearing ;
With hearts from evil free
We turn to Him, the Light,
Death's Conqueror we see,
And Life is in the sight !
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia !

* *f* Let the round world be very glad
And all that is within it ;
He who awhile dominion had
No more, thank God, may win it !
Heaven keeps the Royal Feast,
Hell, at the sight dismayed,
Grows faint before the Least,
Before the Faint, afraid !
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia !

* *Sing thus :* 

"Let the round" &c.

Carol 182.

f Now sound the harp and strike the lyre, And loud the joy - ful
car - ol sing, For Christ forth comes from bond - age dire, And
Chorus.
free - dom blest to all doth bring. Now blos - som trees, and
bloom ye flowers! For new - born life and light are ours.

p While in the tomb our Saviour lay,
His soul to realms of darkness sped;
As Satan cowered in sore dismay,
Captivity was captive led.

Chorus.

p When Christ approached the shades of hell,
Where nought but gloom the eye could see,
cr The bolts and bars before Him fell,
The Saints were set from bondage free.

Chorus.

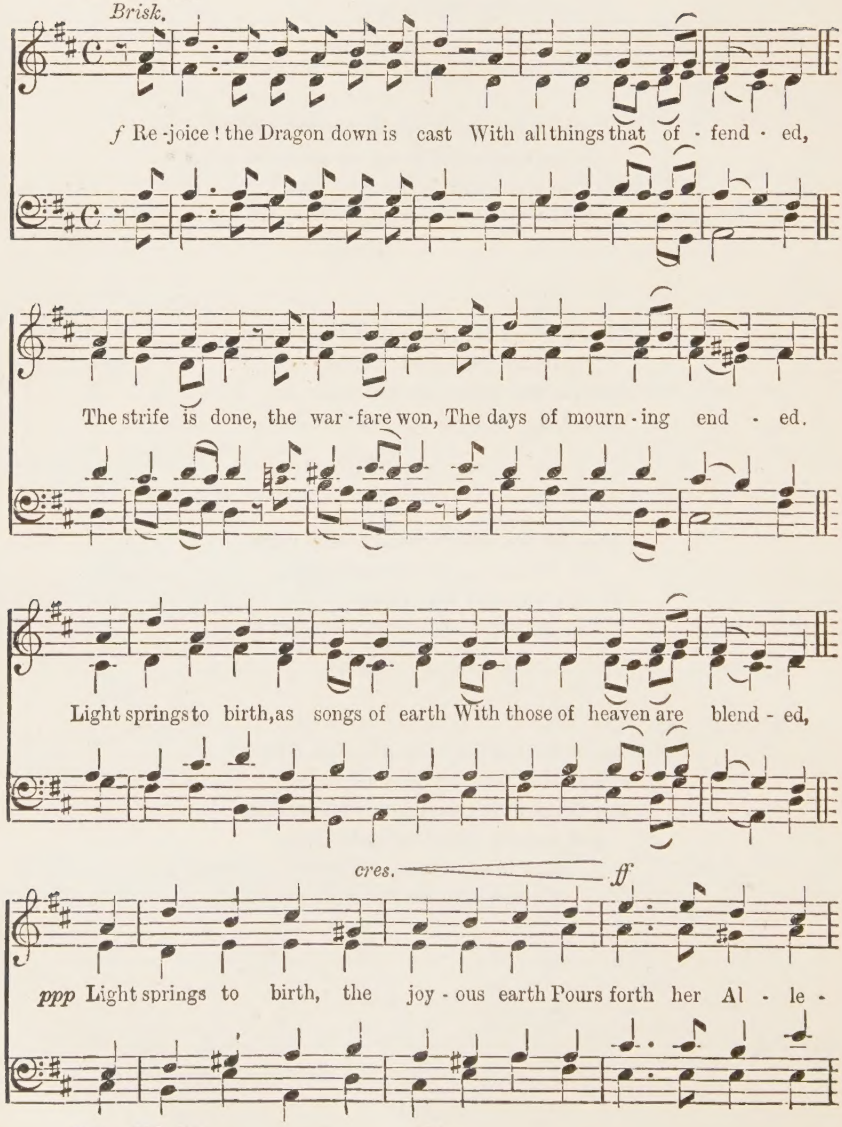
f Forth comes the Lord with all His train,
The brazen gates again unfold,
But He doth power o'er hell retain,
And He the Keys of death doth hold.

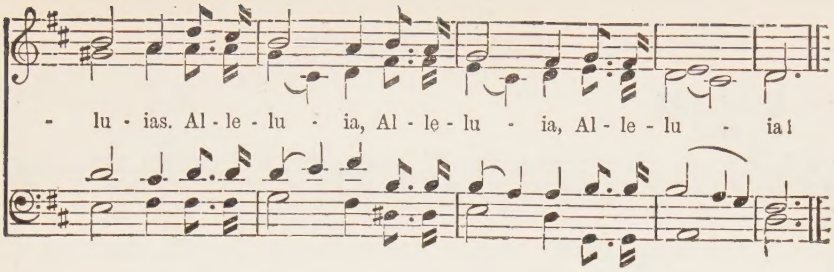
Chorus.

f Then lift your hearts with cheerful voice,
For, resting on His victor strength,
Ye may with holy hope rejoice,
And trust to reach heaven's home at length.

Chorus.

f And sound the harp and strike the lyre,
cr And loud the cheerful carol sing,
For Christ forth comes from bondage dire,
And freedom blest to all doth bring.
Now blossom trees, and bloom ye flowers!
For new-born life and light are ours.

Carol 183.

Brisk.
f Re-joice! the Dragon down is cast With all things that of-fend-ed,
The strife is done, the war-fare won, The days of mourn-ing end-ed.
Light springs to birth, as songs of earth With those of heaven are blend-ed,
cres.
ff
ppp Light springs to birth, the joy-ous earth Pours forth her Al-le-



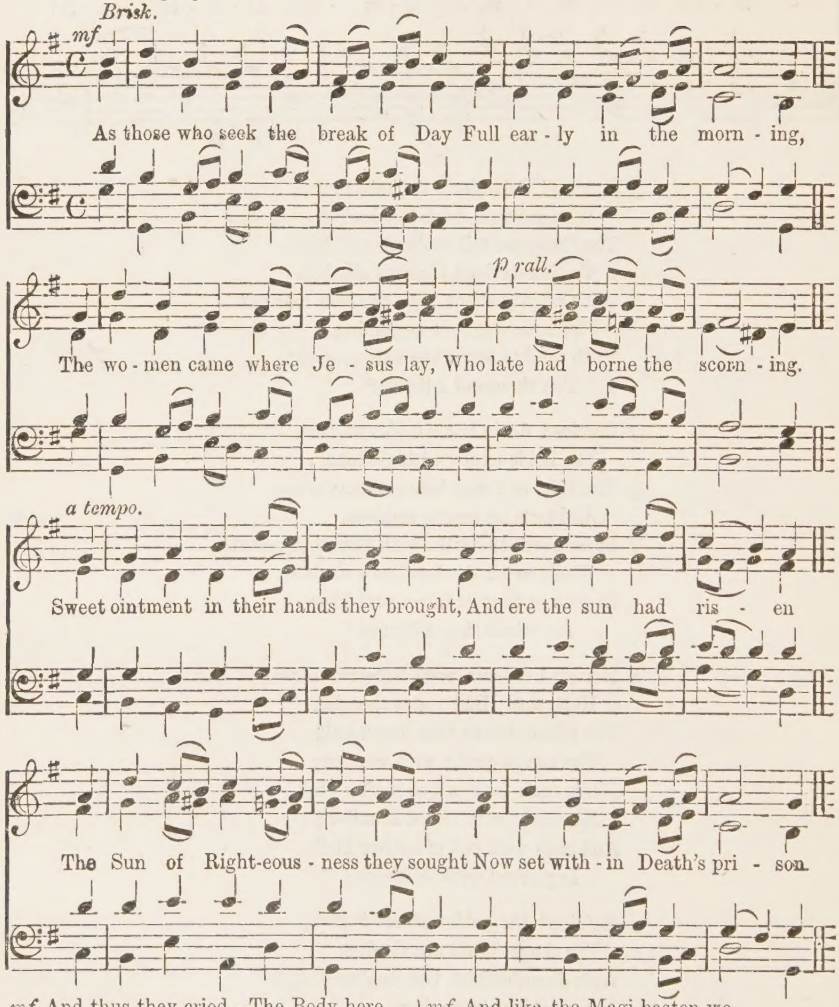
f Rejoice! Salvation's Captain praise,
Who triumph fresh is winning,
The Conquest tell to death and Hell,
p To sinners dead through sinning.
f With mighty shout, (*ff*) the seas roar out
The new song now beginning,
With mighty shout the seas roar out
Ten thousand Alleluias!

f Rejoice! for in the King's embrace,
The Bride exults with gladness;
p The Kiss of Peace bids conflicts cease,
And puts an end to sadness.
f From north to south, with Trumpet mouth
Winds mock the heathen's madness;
From east to west in concord blest
The winds sing Alleluias!

ff Rejoice! for our great Samson's strength
Hath torn Hell's gates asunder,
The pillars fall in that dread hall,
The devils quake with wonder;
While each dark cell of nether Hell
Resounds with direst thunder;
And each dark cell of nether Hell
Is pierced with Alleluias!

f Rejoice! the golden street is glad,
The Angel hosts are singing,
With Jesus' might, the Realms of Light
Are jubilantly ringing.
Ye choirs peal out in nine-fold shout,
To God your praises bringing;
p Hark! hark! (*ff*) peals out the thunder-shout
Of Heaven's own Alleluias!

Carol 184.

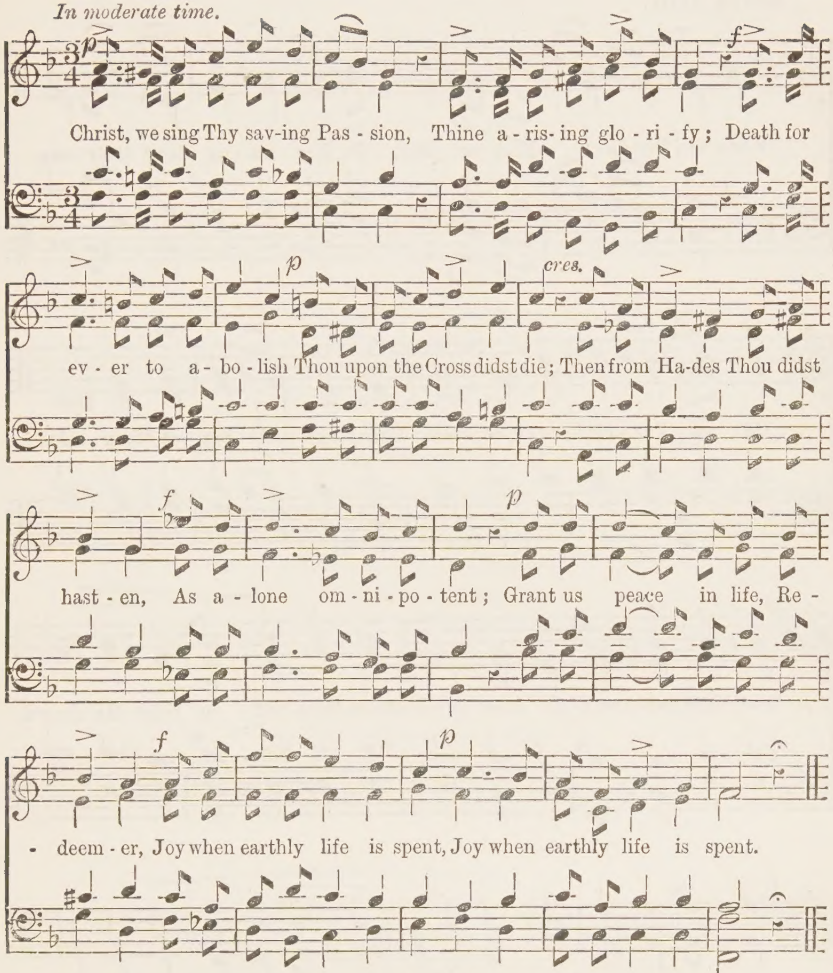

Brisk.
mf
As those who seek the break of Day Full ear - ly in the morn - ing,
p rall.
The wo - men came where Je - sus lay, Who late had borne the scorn - ing.
a tempo.
Sweet ointment in their hands they brought, And ere the sun had ris - en
The Sun of Right-eous - ness they sought Now set with - in Death's pri - son.

mf And thus they cried—The Body here
Let us give new anointing;
The quickening Flesh, the Body dear,
Which by Divine appointing
From this dark sepulchre shall rise
And Adam's race deliver,
cr And lift the fallen to the skies
To reign in bliss for ever.

mf And like the Magi hasten we
To Him with love adoring;
Sweet spices, too, our gifts shall be,
p And we must weep, imploring
cr That He, in swaddling clothes no more,
But in fine linen lying,
mf Would grant the fallen, when life is o'er
The gift of life undying.

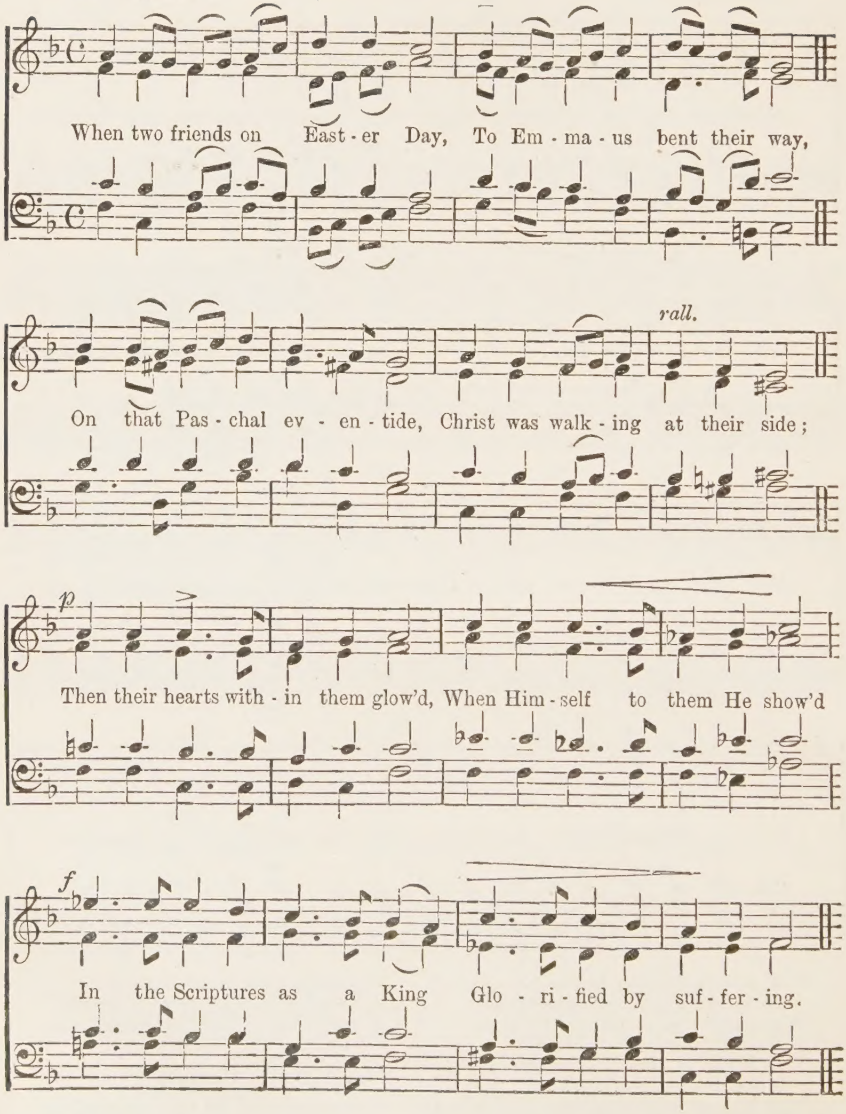
Carol 185.

In moderate time.


Christ, we sing Thy sav-ing Pas - sion, Thine a - ris- ing glo - ri - fy; Death for
ev - er to a - bo - lish Thou upon the Cross didst die; Then from Ha-des Thou didst
hast - en, As a - lone om - ni - po - tent; Grant us peace in life, Re -
- deem - er, Joy when earthly life is spent, Joy when earthly life is spent.

Sing we now Thy condescension,
Christ, with God the Father One;
We in lofty hymns will praise Thee,
Mary-Mother's Blessed Son.
Thou for us as Man didst suffer,
Willingly the Cross didst bear,
That Thy resurrection-glory
We, the sons of men, may share.

Coming as from bridal chamber
Robed with orient morning-light;
Bringing to the world salvation,
Spoiling Hell of all her might;
Raising by Thy Resurrection
Man to dignity most high;
Christ, may we with pure thanksgiving
Thee for ever glorify.

Carol 186.

When two friends on East - er Day, To Em - ma - us bent their way,
rall.
On that Pas - chal ev - en - tide, Christ was walk - ing at their side;
p
Then their hearts with - in them glow'd, When Him - self to them He show'd
f
In the Scriptures as a King Glo - ri - fied by suf - fer - ing.

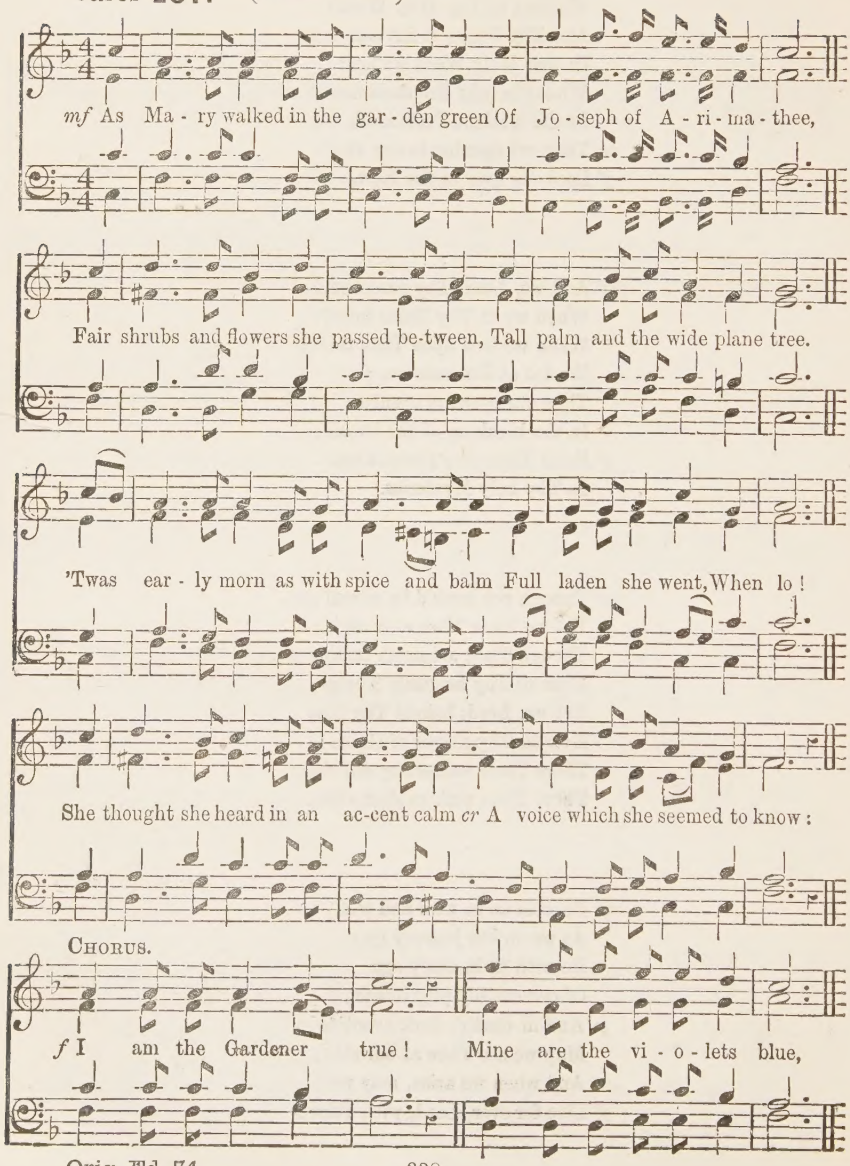
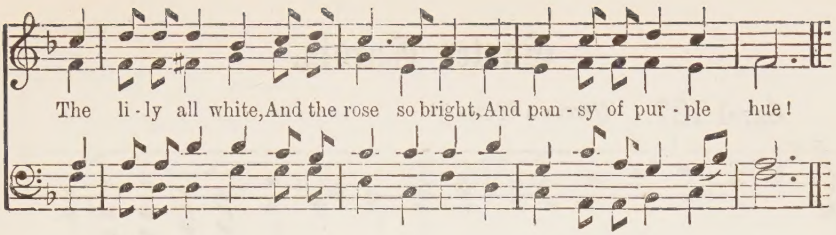
mf Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in Thy Holy Word;
And Thy Voice, O Saviour dear,
In that Holy Word we hear;
What the holy Prophets meant
In the Ancient Testament,
cr Thou art opening to our view,
f Lord, for ever in the New.

mf And we, Lord, Thy presence feel
When we at Thy Table kneel;
When we feed upon Thee there,
We too at Emmaus are;
Then our eyes are openèd
In the breaking of the Bread;
f Faith Thee ever present sees
In Thy holy Mysteries.

mf Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know Thee ever nigh;
Though Thou art much further gone,
Even to Thy heavenly Throne,
Yet we, Lord, behold Thy face
Ever in Thy means of Grace:
There Thou walkest by our side,
There Thou with us dost abide.

mf Be with us in weal and woe
As we on our journey go;
Be with us in every age
Of our earthly pilgrimage;
p And in death's dark eventide
May we see Thee at our side;
cr And when we arise, may we
f Live for ever, Lord, with Thee!

Carol 187. (First Tune.)

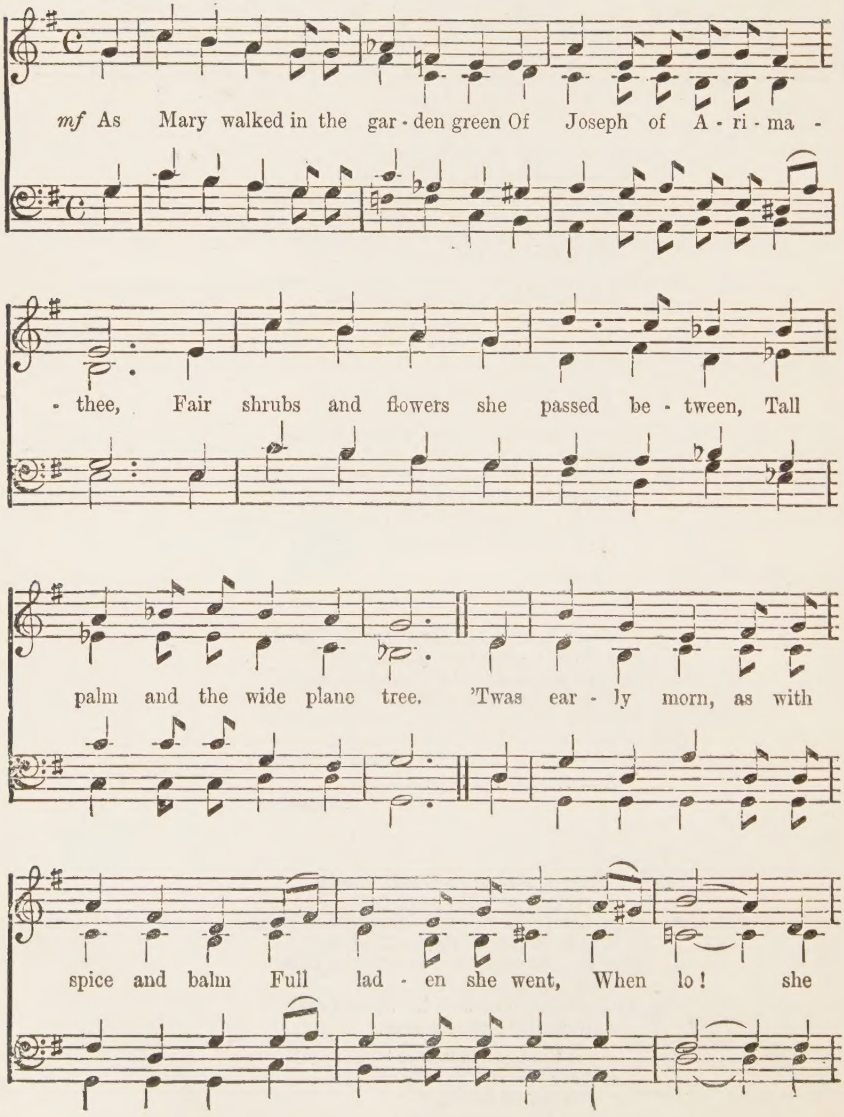

mf As Ma - ry walked in the gar - den green Of Jo - seph of A - ri - ma - thee,
Fair shrubs and flowers she passed be-tween, Tall palm and the wide plane tree.
'Twas ear - ly morn as with spice and balm Full laden she went, When lo!
She thought she heard in an ac-cent calm cr A voice which she seemed to know:
Chorus.
f I am the Gardener true! Mine are the vi - o - lets blue,

p As Mary came to the tomb of stone,
She could not her grief contain,
For she was 'ware that no Christ was there,
Who late in the rock had lain.
And bitter grief in her soul was stirred,
When hard by the grave's lone cell
cr She felt right sure that a voice she heard,
A voice which she knew full well :
Chorus.

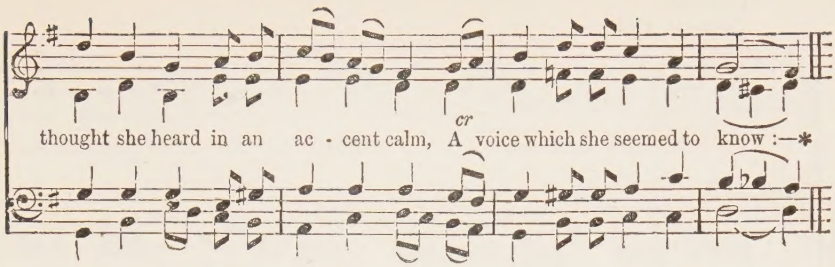
p As Mary listened, she gazed around,
When, dim in the morning gloom,
She saw One stand, with a spade in hand,
Full close to the sacred tomb.
mf Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence?
O say where He now doth lie!
While lo! seemed borne to her listening sense
From some blessed bright One nigh :
Chorus.

p As Mary hearkened, her name she heard;
cr O Mary!—She turned in haste,
And joy shone out at the gracious word,
Which every tear effaced.
f Rabboni! Lord!—'Twas her Master good
She welcomed with love's survey,
Who 'neath a gardener's guise had stood,
And seemed to her soul to say :
Chorus.

mf As Mary mused upon things unseen,
She learnt how the Lord doth scan,
And claim each floweret and blossom green
Which blooms in the heart of man.
Fair buds of hope, and of longings high,
With purity's flower of snow,
cr And glowing love with its vermeil dye,
And charity's purple glow.

He is the Gardener true!
His are the violets blue,
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And pansy of purple hue

Carol 187. (Second Tune.)

mf As Mary walked in the gar - den green Of Joseph of A - ri - ma -
- thee, Fair shrubs and flowers she passed be - tween, Tall
palm and the wide plane tree. 'Twas ear - ly morn, as with
spice and balm Full lad - en she went, When lo! she



p As Mary came to the tomb of stone,
She could not her grief contain,
For she was 'ware that no Christ was there,
Who late in the rock had lain.
And bitter grief in her soul was stirred,
When hard by the grave's lone cell
cr She felt right sure that a voice she heard,
A voice which she knew full well :
Chorus.

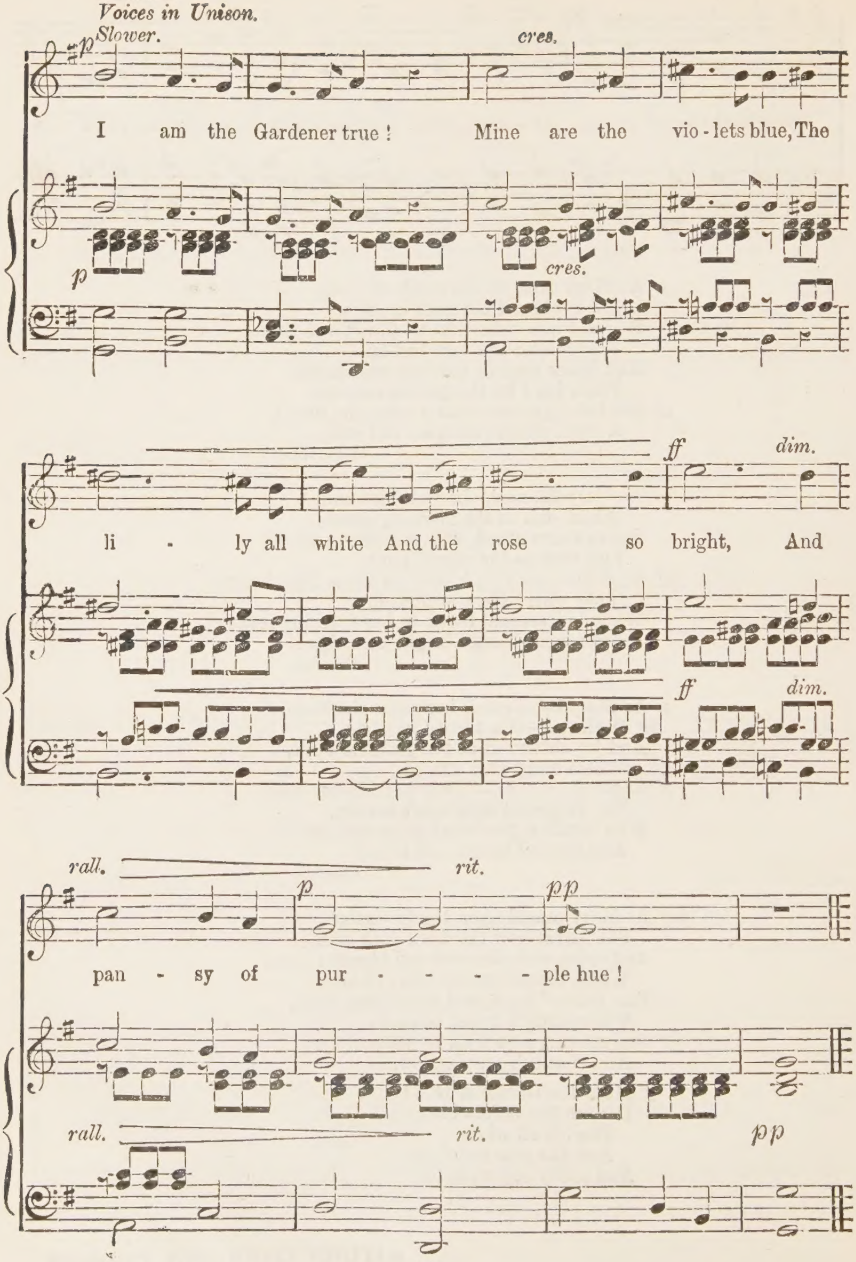
p As Mary listened, she gazed around,
When, dim in the morning gloom,
She saw One stand, with a spade in hand,
Full close to the sacred tomb.
mf Good Sir, now tell, hast thou borne Him hence?
O say where He now doth lie !
While lo ! seemed borne to her listening sense
From some blessed bright One nigh :
Chorus.

p As Mary hearkened, her name she heard :
cr O Mary !—She turned in haste,
And joy shone out at the gracious word,
Which every tear effaced.
f Rabboni ! Lord !—'Twas her Master good
She welcomed with love's survey,
Who 'neath a gardener's guise had stood,
And seemed to her soul to say :
Chorus.

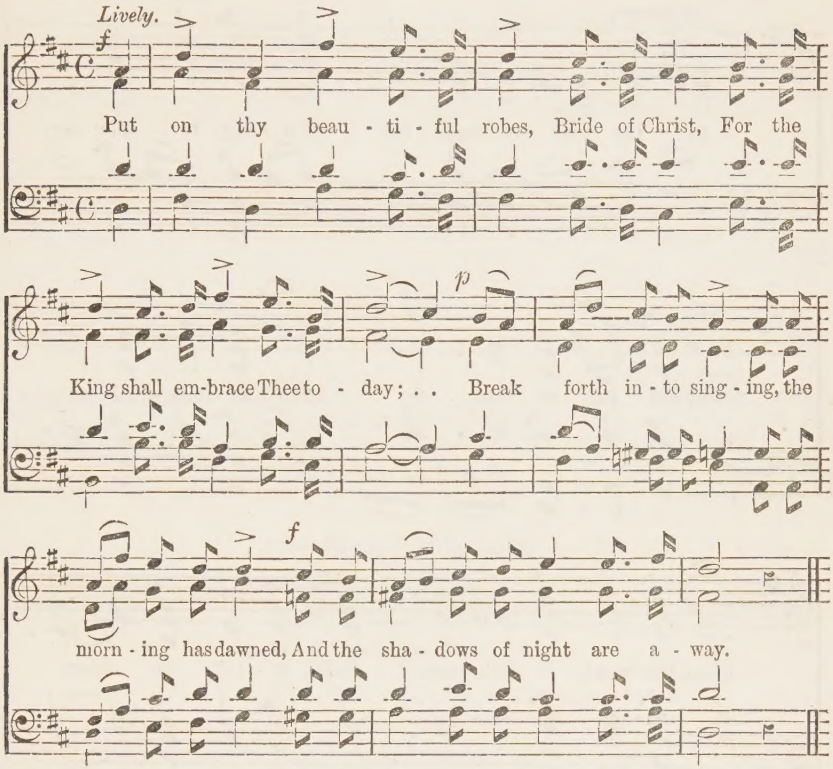
mf As Mary mused upon things unseen,
She learnt how the Lord doth scan,
And claim each floweret and blossom green
Which blooms in the heart of man.
Fair buds of hope, and of longings high,
With purity's flower of snow,
cr And glowing love with its vermeil dye,
And charity's purple glow.

f He is the Gardener true !
His are the violets blue,
The lily all white,
And the rose so bright,
And pansy of purple hue !

*[TURN OVER FOR CHORUS


Chorus.
Voices in Unison.
Slower.
p
cres.
I am the Gardener true ! Mine are the vio - lets blue, The
p
cres.
ff
dim.
li - ly all white And the rose so bright, And
ff
dim.
rall.
rit.
p
pp
pan - sy of pur - - - - ple hue !
rall.
rit.
pp

Carol 188.


Lively.
Put on thy beau - ti - ful robes, Bride of Christ, For the
King shall em-brace Thee to - day; . . Break forth in - to sing - ing, the
morn - ing has dawned, And the sha - dows of night are a - way.

Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ,
For the Conqueror, girded with might,
Has vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,
And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

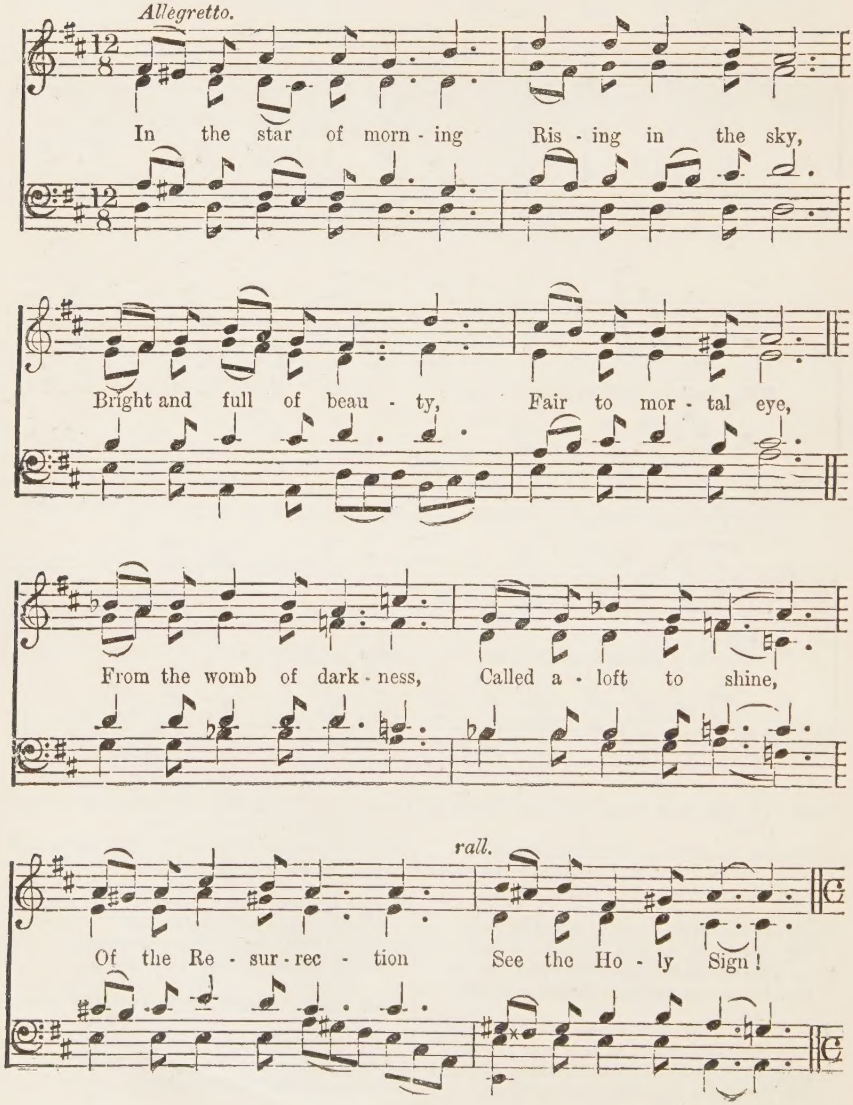
Thou art the Bride of His love, His elect,
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past;
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
But He comes with the morning at last.

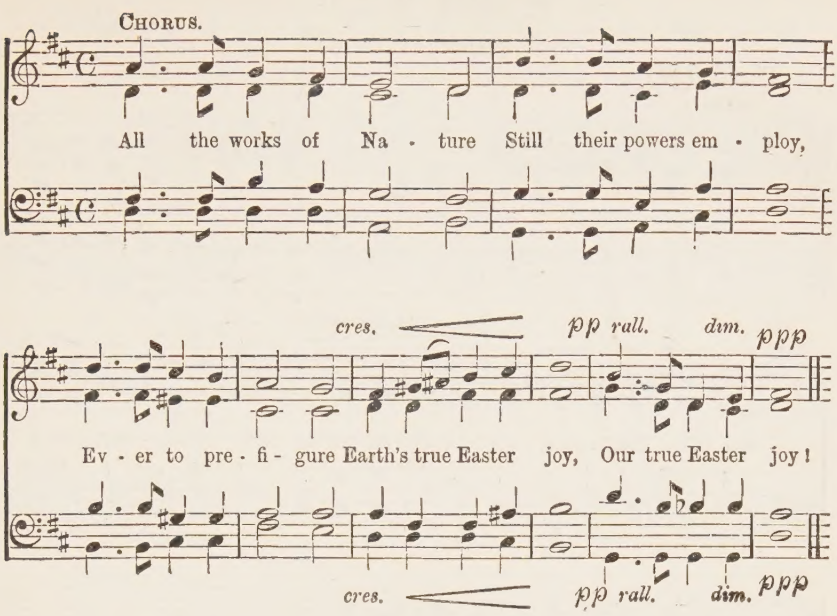
The winds bear the noise of His chariot-wheels,
And the thunders of victory roar;
Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
For the grave has dominion no more.

Once they arrayed Him with scorning; but see!
His apparel is glorious now;
In His hands are the keys of death and of hell,
And the diadem gleams on His brow.

Hark! 'tis her voice: Alleluia—she sings—
Alleluia, the captives are free;
Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
And unfolded for ever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,
All the saints raise Hosannas on high;
Deep calls to deep in the ocean of love,
As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

Carol 189.

Allegretto.
In the star of morn - ing Ris - ing in the sky,
Bright and full of beau - ty, Fair to mor - tal eye,
From the womb of dark - ness, Called a - loft to shine,
rall.
Of the Re - sur - rec - tion See the Ho - ly Sign!



When the Spring-tide showers
Fall o'er hill and plain,
When the trees and flowers
Bloom on earth again;
Then the seed, long buried,
Hid from mortal view,
In the garb of beauty
Bursteth forth anew.
Chorus.

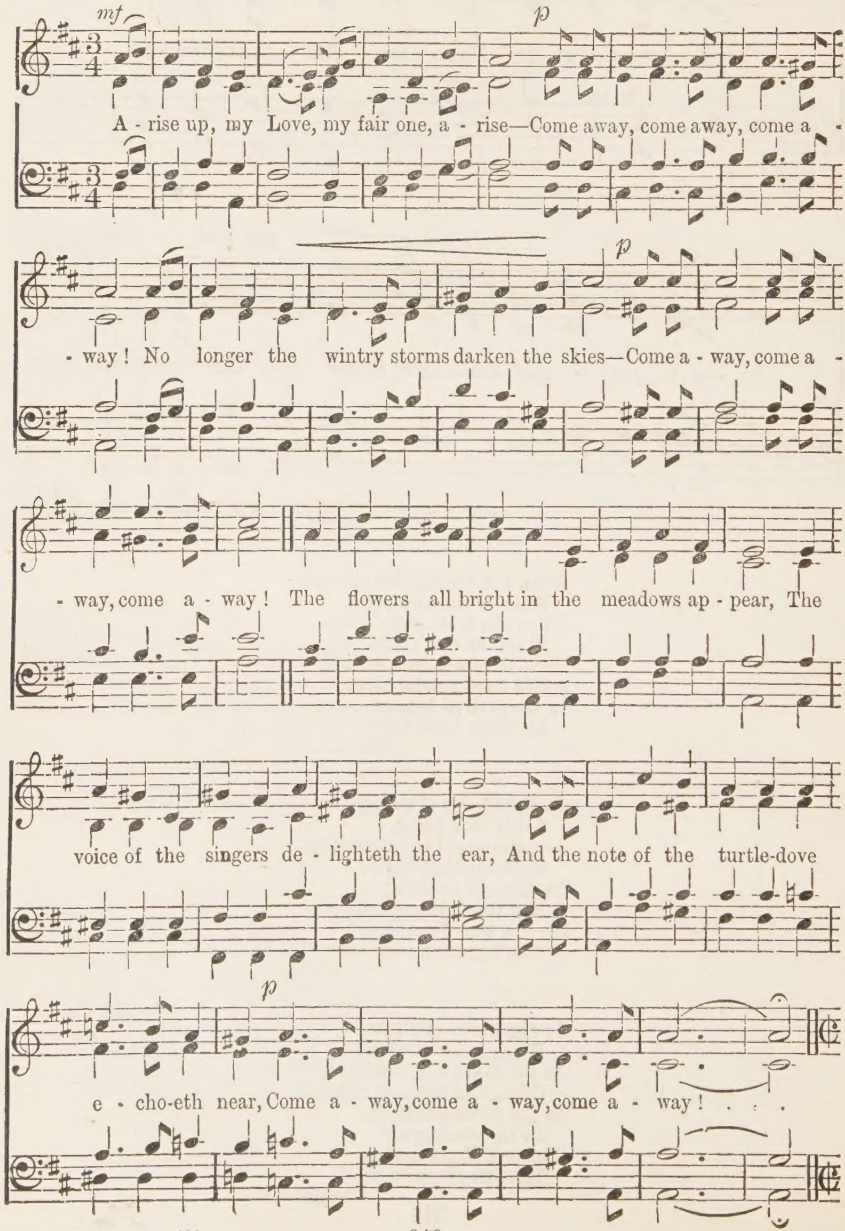
As the shades of twilight
Softly fade away,
And the world from slumber,
Hails another day,
In the soul awaking,
And from dreamland torn,
See the type foreshewing
Man's great Easter morn!
Chorus.

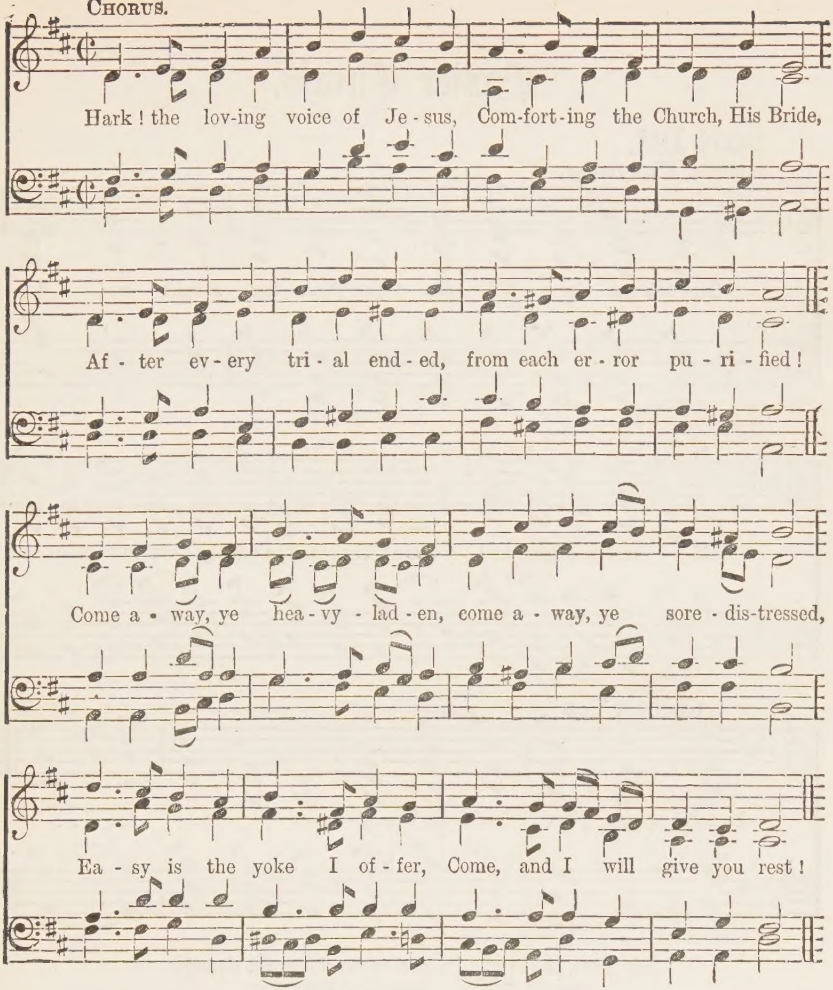
In the works of Nature
Wheresoever viewed,
In the cloud and sunshine,
Calm, and tempest rude;
In the earth about us,
In the circling air,
Types of Resurrection
Meet us everywhere.
Chorus.

Easter Carols.

(Canticles ii. 10-15.)

Carol 190.

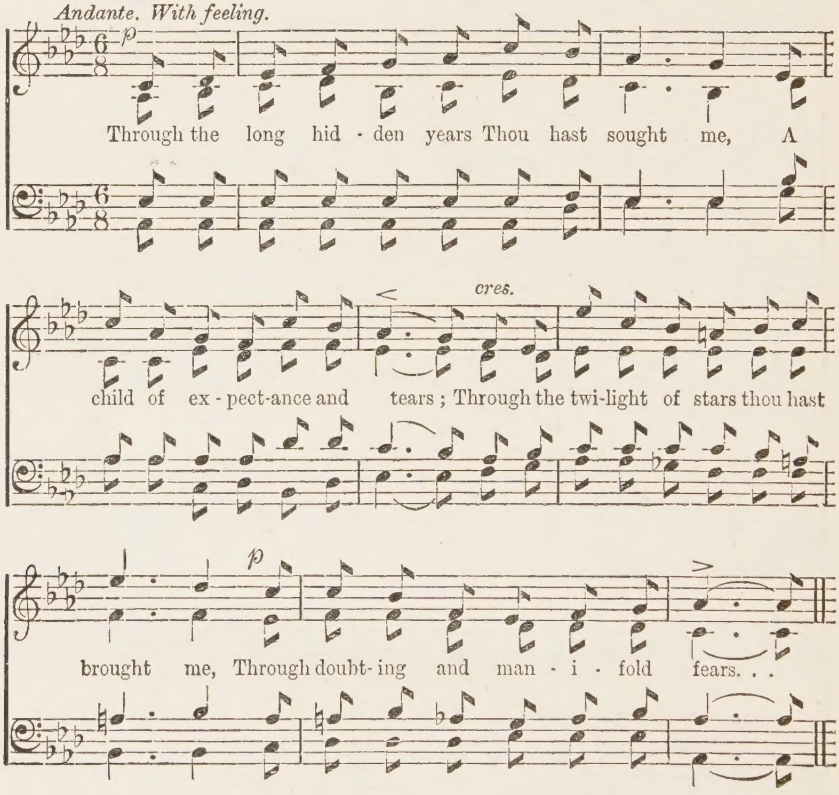

mf
p
A - rise up, my Love, my fair one, a - rise—Come away, come away, come a -
p
- way! No longer the wintry storms darken the skies—Come a - way, come a -
- way, come a - way! The flowers all bright in the meadows ap - pear, The
voice of the singers de - lighteth the ear, And the note of the turtle-dove
p
e - cho-eth near, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way! . . .


Chorus.
Hark! the lov-ing voice of Je-sus, Com-fort-ing the Church, His Bride,
Af-ter ev-ery tri-al end-ed, from each er-ror pu-ri-fied!
Come a-way, ye hea-vy-lad-en, come a-way, ye sore-dis-tressed,
Ea-sy is the yoke I of-fer, Come, and I will give you rest!

The fig-tree puts forth her green figs through the dale—
Come away, come away, come away!
And the vine with her grapes fills with perfume the gale—
Come away, come away, come away!
To the cleft of the rock, O my Love, thou dost flee;
Let thy voice breathe a welcome, thy face let Me see,
For fair is thy face, and thy voice sweet to Me—
Come away, come away, come away!—*Chorus.*

The trees of the vineyard are promising well—
Come away, come away, come away!
The tender young grapes are beginning to swell—
Come away, come away, come away!
Be watchful, ye servants, as daylight declines,
And take us the foxes that ravage the vines,
The little sly foxes that ravage the vines—
Come away, come away, come away!—*Chorus.*

Carol 191.

Andante. With feeling.

p
Through the long hid - den years Thou hast sought me, A
cres.
child of ex - pect-ance and tears ; Through the twi-light of stars thou hast
p
brought me, Through doubt- ing and man - i - fold fears. . .

mf True, the bright Paschal moon shone out clearly,
And songs of the feast filled the air,
But the Temple the ancients loved dearly,
cr Oh, something was still wanting there !

mf All its types and dim shadows but lead me
Where now at Thy pure Altar-throne,
With Thyself, Bread of Life, Thou dost feed me,
cr And makest me one with Thine own.

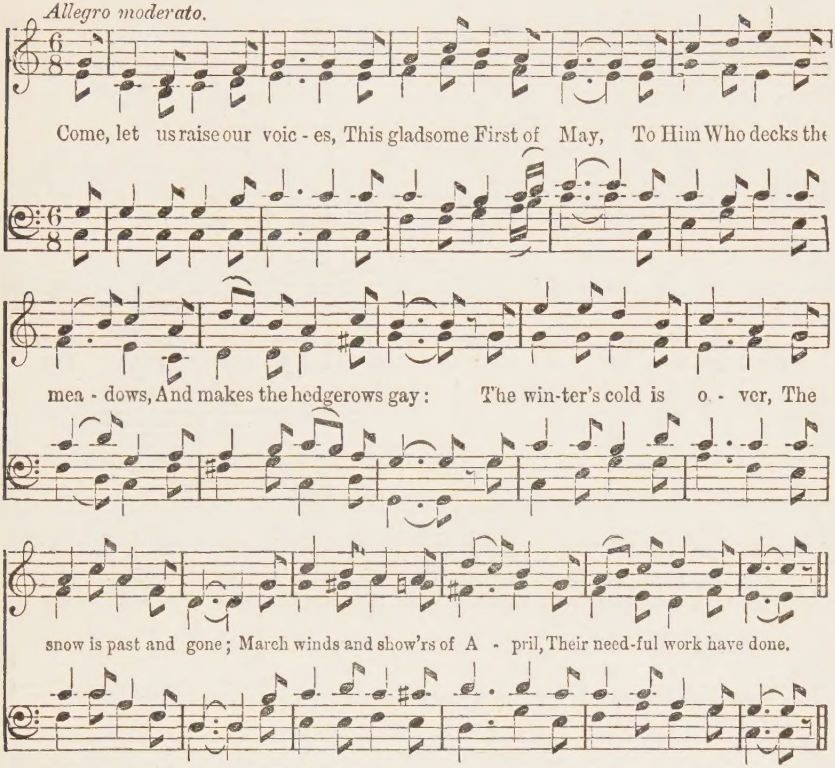
mf O the beautiful stars are all paling,
The bright Paschal moon sails away,
All the types and dim shadows are failing
cr At break of this wonderful day !

May-Day Carol.

(SS. Philip and James.)

Carol 192.

Allegro moderato.


Come, let us raise our voic - es, This gladsome First of May, To Him Who decks the
mea - dows, And makes the hedgerows gay: The win-ter's cold is o - ver, The
snow is past and gone; March winds and show'rs of A - pril, Their need-ful work have done.

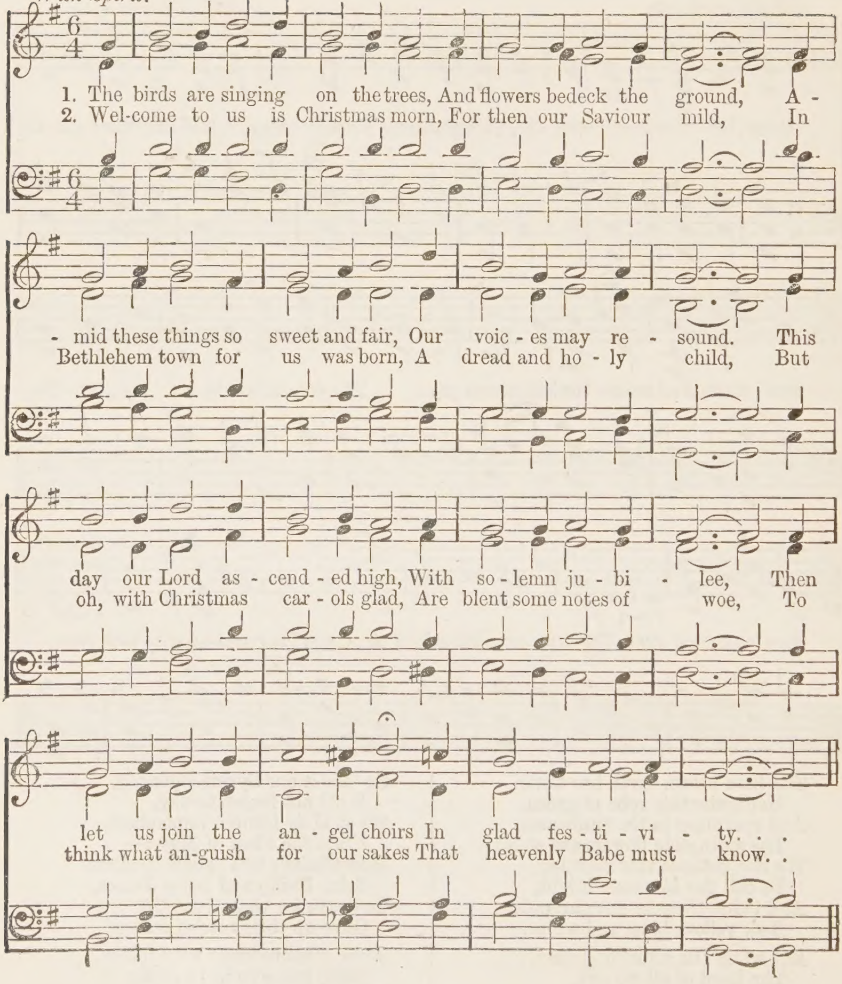
The bare brown earth has taken
Her springtide robe of green,
And sparkling in the sunbeams,
The springtide flowers are seen:
We rise betimes this morning,
To cull the blossoms bright,
And twine them in our garlands,
Red, yellow, blue, and white.

But while His gifts we gather,
The Lord of all we own,
Our choicest treasures keeping
To deck His Altar throne.
And as His dear Cross, budding,
Like Aaron's Rod of old,
Both flowers and fruit has yielded,
True Saints and Martyrs bold;—

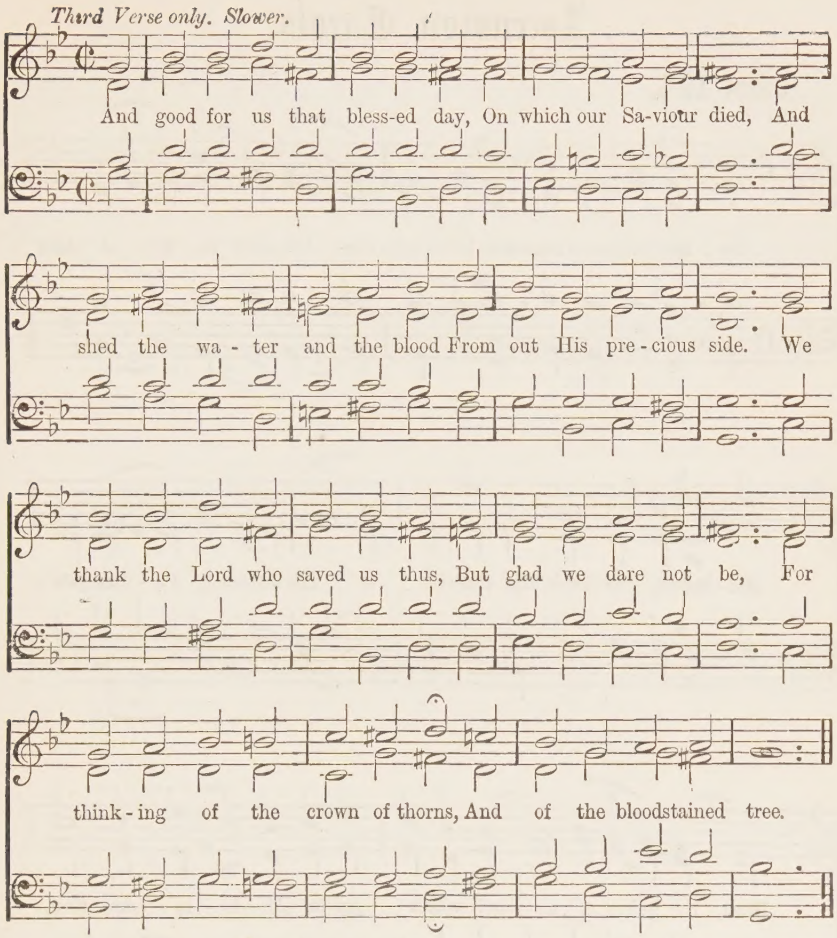
So 'midst our Spring rejoicing,
We'll not forget to-day,
What Holy Church remembers,
Upon the First of May:—
How Christ's two valiant soldiers,
Saint Philip and Saint James,
To death for their dear Master,
Gave up their mortal frames.

Their glorious steps we'll follow,
Come peace to us or strife,
With Him at hand to guide us,—
Our Way, our Truth, our Life.
And one day He will show us,
His earth-born flowers who prize,
The Roses and the Lilies,
That bloom in Paradise.

Carol 193.

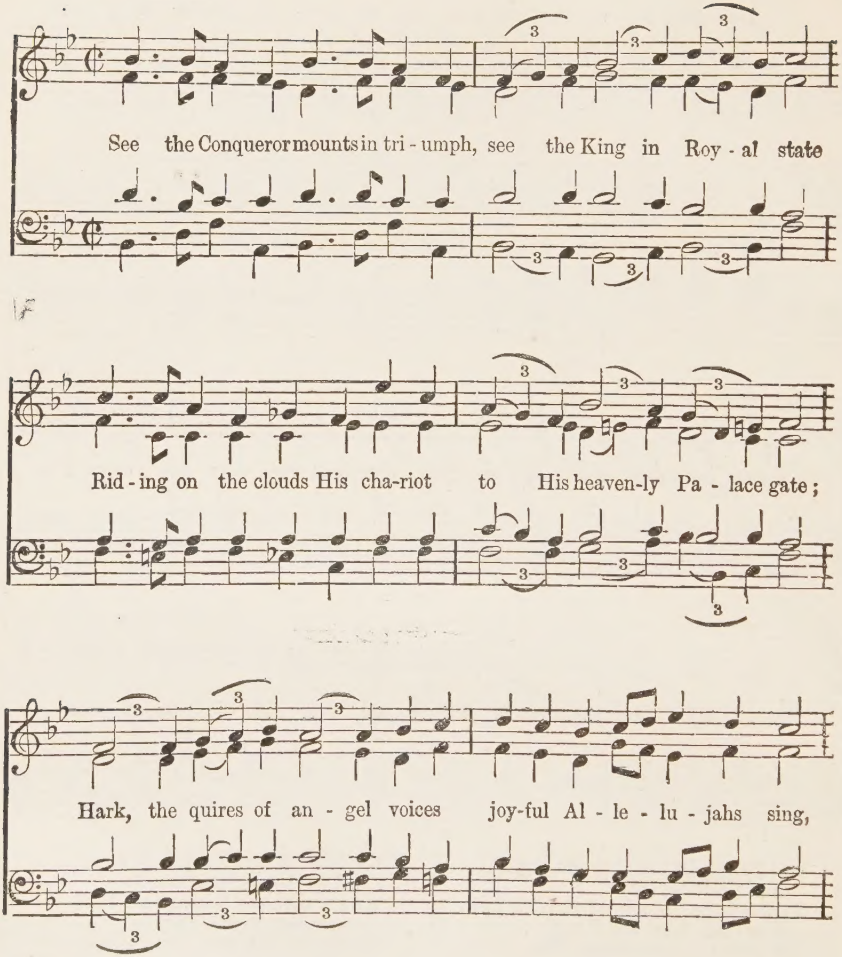
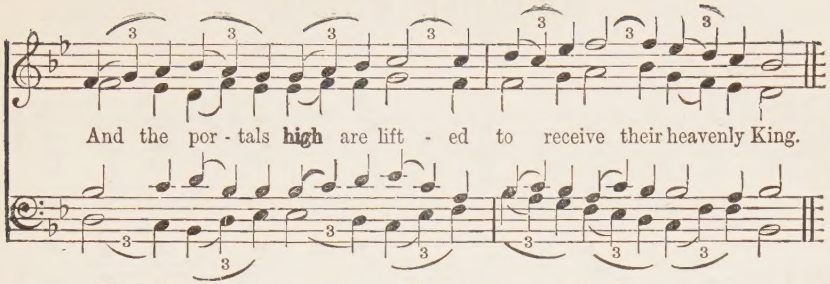
With Spirit.

1. The birds are singing on the trees, And flowers bedeck the ground, A -
2. Wel-come to us is Christmas morn, For then our Saviour mild, In
- mid these things so sweet and fair, Our voic - es may re - sound. This
Bethlehem town for us was born, A dread and ho - ly child, But
day our Lord as - cend - ed high, With so - lemn ju - bi - lee, Then
oh, with Christmas car - ols glad, Are blent some notes of woe, To
let us join the an - gel choirs In glad fes - ti - vi - ty. . .
think what an-guish for our sakes That heavenly Babe must know. .

Third Verse only. Slower.


And good for us that bless-ed day, On which our Sa-viour died, And
shed the wa - ter and the blood From out His pre - cious side. We
thank the Lord who saved us thus, But glad we dare not be, For
think - ing of the crown of thorns, And of the bloodstained tree.

4. Our Easter Day is glad and bright,
And Alleluias ring
From all the Church, to welcome back
Her risen Lord and King,
Yet not at blessed Easter tide
The triumph is complete;
Our Saviour lingers yet on earth,
Far from His Father's seat.

5. But blest Ascension Day to us
Brings happiness alone,
We joy with our triumphant Lord,
Ascending to His Throne,
The angels welcome Him on high,
With glad and solemn lay:
Then let us echo back their songs,
This bright Ascension Day.

Carol 194.

See the Conqueror mounts in tri - umph, see the King in Roy - al state
Rid - ing on the clouds His cha-riot to His heaven-ly Pa - lace gate;
Hark, the quires of an - gel voices joy-ful Al - le - lu - jahs sing,

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory ;
He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His Hands in blessing, He is parted from His friends ;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends ;
He Who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with His Blood, within the veil ;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand ;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Him in glory stand :
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ; Man with God is on the Throne ;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own.

PART II.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band ;

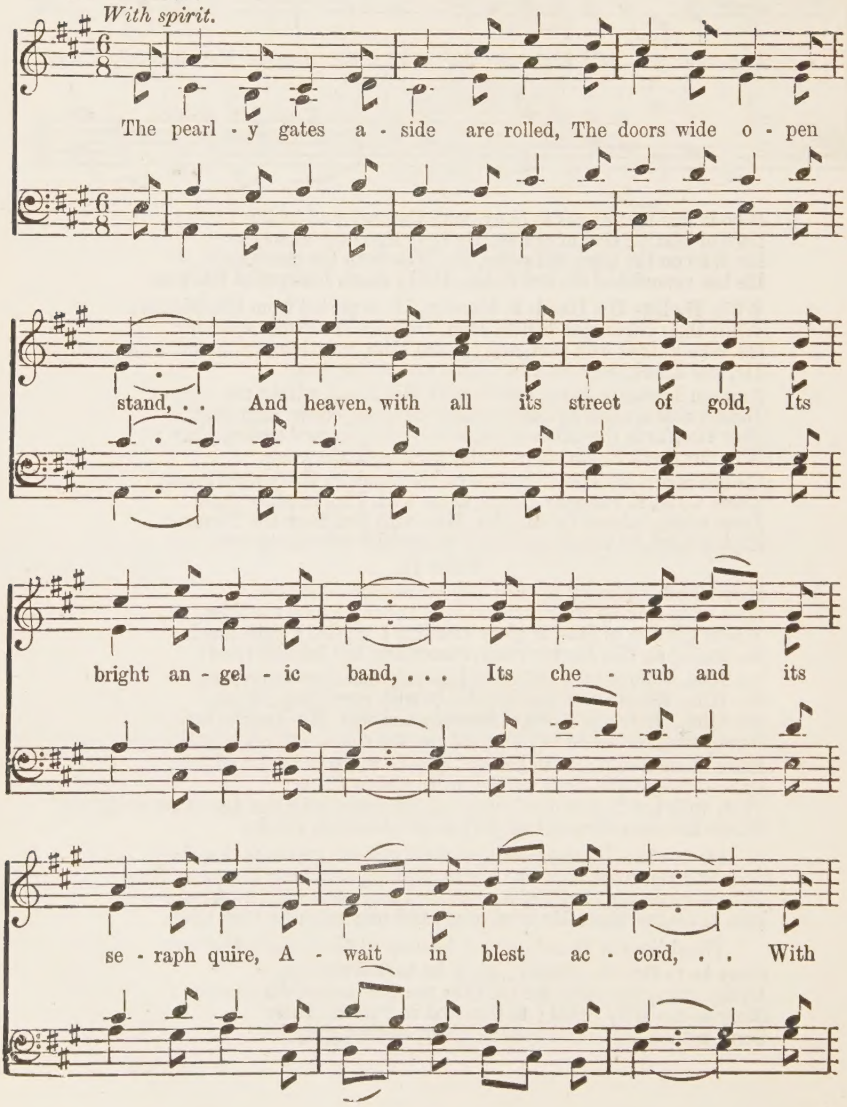
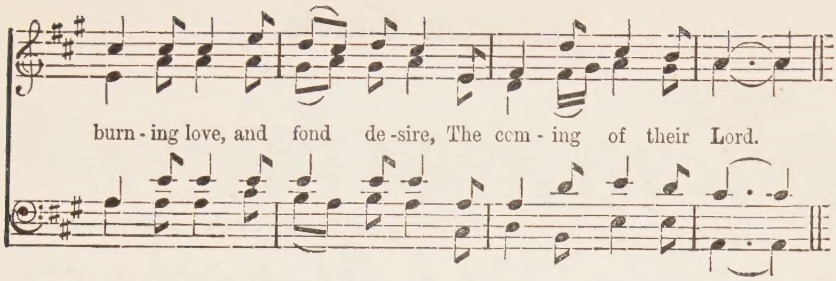
See Him, Who is gone before us heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

Raise us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above ;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our Heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

The following Doxology may be sung at the end of either part.

Glory be to God the Father ; glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ; to One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless glory be.

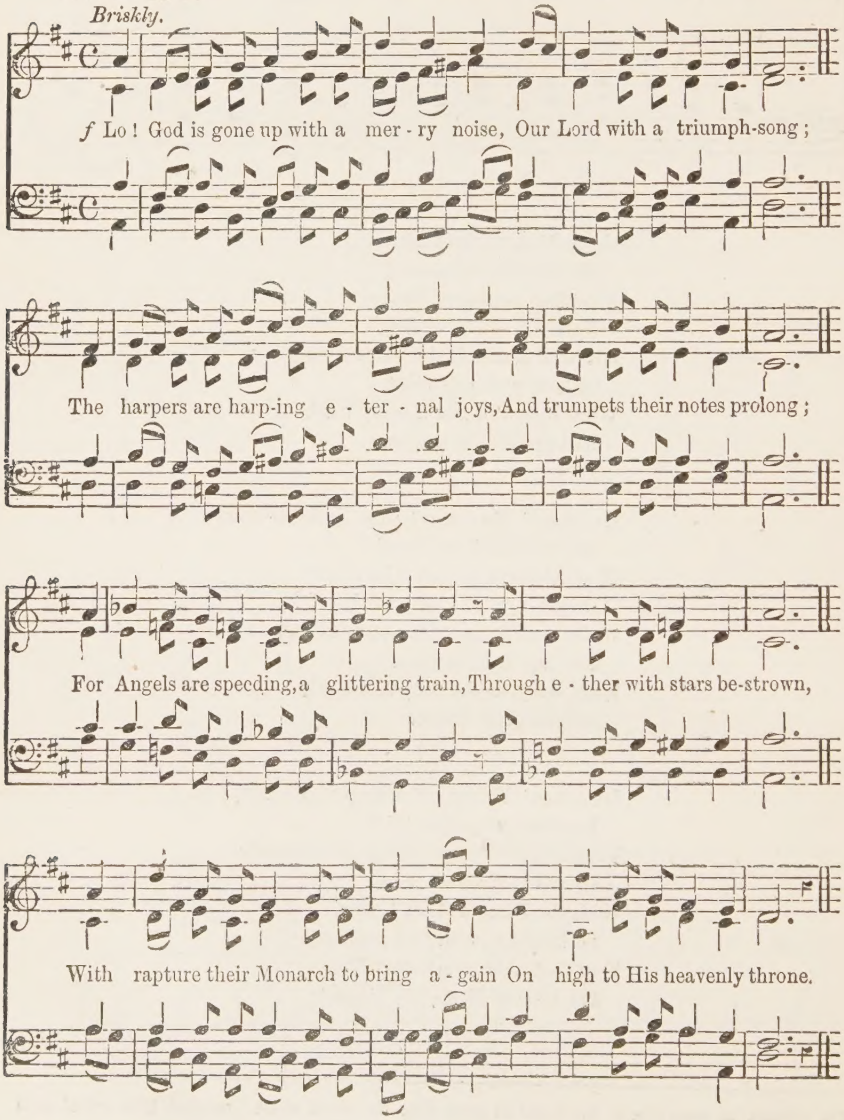
Carol 195.

With spirit.
The pearl - y gates a - side are rolled, The doors wide o - pen
stand, . . And heaven, with all its street of gold, Its
bright an - gel - ic band, . . . Its che - rub and its
se - raph quire, A - wait in blest ac - cord, . . With

He on Mount Olivet below,
His well-beloved among,
A benison must first bestow
Upon the saintly throng.
His hand is raised, the words are said
Of love, with pity blent,
While bowed in awe is every head,
And every knee is bent.

He comes! He comes! from earth He soars!
See how the living cloud
Of angel wings around Him flings
Bright rays, His form to shroud!
While steadfastly, with upturned eye,
The rapt Apostles gaze
With Mary, at the deep-veiled sky,
In silent still amaze.

He comes! He comes! lift up your heads,
Ye gates, ye portals bright!
Your Prince returns! His path He treads
To meads of amber light.
He is the King of Glory! Sing,
Ye Heavens, with loud acclaim;—
Your God, your everlasting King,
The Lord of Hosts His Name!

The allusion in verse 3 is to the belief of some that the cloud which "received Him out of their sight" was a cloud of angels.

Carol 196.

Briskly.

f Lo! God is gone up with a mer-ry noise, Our Lord with a triumph-song;
The harpers are harp-ing e-ter-nal joys, And trumpets their notes prolong;
For Angels are speeding, a glittering train, Through e-ther with stars be-strown,
With rapture their Monarch to bring a-gain On high to His heavenly throne.

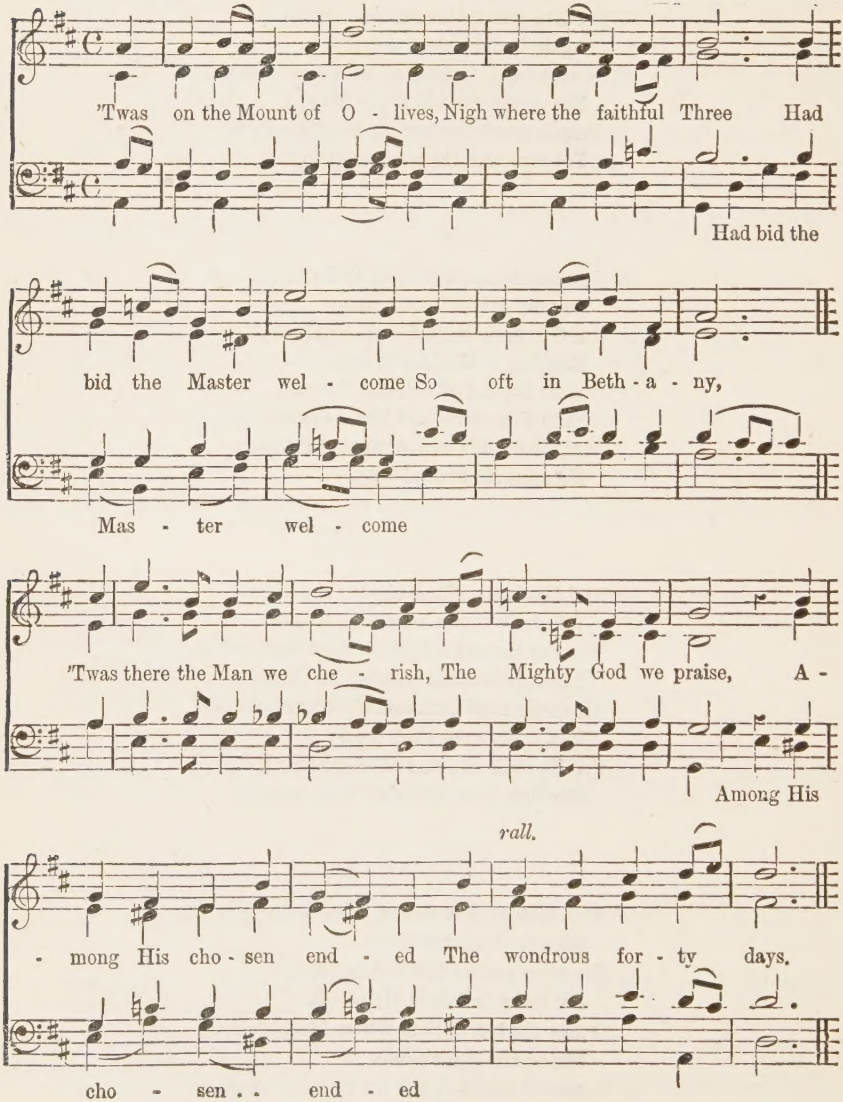
f Now lift up your heads, ye eternal gates !
Ye doors, be ye wide outspread !
For Zion the golden its Lord awaits
Again its fair street to tread.
p No more shall foul darkness His path obscure,
Nor sorrow its cold shade fling ;
Though heaviness may for a night endure,
cr Yet joys with the morn upspring.

p Because the meek Saviour to death did bow,
So unto bright heaven above
cr Our God hath exalted most highly now
The Son of His lasting love.
f Far, far beyond all celestial Powers,
Each Princedom and Throne of might,
In the land of bowers of perennial flowers
He reigns in eternal light.

f And His is the Name above ev'ry name
Which God unto Him hath given,
Whereat throughout all the terrestrial frame,
The earth's nether realms, and heaven,
All people shall own, and all tongues confess ;
Yea, every knee shall bend ;
For He shall all rule and all power possess,
Through years that shall know no end.

mf Now, high on His throne, upon God's right Hand
For ever He intercedes ;
p For every soul of His saintly band,
For living and dead He pleads.
O may the blest Spirit Whom He hath sent,
For us His Elect obtain
cr A blessed ascent, when our years are spent,
With Jesus our Lord to reign !

Carol 197.


'Twas on the Mount of O - lives, Nigh where the faithful Three Had
Had bid the
bid the Master wel - come So oft in Beth - a - ny,
Mas - ter wel - come
'Twas there the Man we che - rish, The Mighty God we praise, A -
Among His
rall.
- mong His cho - sen end - ed The wondrous for - ty days.
cho - sen . . end - ed

There was not ought about Him
The coming change to say,
Only a cloud was o'er them
As on a common day;
He stood with Hands uplifted;
He blessed; that blessing o'er,
After that earthly pattern
He will not bless them more.

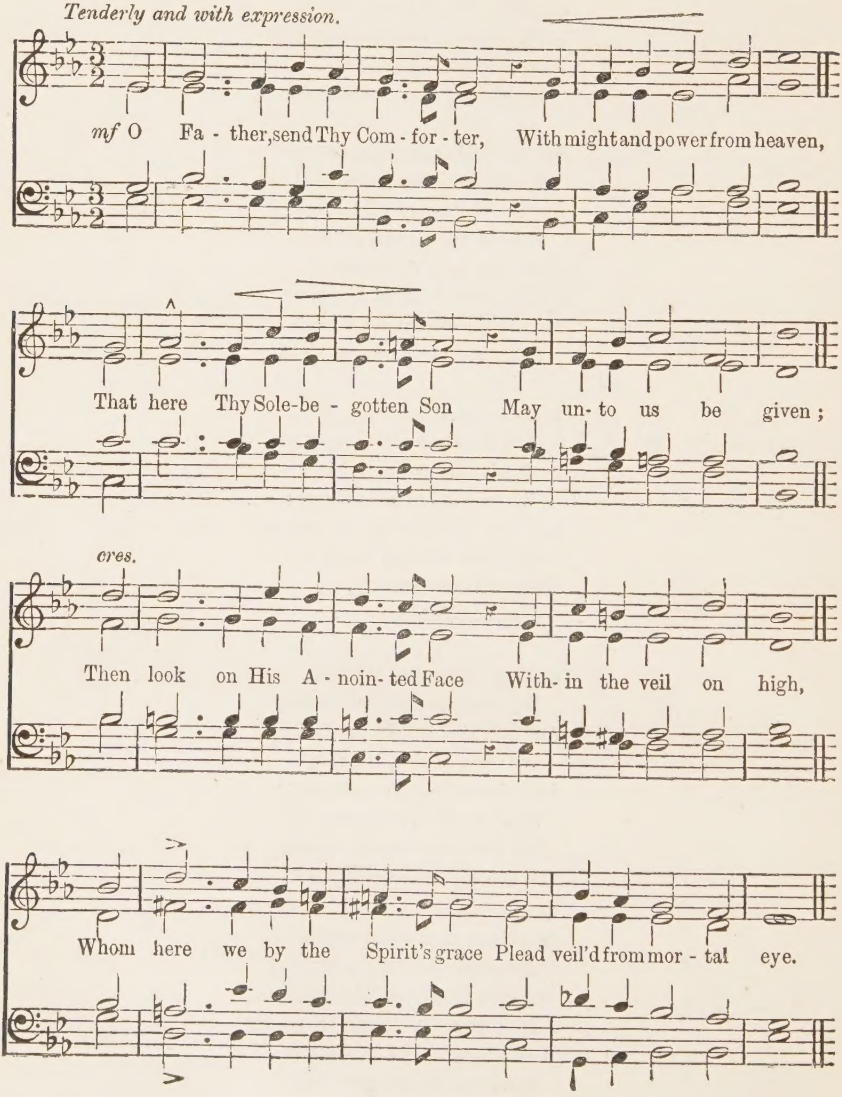
For while He spake the Saviour
Passed from this world of ill,
Far o'er the sacred village,
Far o'er the ancient hill;
Love unto Love returning,
Light unto kindred Light,
The cloud o'erhead He entered,
And passed from mortal sight.

Then Angels came foretelling,
That He shall come once more
In clouds, that we may follow
Where He has gone before;
And then His friends, descending,
Hastened with joy where lay
The towers of Sion city,
Distant a Sabbath-day.

So God went up to Heaven;
But many an age has passed,
And still the Angel's promise
We wait, in this, the last,
And oft our hearts expectant
Send up the cry of pain,
Too long, too long He lingers,
When will He come again?"

Be hushed, life weary spirits;
Not slack the work proceeds;
On earth He strives and quickens,
In heaven His Death He pleads;
With kings for nursing-fathers
Shall we, the servants, fail?
Not without Blood Divinest
Our Master passed the veil.

Carol 198.

Tenderly and with expression.

mf O Fa - ther, send Thy Com - for - ter, With might and power from heaven,
That here Thy Sole-be - gotten Son May un- to us be given;
cres.
Then look on His A - noin- ted Face With- in the veil on high,
Whom here we by the Spirit's grace Plead veil'd from mor - tal eye.

mf O Saviour! speed Thy Comforter,
Fulfil Thy promised word:
Leave not Thy people comfortless,
Thou ever loving Lord:
A little while though from the world
Thou veil'st Thine heavenly power,
Beneath Thy Dove's white wings enfurl'd
cr Thou com'st this morning hour.

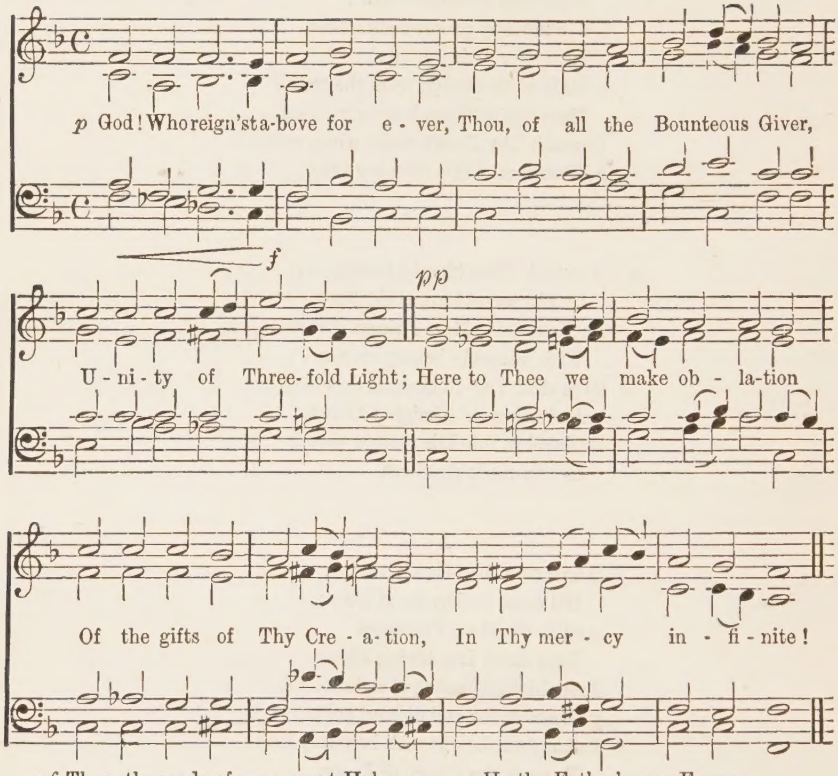
mf O come! Thou blessèd Comforter,
In Thy sweet love, come down,
As Thou didst Mary's virgin breast
With heavenly beauty crown,
cr Here shed Thy quickening dew benign
And bring th' Almighty Guest,
To dwell in this His earthly shrine
In love made manifest.

f O Trinity! Thy Comforter
Bid come in Thy great Name,
And as of old on Pentecost
Pour down His Living Flame
From highest realms of light above,
p Make doubt and discord cease;
cr Inflame our hearts with heavenly love
To meet the Prince of Peace.

f To Thee, oh promised Comforter!
cr Our Alleluias swell,
Where here, by Thine Almighty power,
God deigns with man to dwell;
Where with the Father and the Word,
Our hearts are knit for aye,
ff And Thou, blest Spirit of the Lord,
Fill'st all the world alway.

Trinity Carol.

Carol 199.


p God! Who reign'st a-bove for e - ver, Thou, of all the Bounteous Giver,
f
pp
U - ni - ty of Three-fold Light; Here to Thee we make ob - la-tion
Of the gifts of Thy Cre - a-tion, In Thy mer - cy in - fi - nite!

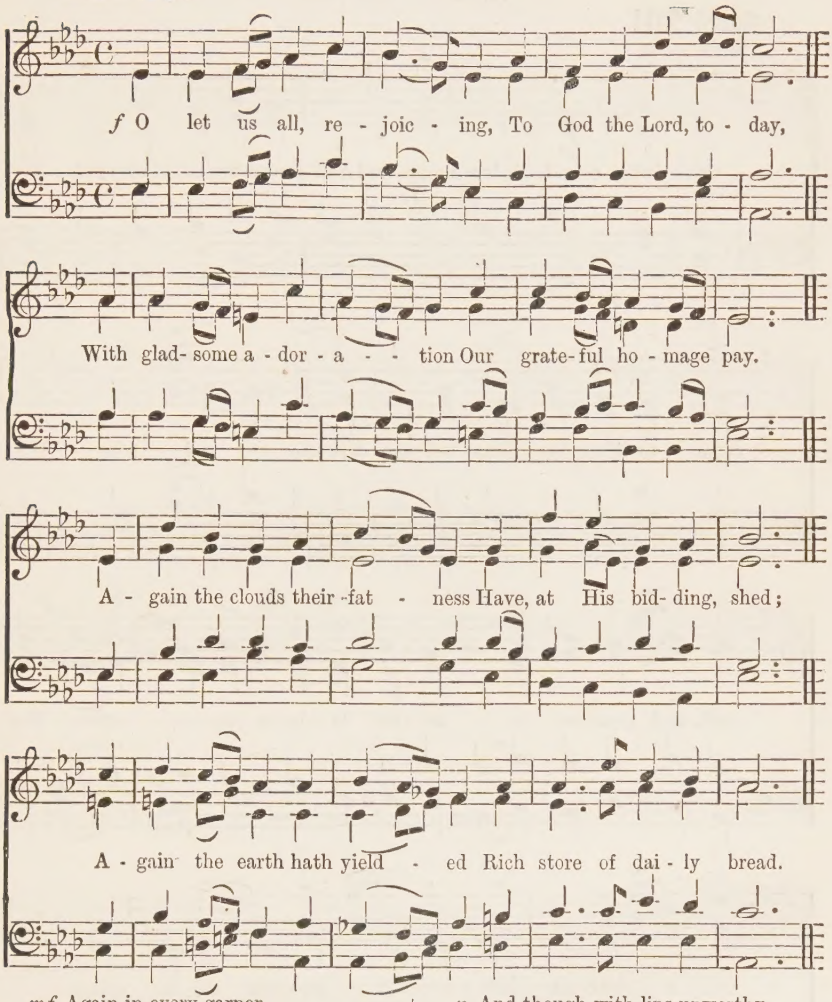
mf Thou, the made of none, most Holy,
Thou, the Son begotten solely
Ere had dawn'd Creation's birth,
Spirit, Breath of Each supernal,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
cr Here accept these fruits of earth.

p Here we to the Father bending
Plead the Sacrifice unending
Of the uncreated Son,
In the Holiest interceding,
cr By the evermore proceeding
Spirit here while ages run.

mf He Whose love can never vary,
God of God, and Man of Mary,
Lord of lords, and Light of Light,
He the Father's very Essence,
p Here bestows His sacred Presence
In this blest memorial rite.

mf O blest Trinity, in glory
Hidden thron'd ere ages hoary,
In Thy Name Thy Spirit speed
p To the Bridal Chamber lowly
Here to shrine the Lord most holy
pp God made Man, with man indeed.

p That we bowing down before Thee
In His presence may adore Thee,
cr Aye by angel-hosts adored;
mf And may they 'mid anthems swelling
cr Bear this offering to Thy dwelling,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Carol 200.

f O let us all, re - joic - ing, To God the Lord, to - day,
With glad- some a - dor - a - - - tion Our grate-ful ho - mage pay.
A - gain the clouds their -fat - ness Have, at His bid- ding, shed;
A - gain the earth hath yield - ed Rich store of dai - ly bread.

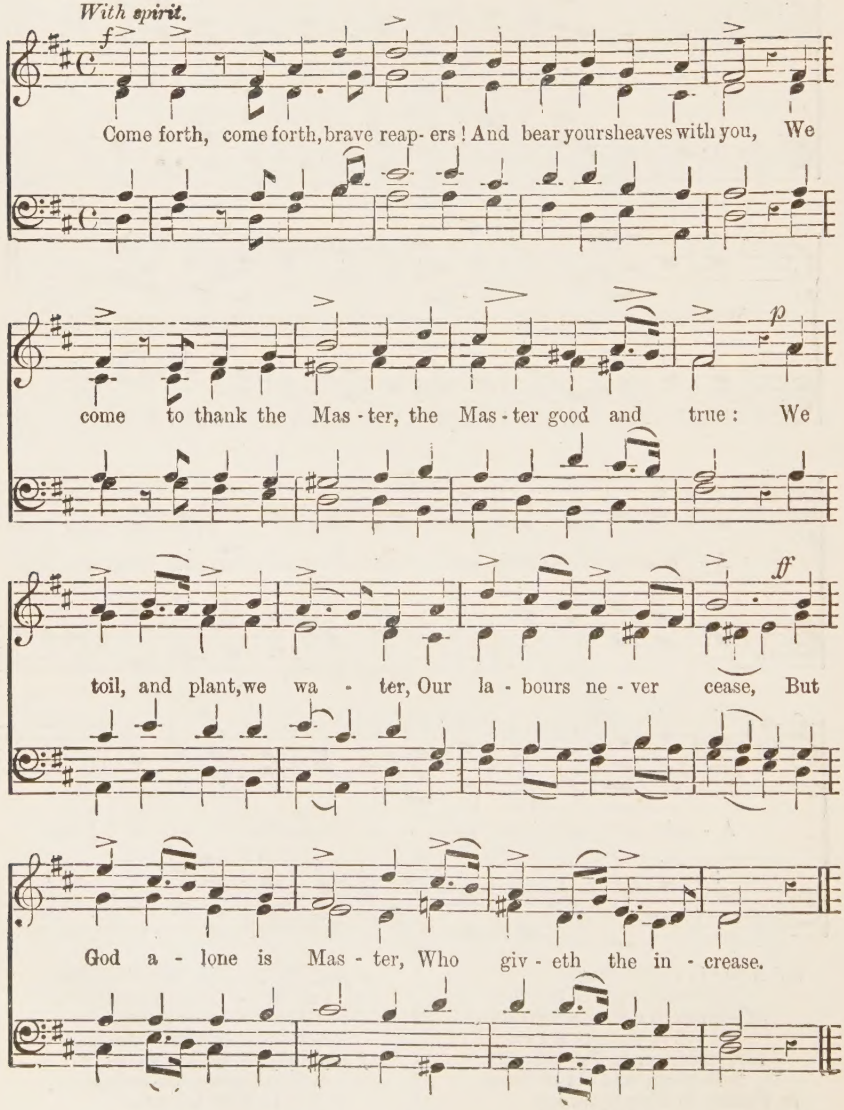
mf Again in every garner,
A plenteous winter hoard,
Safe through a Father's goodness,
The yellow sheaves are stored.
Now therefore to Thy temple
Both young and old we come,
cr Father, to Thee upraising
f Our song of Harvest Home.

p And though with lips unworthy
Our hymns of joy we sing,
For Jesu's sake forgiving,
cr Accept the praise we bring:
mf And help us, by Thy Spirit
With gifts of grace endued,
To live to Thee hereafter
f A life of gratitude.

Harbest Carols.

(Good for Processional.)

Carol 201.

With spirit.

Come forth, come forth, brave reap- ers! And bear your sheaves with you, We
come to thank the Mas - ter, the Mas - ter good and true: We
toil, and plant, we wa - ter, Our la - bours ne - ver cease, But
God a - lone is Mas - ter, Who giv - eth the in - crease.

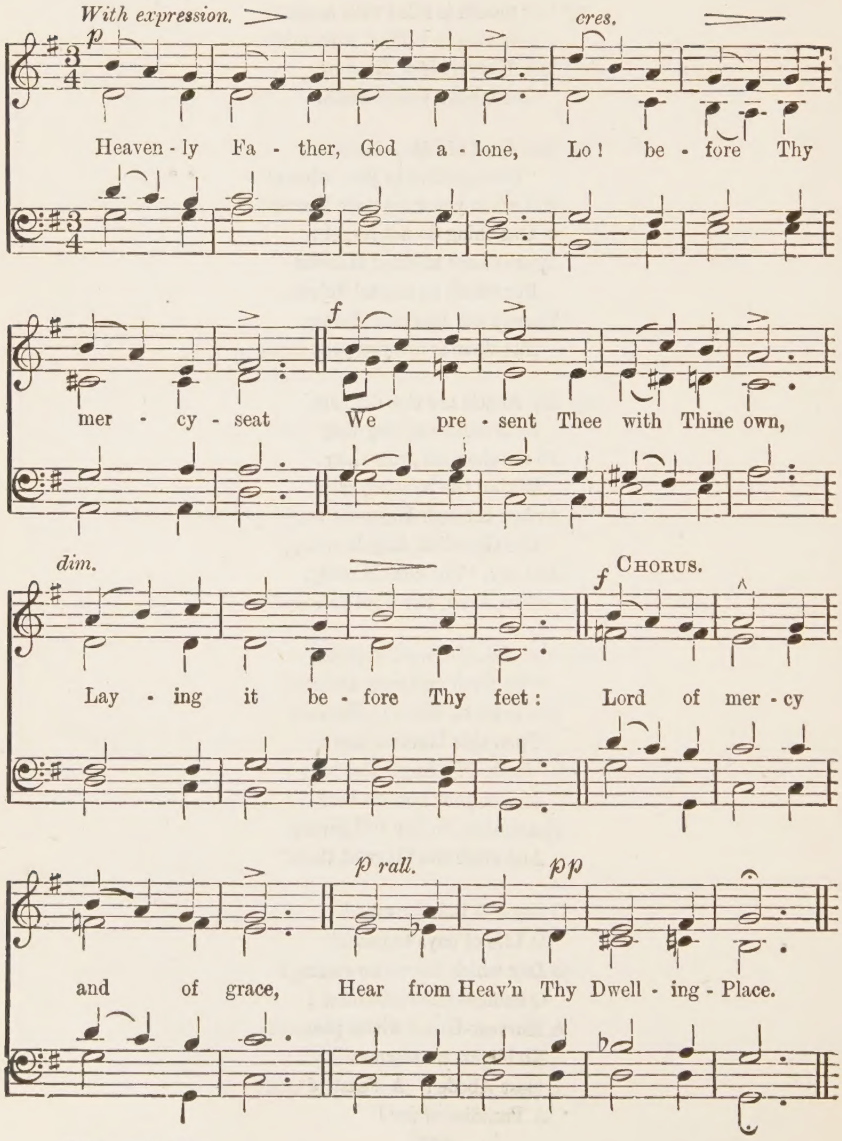
p We sow in tears and labour,
cr We reap in joy and strength,
p We tread our pathway weeping,
cr Good seed we bear at length;
mf Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The Harvest is of Heaven,
The labour was of earth.

mf The Lord of Life saith to us,
"Come gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your Harvest,
p One thing do not forget:
There comes another Harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves."

mf My Angels are the Reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow riper
Within the bending ear:
At last through Heaven's bright portal
The Guardian Angels sweep,
And say, 'The corn is ready,
Give, Lord, the word to reap.'"

mf And then the word is given,
"Go forth and reap the corn,
The fields so white to Harvest
Upon this Harvest morn:
Go forth, My Angel Reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to My full garner,
And store the Harvest there."

O Joy! O Life for ever!
O Life of days to come!
O Day which knows no ending!
O endless Harvest-Home!
A Harvest-Home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest Abode! A Feast of God!
A Paradise of joy!

Carol 202.

With expression.
p
cres.
Heaven - ly Fa - ther, God a - lone, Lo! be - fore Thy
f
mer - cy - seat We pre - sent Thee with Thine own,
dim.
f
CHORUS.
Lay - ing it be - fore Thy feet: Lord of mer - cy
p rall.
pp
and of grace, Hear from Heav'n Thy Dwell - ing - Place.

mf Sheaves of wheat before Thee lie,
Bending low the heavy ear;
Bearded barley, grave ally
With the fragile oat, is here:

mf Clusters of the clinging vine
Tenderly the corn-sheaves span,
With the Bread they join the Wine
To make glad the heart of man:

mf Wedded cherries, ripe and red,
Round the capitals are twined;
And the parsley hangs her head,
Filling up the space behind:

mf Pears from many an orchard smile
All along the window pane;
Rosy apples blush meanwhile
On the rich and golden grain:

mf Joy is here; but joy will go
Faster than these fruits decay,
And the life of man below
Buds, and blooms, (*p*) and fades away:

p Summer days are past and gone,
Autumn sunshine will not last,
And bright moments, one by one,
Drop away into the past:

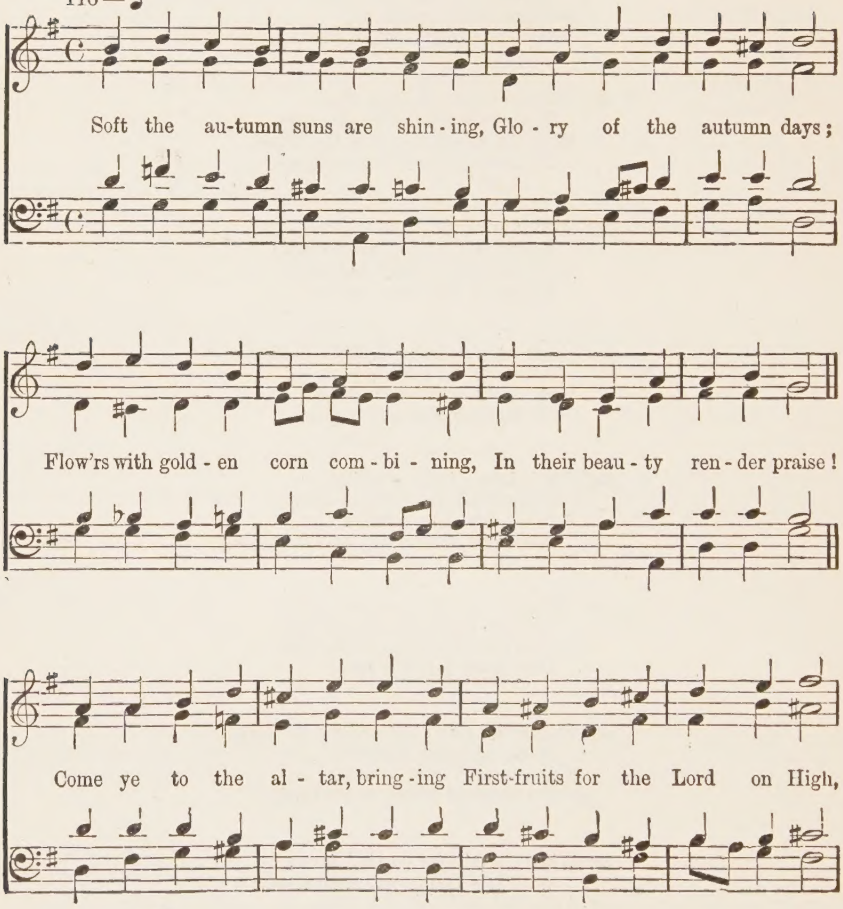
mf Thanks we give: (*p*) and yet we pray
In our Harvest Festival,
Teach us all to live to-day,
pp For the Day which comes to all:

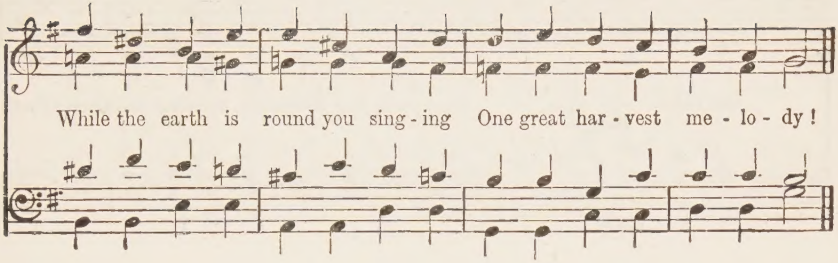
pp When the Master on that Morn
With His Harvesters shall come,
cr And shall gather in His corn,
For the last great Harvest-Home:

mf And the Angels reap the wheat,
And bind up the ears of gold,
Yielding fruit about His feet
Fifty and a hundredfold:
f Bear these sheaves, O Lord of Grace,
Into Heaven Thy Dwelling-Place!

Carol 203.

116 = ♩


Soft the au-tumn suns are shin-ing, Glo-ry of the autumn days;
Flow'rs with gold-en corn com-bi-ning, In their beau-ty ren-der praise!
Come ye to the al-tar, bring-ing First-fruits for the Lord on High,



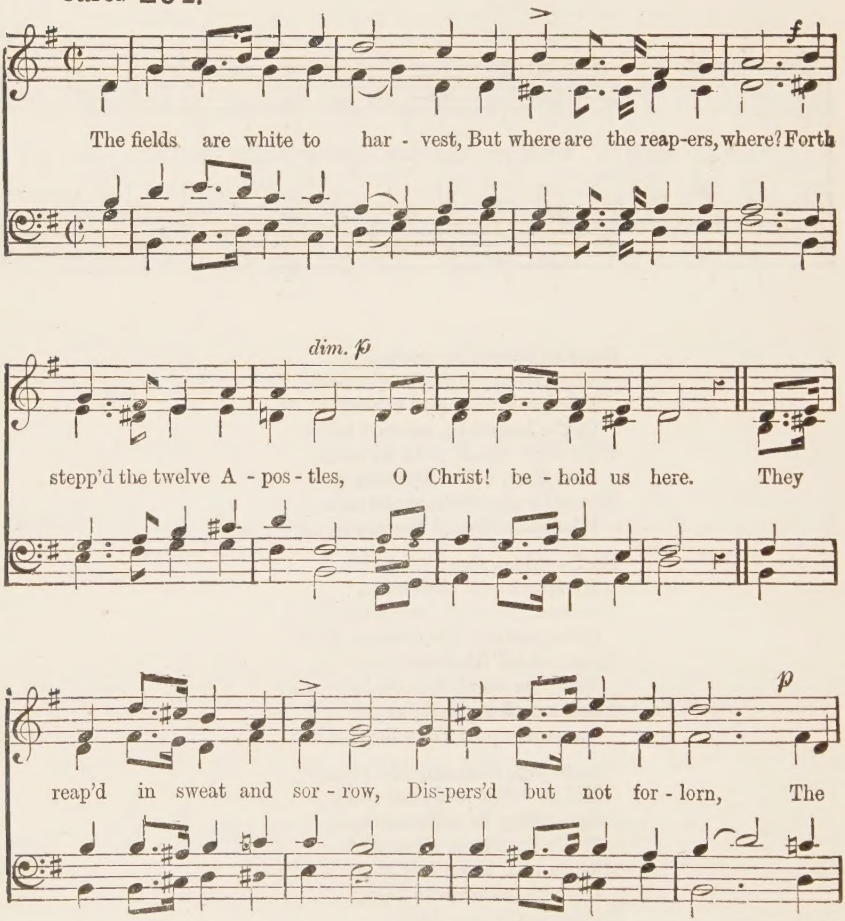
Come ye reapers in procession,
Who have reaped a hundred-fold,
Join in praise and glad confession
Of the heaped-up measure told—
With the fruits of earth all laden,
Offer them before His shrine,
Who with corn sustains the maiden,
Who hath cheered the youths with wine.

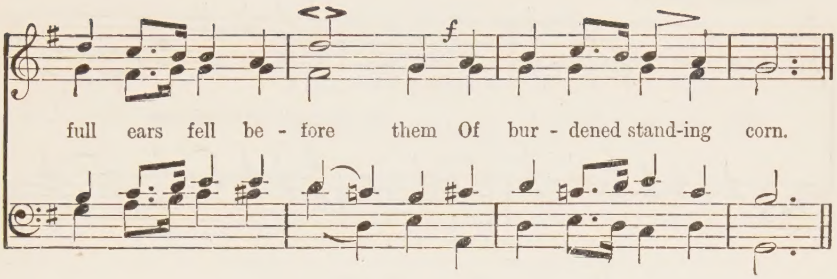
Bind a golden sheaf before Him,
By His altar it shall stand :
Corn and fruit shall here adore Him,
Gifts from out His gracious Hand.
Many a sheaf His Love is reaping,
From the world His feet have trod,
Safely stored in angel keeping,
Garnered up on High for God.

Forests high shall sing His praises ;
Hill to valley loud shall call ;
Deep on deep its voice upraises,
While the sunset kisses all !
May we with Thy whole creation
Offer up ourselves to Thee,
Joining in the one oblation,
To the Blessed One in Three.

Harvest Carols.

(St. Augustine of Canterbury.)

Carol 204.

The fields are white to har - vest, But where are the reap-ers, where? Forth
dim. p
stepp'd the twelve A - pos - tles, O Christ! be - hold us here. They
p
reap'd in sweat and sor - row, Dis-pers'd but not for - lorn, The



To labourers fainting, bleeding,
To eyes that fill with tears,
Still on the blue horizon
A new white field appears.
"To where the angel faces
Look pleadingly to Rome,
And green ears daily ripen,
Go forth from friend and home."

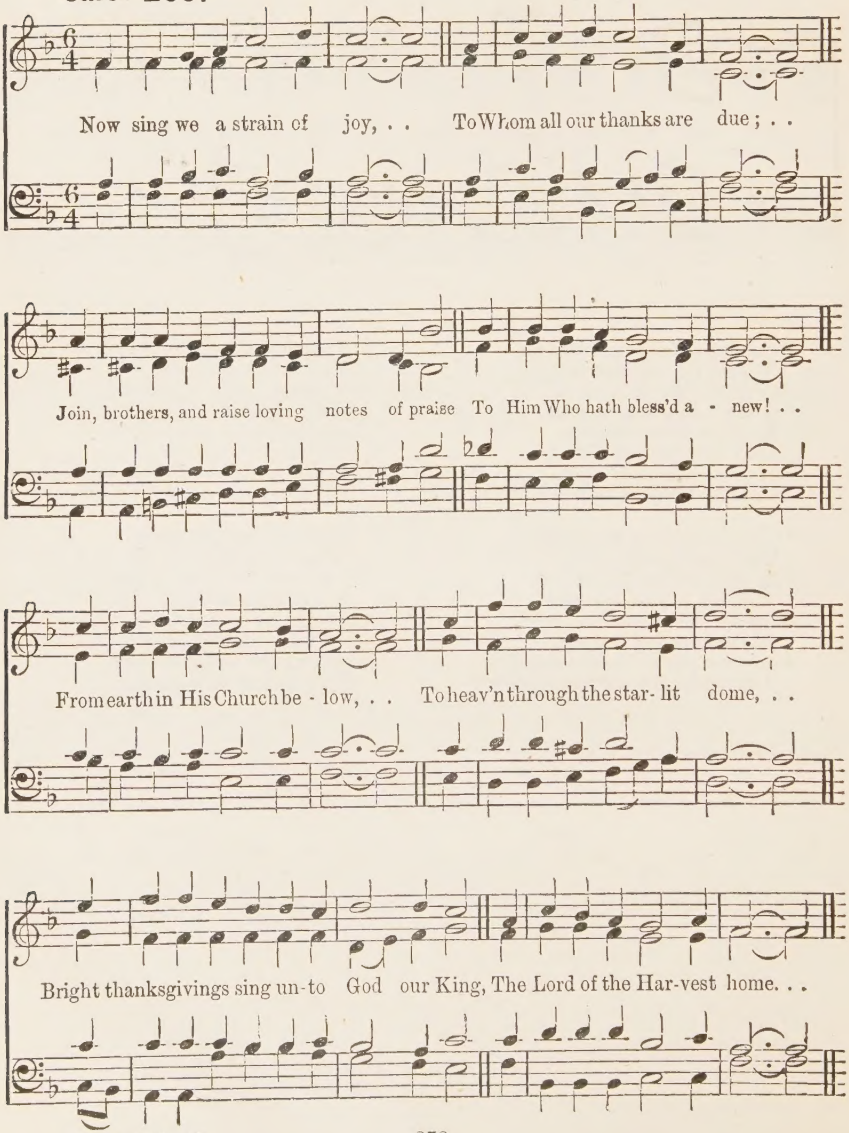
"I go," says brave Augustine,
The gospel on his heart,
"In the great harvest labour,
With joy to take my part."
On white cliffs where the eagle
Of Cæsar once did perch,
Augustine plants Christ's standard,
And founds the Christian Church.

And through the sweep of ages
His followers are seen,
Now sowing, and now reaping,
Fields ripening and green.
The garners brim not over,
The labourers are few,
Though God still sends His sunshine,
And drops His quickening dew.

O Master of the corn-fields,
Call as Thou didst of old!
Men's hearts will leap to labour,
And reap the growing gold.
And what for us Augustine
Did work, we will repay,
To other lands where whitens
God's harvest field to-day.

Harvest Carols.

(Good for Processional.)

Carol 205.

Now sing we a strain of joy, . . To Whom all our thanks are due; . .
Join, brothers, and raise loving notes of praise To Him Who hath bless'd a - new! . .
From earth in His Church be - low, . . To heav'n through the star- lit dome, . .
Bright thanksgivings sing un-to God our King, The Lord of the Har-vest home. . .

For He, with His eye of love,
Hath look'd on each furrow'd field;
The newly-sown grain He hath bless'd amain,
Rich stores of ripe wheat to yield:
Cold, heat, with the rain and wind,
In turn o'er the land are borne;
By Him they are sent, and they help have lent
To ripen the golden corn!

O God! Thou art kind and good!
The eyes of all wait on Thee,
Who feedest the ravens that cry for food,
The birds of the greenwood tree.
Though famine or dearth may loom,
Yet still doth Thy love prevail;
While earth doth abide will our God provide
That seed-time nor harvest fail.

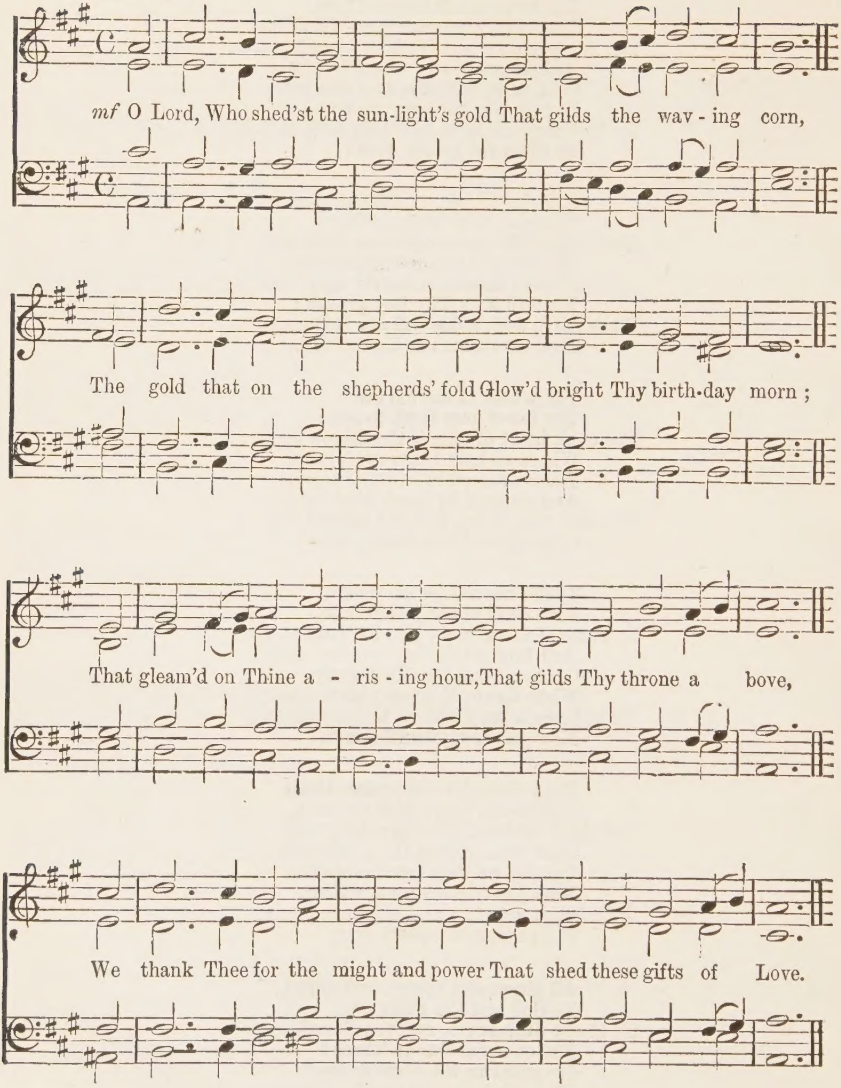
The wheat of eternal life
The sower goes forth to sow;
The weak heart of man is the narrow span
Where all holy fruits must grow.
There watered by contrite tears,
And warmed by love's kindling ray,
The seed cometh up, and the fruitful ears
Grow ripe for the lasting day.

Thrice blessed for evermore,
Rich heirs of the joys untold,
In whom the seed sown into life hath grown
And brought forth a hundred-fold!
Of them shall the Master say,
When dawns the great harvest-morn,
"The tares being gather'd, to burn for aye,
Now garner my fruitful corn!"

Then come, let our praises blend,
Uplifted to God's high throne;
Both body and soul He alike doth tend,
Then both should His glories own.
Upraise we then heart and voice
With joy to our heav'nly King,
With happy refrain; and in joyous strain,
Our praises of rapture sing.

All glory, and power, and might,
To God and the Father be,
To Christ Jesu sweet, and the Paraclete,
The co-equal One in Three!
He grant us the hosts to swell,
Through heavenly meads who roam,
Where bright angel-reapers with Jesus dwell,
The Lord of the Harvest home!

Carol 206.


mf O Lord, Who shed'st the sun-light's gold That gilds the wav - ing corn,
The gold that on the shepherds' fold Glow'd bright Thy birth-day morn ;
That gleam'd on Thine a - ris - ing hour, That gilds Thy throne a bove,
We thank Thee for the might and power That shed these gifts of Love.

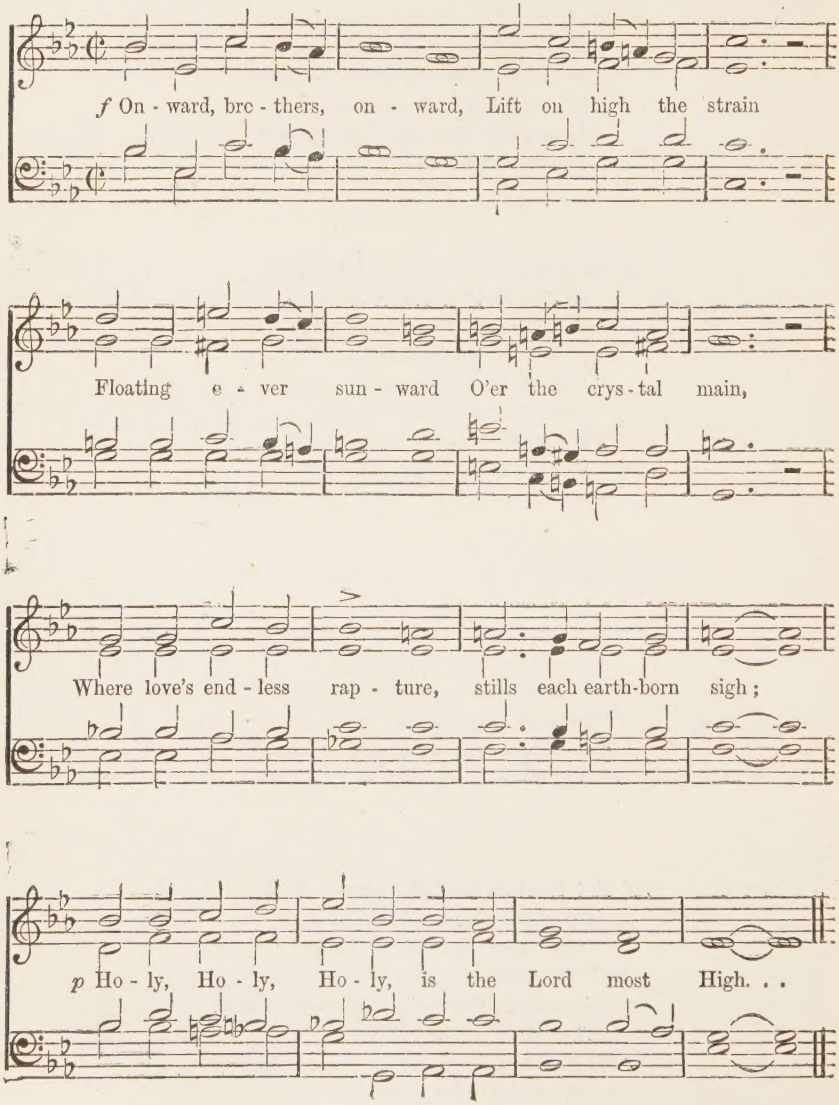
mf Still here the golden glory stays,
A boundless treasure yields,
As here in Eucharist we raise
The first-fruits of our fields ;
The Light of heaven to earth drawn near,
The Lamb Who died to save,
Who God and Man, One Christ is here,
cr The first-fruits of the grave.

mf We thank Thee for the golden showers
That decked the bowers in spring,
And golden fruit the autumn hours
Now to our orchards bring :
We thank Thee for the golden grain
Now bound in harvest sheaves,
While round our path, like golden rain,
Fall soft the autumn leaves.

p Oh softly flows the golden light
Upon our harvest mirth,
So comes Thy gold-winged angels' flight
Across the fields of earth ;
The ripened grain, the tender flowers,
In peace to gather in,
Ere close the long, dark, sunless hours,
cr And winter storms begin.

mf Oh ! grant us, Lord, the harvest done,
Earth's fleeting shadows o'er,
To rest where shines the golden sun
cr Upon the golden floor ;
Where saints, their golden crowns cast down
Thy golden throne before,
f Where golden harps earth's discords drown,
cr And strains of joy outpour.

Processional Carol.

Carol 207.

f On - ward, bre - thers, on - ward, Lift on high the strain
Floating e - ver sun - ward O'er the crys - tal main,
Where love's end - less rap - ture, stills each earth-born sigh;
p Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, is the Lord most High. . .

mf Onward, though in sadness,
Though the night be dark,
cr Though the waves in madness
Toss around the ark:
Still above the tempest raise the victor song,
ff "Glory, laud and honour to our God belong."

mf Onward! Still before us
Floats the incense cloud,
cr God in love shines o'er us
Through the battle-shroud,
Who through light and shadow led His people's flight—
p Holy, Holy, Holy—in His loving might.

f Onward! through the waters
cr Of the rolling sea,—
Israel's sons and daughters
Evermore are free,—
Through the desert chanting with the ransom'd throng,
"Glory, laud and honour to our God belong."

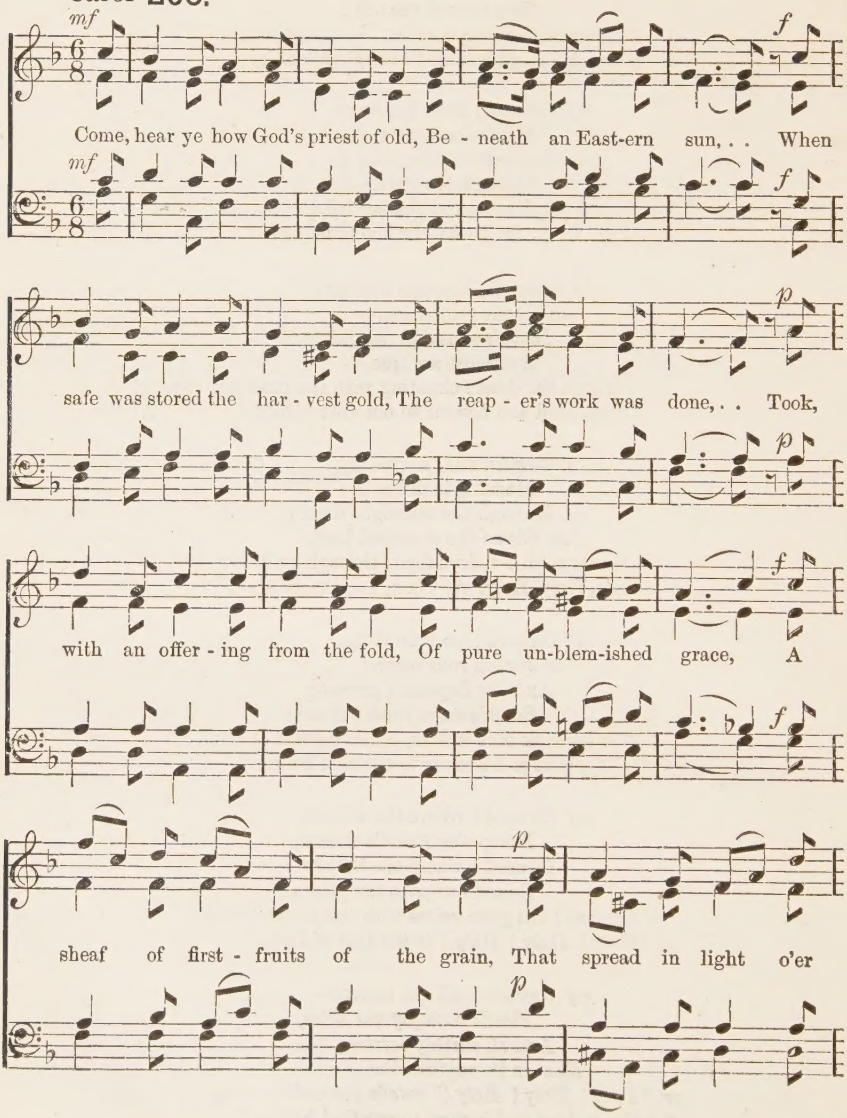
f Onward still, nor weary,
Morning is at hand,
Through the midnight dreary
cr Glows the promised land,
O'er its golden valleys floats through endless rest,
p "Holy, Holy, Holy, art Thou, Lord most blest."

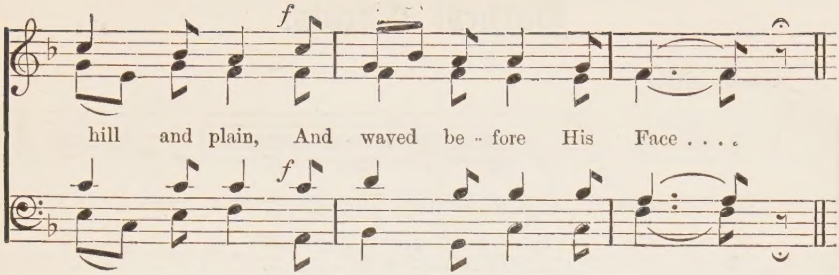
mf Onward! no retreating,
cr Jordan rolls before,
And our Captain's greeting
Sounds from yonder shore;
O'er its dark blue waters, comes a burst of song,
ff "Glory, laud and honour to our God belong."

mf Onward! where the willows
Droop o'er Babel's stream,
Onward! where the billows
Round our pathway gleam,
cr Onward! lift your voices with the choirs above,
p "Holy! Holy! Holy! is the God of Love."

mf Onward! till the morrow
Floods with joy the skies,
And all earthly sorrow
dim In its rapture dies.
cr "Holy! Holy! Holy!" swells the endless song,
ff "Glory, laud and honour to our God belong."

Carol 208.


mf
f
Come, hear ye how God's priest of old, Be - neath an East-ern sun, . . When
mf
f
p
safe was stored the har - vest gold, The reap - er's work was done, . . Took,
p
f
with an offer - ing from the fold, Of pure un-blem-ished grace, A
f
p
sheaf of first - fruits of the grain, That spread in light o'er
p

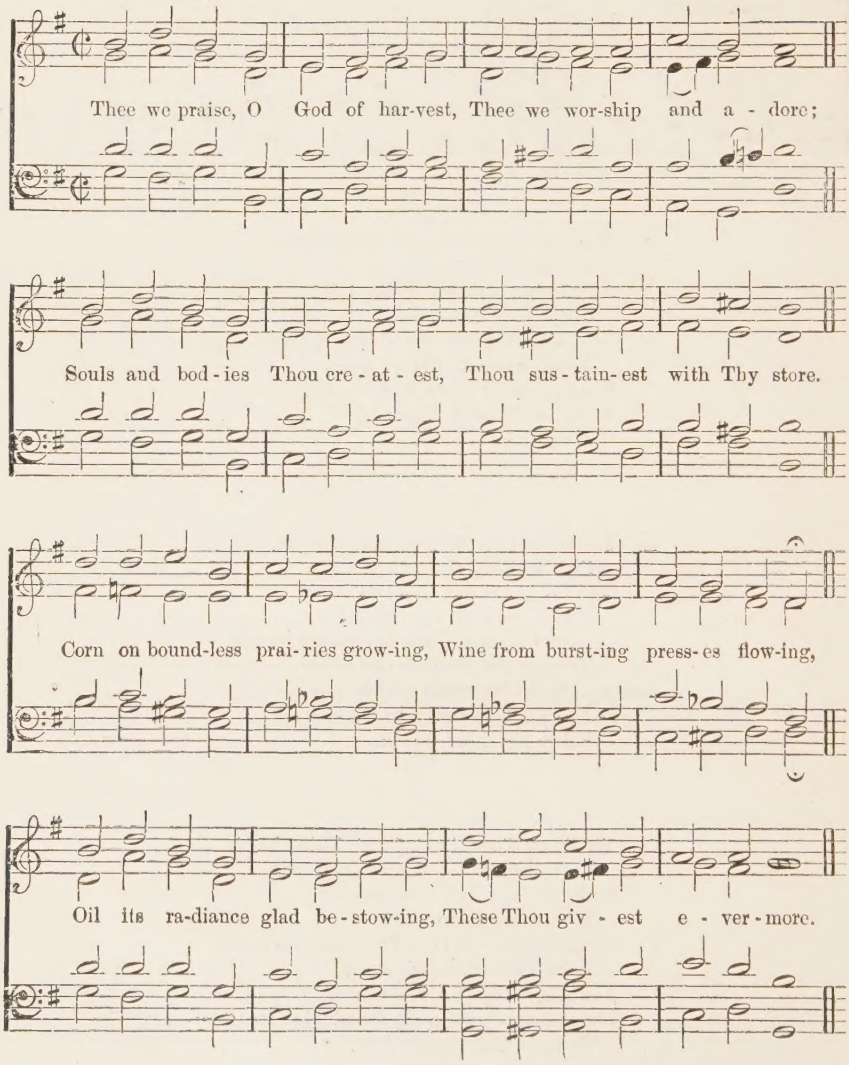


mf Thus was the harvest-joy out-poured,
The garner sanctified,
An offering meet before the Lord
A Spotless Victim died:
cr Thus Christ, the Lamb of God, adored
'Neath harvest gifts we raise,
The first-fruits of the field of earth,
Accepted Sheaf of Easter-birth,
f A Sacrifice of praise.

mf The harvest Sheaf, then, hither bring,
First-fruits of all earth yields,
And lay before our Gracious King
Who blessed our harvest fields;
Of gifts that from life's flower-clad Spring
Have strewn the path ye trod,—
dim As soft fall Autumn's golden leaves,-
In homage lay your garnered sheaves
cr Before the sheaf of God.

f We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thine hand
Hath showered, and pray its might
To bring us to Thy promised land
Of endless golden light:
ff Where Saints,—to God Thy first-fruit band,
Make Thee obeisance meet,
And one, elected harvest Sheaf,
The heaven's wide plain round Thee its Chief
Waves at Thy Sacred Feet.

Carol 209.


Thee we praise, O God of har-vest, Thee we wor-ship and a - dore;
Souls and bod-ies Thou cre-at-est, Thou sus-tain-est with Thy store.
Corn on bound-less prai-ries grow-ing, Wine from burst-ing press-es flow-ing,
Oil its ra-diance glad be-stow-ing, These Thou giv-est e-ver-more.

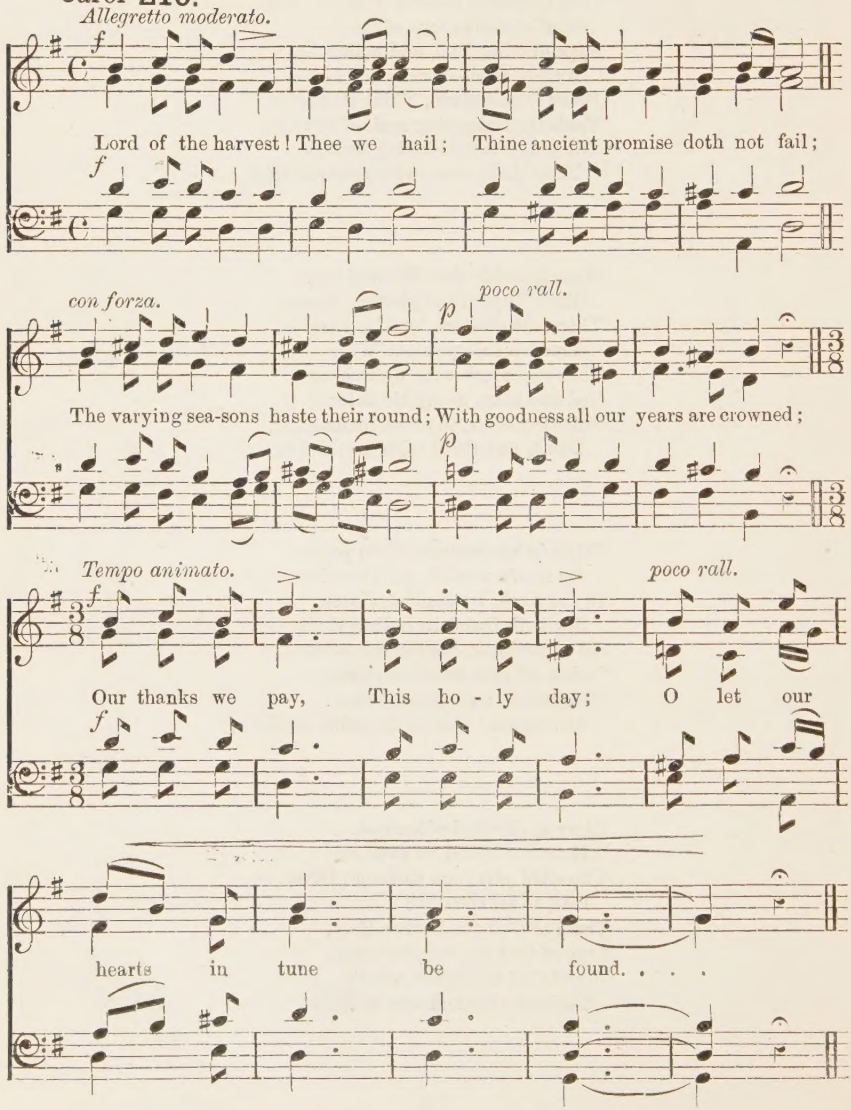
Corn in golden sheaves Thou sendest,
Staff of life to sons of men,
Type of other food, and nobler—
Angels' food—vouchsafed again.
Bread from heaven, Thine its leaven,
Feeds the hungering souls of mortals,
Till from out the shining portals
Thou shalt come, with power to reign.

Wine in ruddy flow Thou givest,
Thou Thyself the glorious Vine;
Thine the clusters, by Thy Passion
Trodden into precious Wine.
Thus appeareth wine that cheereth
God and man, in mystic union;
Thirsting souls, in sweet communion,
Drink, and thrill with love divine.

Oil in balmy streams Thou pourest
On man's wounds, with healing wine
In the Rock, by anguish cloven,
Joy hath found its holiest shrine.
Oil of gladness, conquering sadness,
Laden all with sweetest spices,
Everywhere its fragrance rises,
Through all glooms its lights do shine.

Glory to the God of harvest,
Henceforth and for ever be;
Threefold gift from threefold Giver,—
One, to all eternity:
Truth of God the Father Holy,
Love of God the Saviour lowly,
Joy of God the Spirit, wholly
Three in One and One in Three.

Carol 210.

Allegretto moderato.

f
Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail; Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
con forza.
poco rall.
p
The varying sea-sons haste their round; With goodness all our years are crowned;
Tempo animato.
poco rall.
Our thanks we pay, This ho - ly day; O let our
hearts in tune be found. . . .

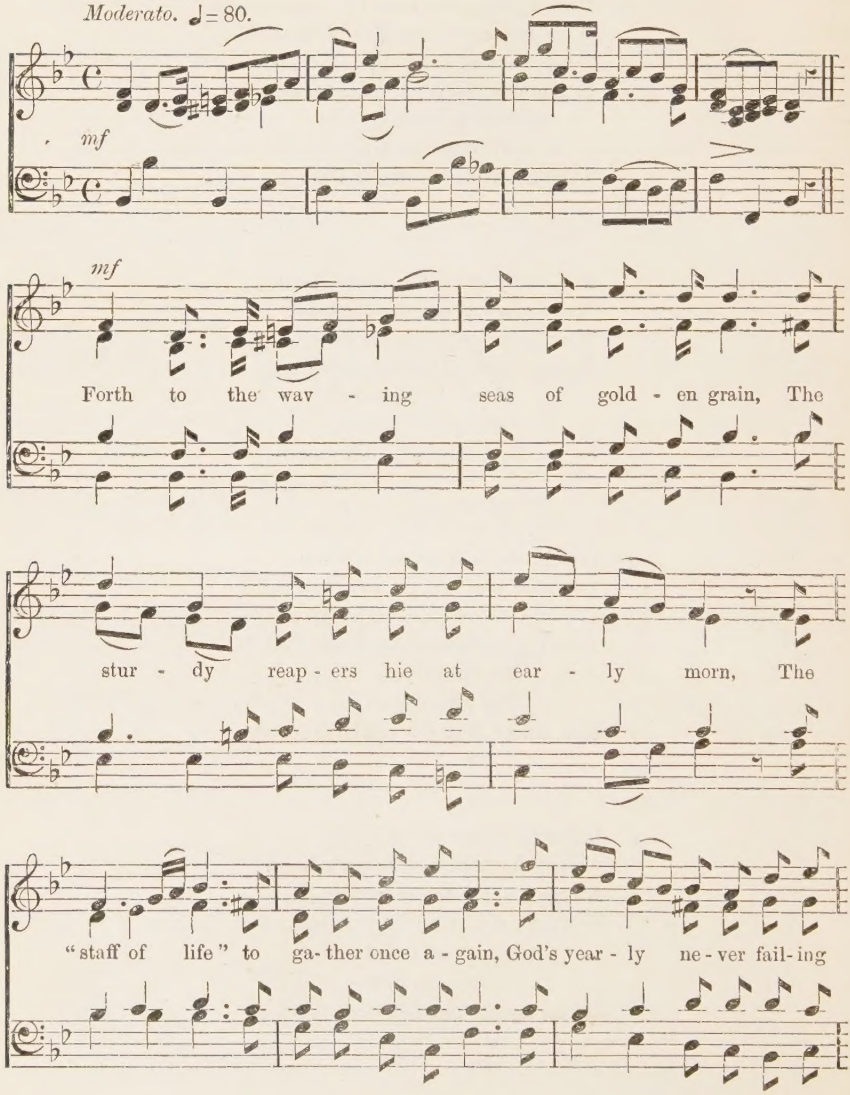
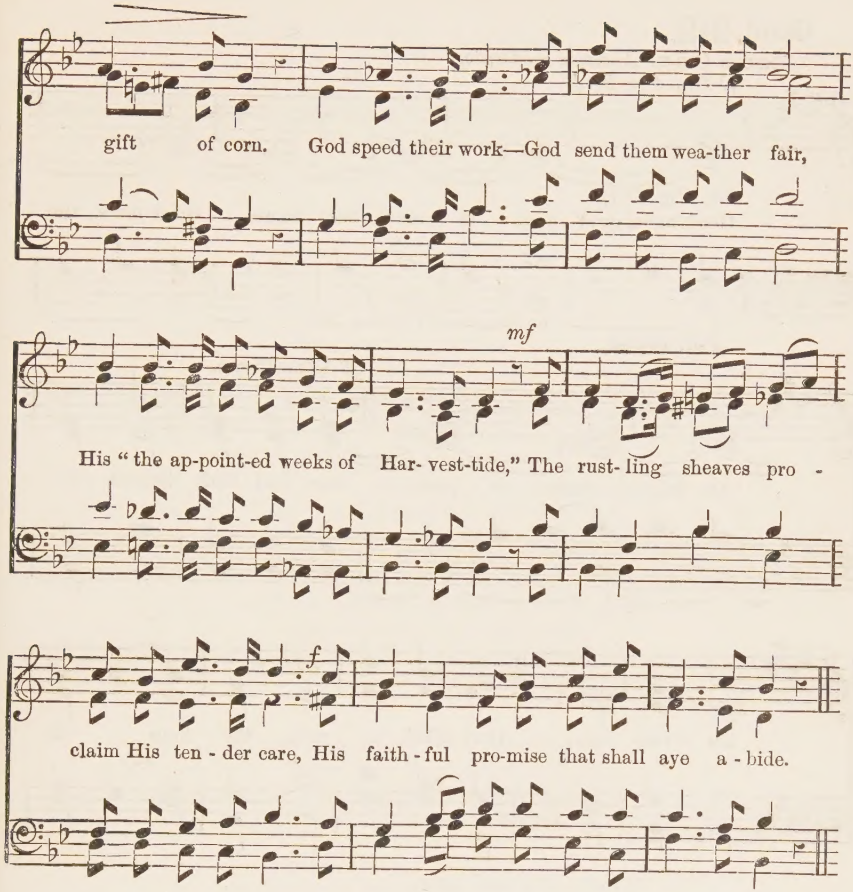
mf When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
cr Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
f Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal Hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land;
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

mf Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
cr New every year
Thy gifts appear;
f New praises from our lips shall sound.

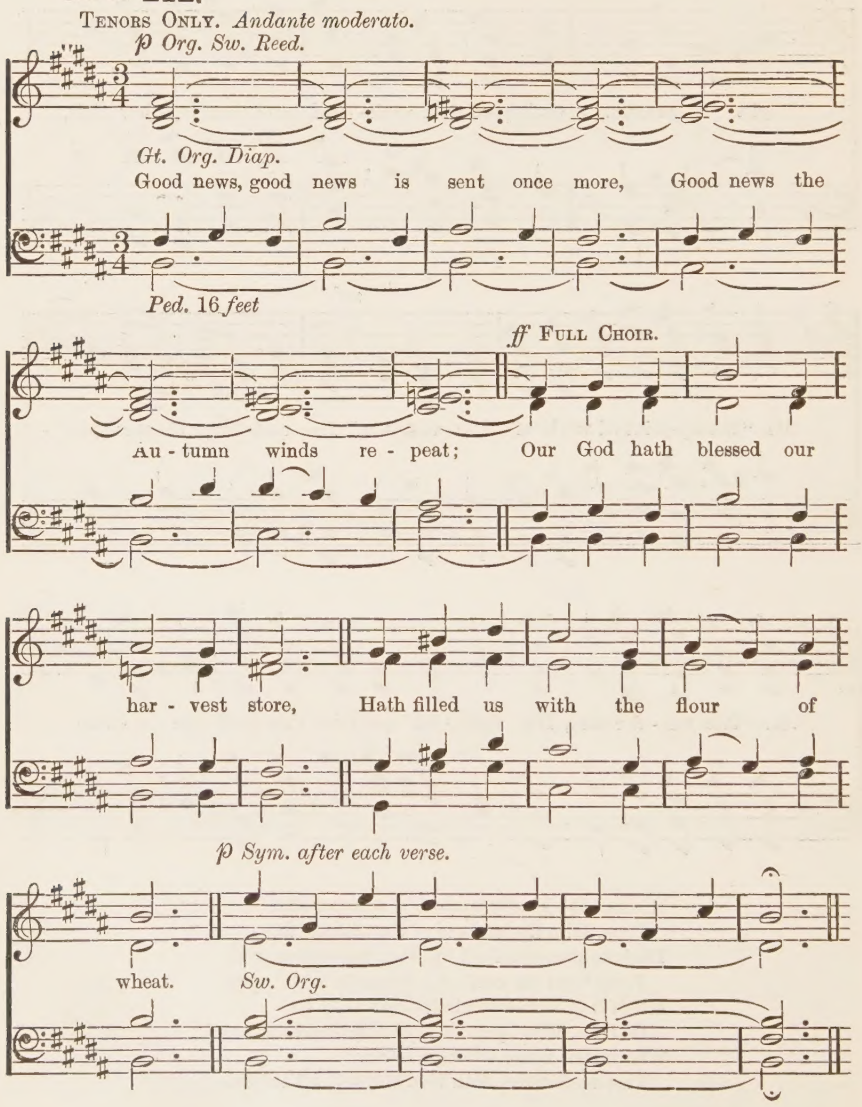
ff Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's Name.
All glory to the Incarnate Son,
Who for lost man redemption won;
And equal praise
To Thee we raise,
Eternal Spirit, Three in One.

Carol 211.


Moderato. ♩= 80.
mf
mf
Forth to the wav - ing seas of gold - en grain, The
stur - dy reap - ers hie at ear - ly morn, The
"staff of life" to ga- ther once a - gain, God's year - ly ne - ver fail- ing

gift of corn. God speed their work—God send them wea-ther fair,
mf
His "the ap-point-ed weeks of Har- vest-tide," The rust- ling sheaves pro -
f
claim His ten - der care, His faith - ful pro-mise that shall aye a - bide.

His was the kindly warmth of summer sun,
From Him the nurture of the nightly dew,
Their course, ordained by Him, the seasons run,
From "out the earth He bringeth food" anew.
Mindful of men—unmindful can they be
Of Him, Who openeth wide His bounteous hand?
Who in His never ending Charity
Vast multitudes doth feed through all the land.

Carol 212.


Tenors Only. Andante moderato.
p Org. Sw. Reed.
Gt. Org. Diap.
Good news, good news is sent once more, Good news the
Ped. 16 feet
ff Full Choir.
Au - tumn winds re - peat; Our God hath blessed our
har - vest store, Hath filled us with the flour of
p Sym. after each verse.
wheat.
Sw. Org.

mf Then to the Father homage pay
For gifts which orchard boughs have bent,
f For meadows sweet with new mown hay
For fields' and gardens' increase sent.

mf Thanks to Thee, Father, here we bring,
For herbage green and ripened grain,
f Wealth that for joy makes valleys sing,
Harvest-gold glist'ning o'er the plain.

f To Him the sun of endless morn
Here 'neath His Throne your praises yield:
ff Praise Him, the Prince of wine and corn,
First-fruits of earth's wide harvest field.

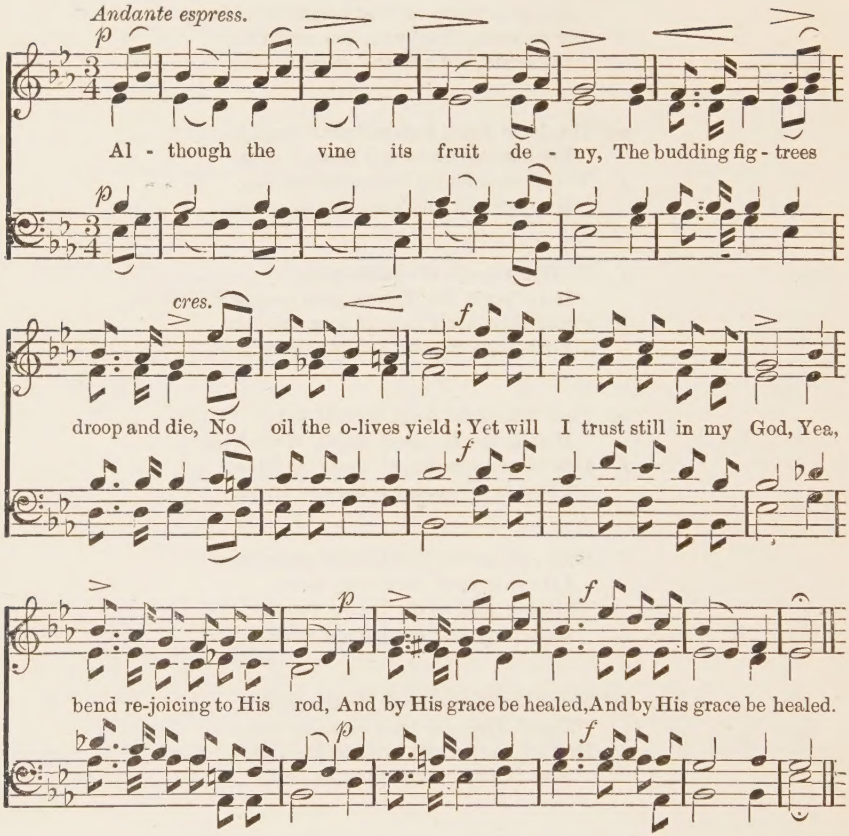
mf Thou Who didst deign a Child to be,
Here in the House of Bread! True Vine!
f Lord of green pastures! Praise to Thee,
Thine is the seed, the harvest Thine.

f Come, praise the Quickening Spirit, shed
Like rain upon the thirsty earth,
'Shrining with us the Living Bread,
Hallowing here our harvest mirth.

mf Thine highly favoured, Breath adored,
Thank Thee for every ripening gale;
f By Thy blest might, with us the Lord
Here in His harvest gifts we hail.

mf Soft fall the leaves by breezes fanned,
Soon shall the harvest task be o'er;
f Soon shall Thine Angel-reaper's hand
Be stayed beside the threshing-floor.

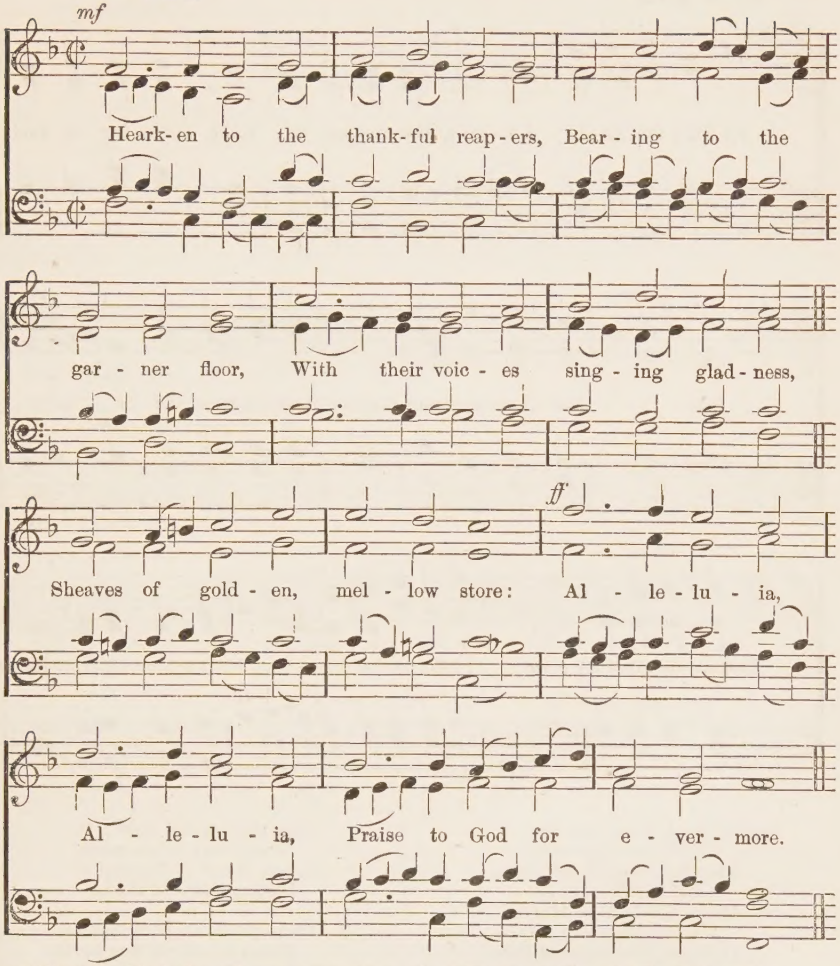
mf Grant us, when sounds his greeting clear.
Here in Thine Altar's light to be;
ff Fearless and blest to know Thee near,
Lord of the harvest! Thanks to Thee!

Carol 213.

Andante espress.
p
Al - though the vine its fruit de - ny, The budding fig - trees
cres.
f
droop and die, No oil the o-lives yield; Yet will I trust still in my God, Yea,
p
f
bend re-joicing to His rod, And by His grace be healed, And by His grace be healed.

Though fields in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds be famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

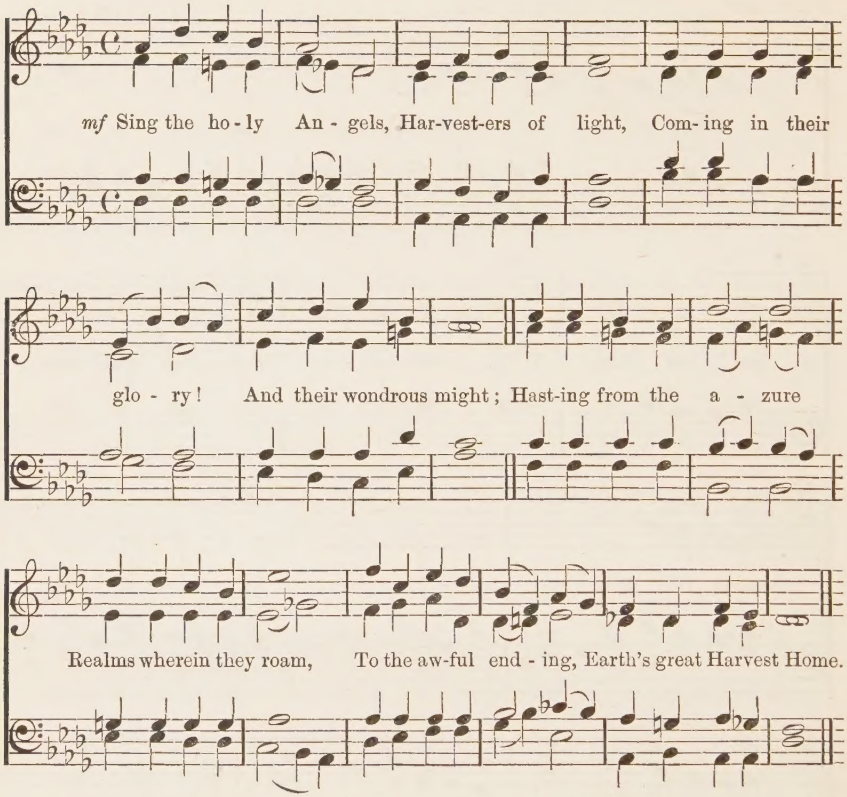
In God, my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind, He makes, and fleet
To speed my course above.

Carol 214.

mf
Heark-en to the thank-ful reap-ers, Bear-ing to the
gar-ner floor, With their voic-es sing-ing glad-ness,
ff
Sheaves of gold-en, mel-low store: Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia, Praise to God for e-ver-more.

mf First the blade from furrow springing
Grew into the verdant ear,
Which in time was gilded, ripened
With the seasons of the year:
ff Alleluia, Alleluia,
Lord, Thy thankful reapers hear.

f Praise we then the Lord Almighty,
Sitting on His Throne on high,
Day by day He guards and feeds us,
Always listens to our cry;
Folds us in His Arms of mercy,
Gives us heaven when we die.

Carol 215.


mf Sing the ho - ly An - gels, Har-vest-ers of light, Com- ing in their
glo - ry! And their wondrous might; Hast-ing from the a - zure
Realms wherein they roam, To the aw-ful end - ing, Earth's great Harvest Home.

mf Michael, Chief Angelic,
Heads his white array:
Flaming, winged battalions,
Sons of endless day;
cr While the Lord of Harvest
Waits with joy to store,
Precious sheaves ungathered,
For His garner floor.

mf O may we, dear brothers,
In that Day of days,
With the saved, for ever
f Lift the shout of praise;
Sing the harvest carol
Which may never cease,
In our Home of Plenty,
Perfectness, and Peace.

f There no clouds shall gather,
There no storms may spoil
Labour of the weary,
Fruits of bitter toil;
Where all find contentment
With the heavenly host;
cr Praising God the Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

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